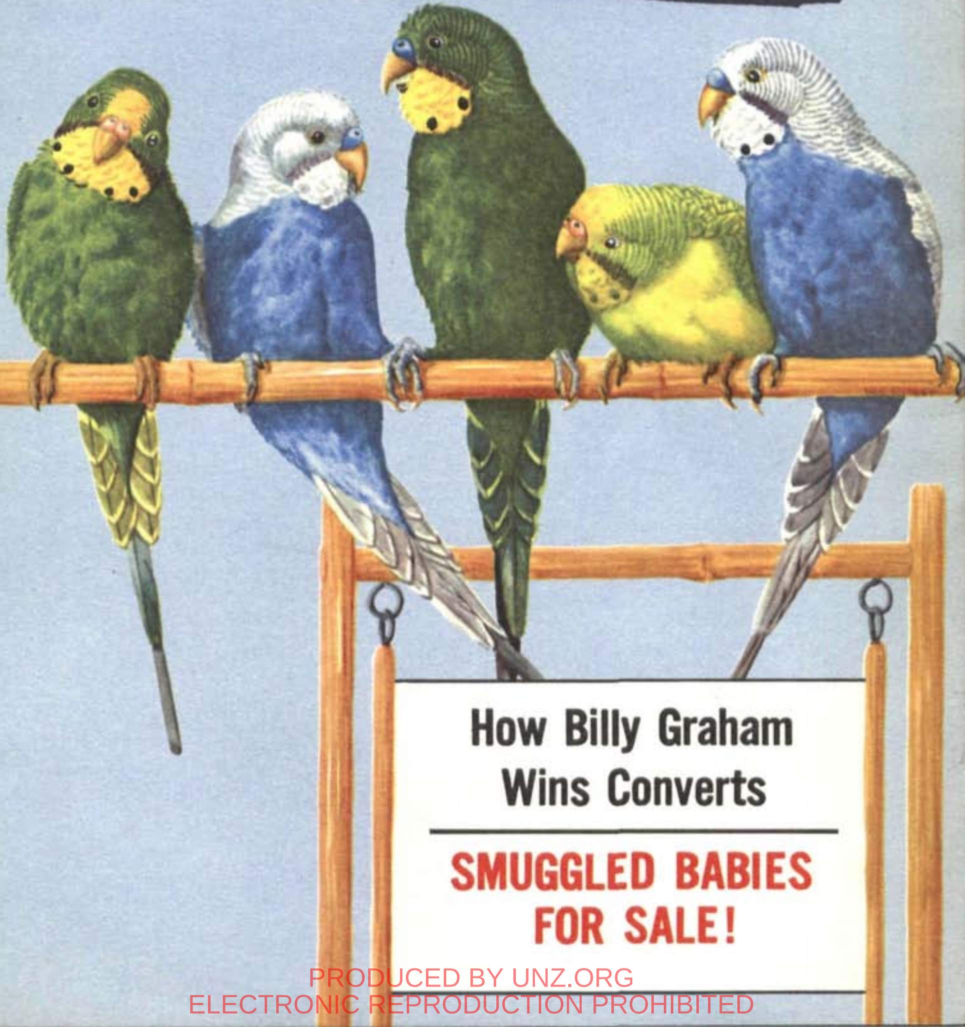
OCTOBER 25c

Coronet

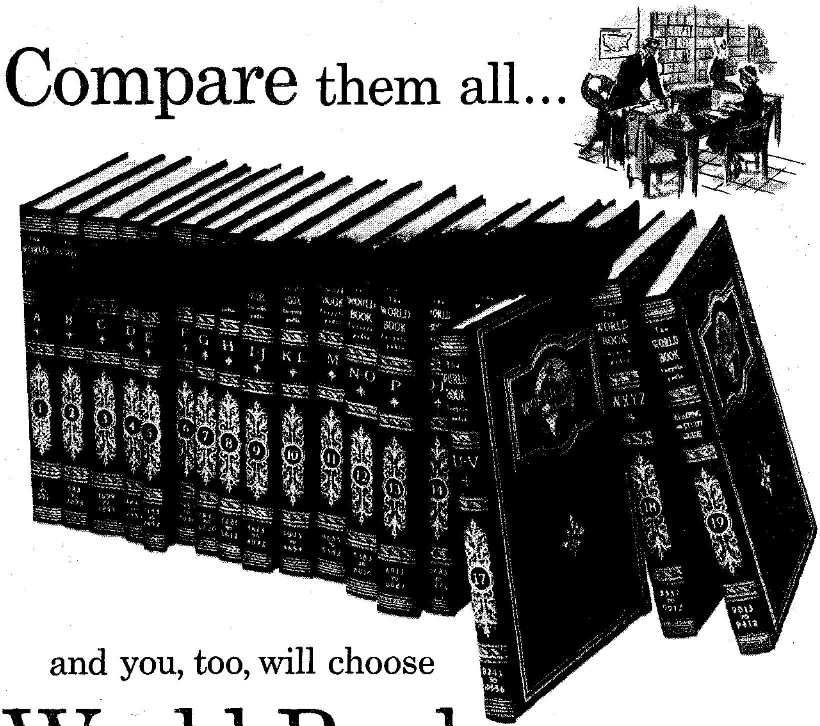
[redacted]



How Billy Graham Wins Converts

SMUGGLED BABIES FOR SALE!

Compare them all...



and you, too, will choose

World Book ENCYCLOPEDIA

Before you choose any encyclopedia, look into World Book. You'll find World Book is best to meet your child's school needs, to provide lasting benefits and enjoyment to your whole family.

Ask teachers, librarians—professional people who know. Or compare for yourself—look up favorite subjects in World Book and other encyclopedias at your public library. You'll find out why so many teachers say "World Book makes learning fun." And why 9 out of 10 World Book families report their children do better work in school.

1st in sales! More people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia!

World Book is available only through trained educational advisers, a majority of whom have had teaching experience. You can depend on them for expert and understanding help in planning toward your child's future success. For more information, send for FREE Booklet now! Find out why World Book should be *your* first choice!

19 VOLUMES PRESIDENT BINDING $129.00
$10 down—$6 a month

Your Child
WIN
SUCCESS

Send for FREE Booklet!

Write today for your valuable free copy of "How to Help Your Child Win Success." Address: Mr. George M. Hayes, World Book, Dept. 1810, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Illinois.

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54.

RELIEVES
PAIN OF
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
FAST

TABLETS
ANACIN
ANALGESIC TABLETS
FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF PAIN DUE TO SIMPLE HEADACHE AND MINOR NEURALGIA
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS - ACETOPHENETIDIN, ASPIRIN, CAFFEINE
GRAINS PER TABLET
WHITEHALL PHARMACAL COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.
PRESS HERE

HERE'S WHY... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. It's this combination of ingredients, working together, that accounts for Anacin's incredibly fast relief. So for really fast relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, or neuritis, get Anacin today.

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

CHAMPION SETS GREATEST PERFORMANCE RECORD IN SPARK PLUG HISTORY!

IN THE 1954 INDIANAPOLIS RACE, *every one* of the 33 starting cars *qualified* and *ran* on Champions in the fastest "500" of all time

QUALIFYING RECORD—141.033 MPH
500-MILE RECORD—130.840 MPH

But more important to your motoring pleasure is this great record confirmed by the AAA Contest Board supervising the "500"—

NOT ONE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG WAS REPLACED DURING THE ENTIRE RACE!

Here is spark plug quality, performance and dependability obtainable only from famous 5-rib Champions. Better see your service station or garage and have America's Favorite Spark Plugs put in *your* car. You'll be proud of your judgment!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

VUKOVICH PASSES BRYAN. In a sustained drive, Vukovich moved from 19th place starting position to 1st place and a record 130.840 MPH victory. Bryan drove a tremendous race to 2nd place at 130.178 MPH.

Specify
CHAMPIONS
WITH THE PATENTED 5-RIB INSULATOR!

Coronet

Publisher:
GORDON CARROLL
Editor:
FRITZ BAMBERGER
Managing Editor:
JOHN BARKHAM
Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BERNARD L. GLASER
BEN NELSON
Associate Editors:
CARL BAKAL
ANNE FROMER
JIM GUERRIER
MARK S. NICHOLS
Editorial Associates:
MARY CAREY
PHILIP DOYLE
PATRICIA GATELY
PAUL STEINER
Art Associates:
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO
ANNETTE STONE
Production Director:
GUS BERKES
Production Manager:
PAUL BERGMAN
Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres. in Chrg. of West Coast Operations. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22. N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Copyright 1954 by Esquire, Inc. Copyrighted under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Contents for October 1954

VOL. 36, No. 5, WHOLE No. 215

Articles

And Why Not Worry? . . . . DWIGHT WENDELL KOPPES 29
Woofer, Tweeter and Wow . . . . RICHARD GEHMAN 33
How Old Is Your Spouse? . . . . LESTER DAVID 38
The Chief Dispatchers of Lionel Trains . HERBERT DALMAS 42
Billy Graham's Story . . . . TERRY FERRER 47
You're Underpaying Your Pastor . JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS 61
New Facts about Sex Crimes
AN INTERVIEW WITH JUDGE SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ 65
Pain Is a Mystery . . . . JOHN PFEIFFER 71
Smuggled Babies for Sale . . . . ANNE FROMER 75
What's With Warts? . . . . ANDREW HAMILTON 108
Brother Bosses of the TV Antenna . . JACK DENTON SCOTT 117
Indiana's Town of Champions . . . . EDITH ROBERTS 122
The Only Hope . . . . HERMAN HICKMAN 127
Farmers by Goodyear . . . . JOSEPH STOCKER 128
Deep in the Soul of Texas . . . . EUGENE MILLER 133
Matron of the Mountain . . . . ALFRED KAY 139
Mississippi's Medical Giant . . . . ALLEN RANKIN 149
The Man Who Didn't Forget . . . . DON MC NEILL 153
Howard Jones: Immortal Coach . . . . VALENTINE S. HOY
AS TOLD TO KEITH MONROE 154
Size Up Your Boss—And Get Ahead! . . . . RAY JOSEPHS 159
Grab, Gobble, and Gulp . . . . MARTIN PANZER 165
For Deserving Students . . . . A. J. CUTTING 167

Pictorial Features

Chesapeake Country . . . . PICTURE STORY 53
Do It—Fix It—Yourself . . . . SPECIAL FEATURE 81
Beauty and Brains . . . . PICTURE STORY 141

Service Features

Hawaiian Festival . . . . TRAVEL 4
The Month's Best . . . . MOVIES 6
Keyboard Artists . . . . RECORDS 8
Walking Manners . . . . ETIQUETTE 12
Coronet's Family Shopper . . . . NEW PRODUCTS 14

Departments

Bank Accounts 10
Grin and Share It 20
Her Greatest Song . . . . WENDY WARREN 37
What's the Meaning? III . . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 41
Dear Mr. Congressman 121

Cover

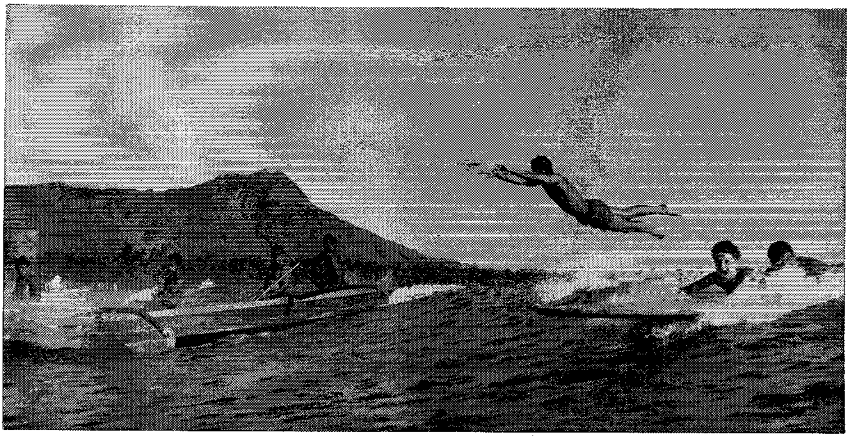
Pet Panel . . . . WILLIAM C. DILGER

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, *under Act of March 3, 1879.* Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

Hawaiian Festival

Hawaiian trees hide lovely blossoms.

Words seem to fail people who try to describe Hawaii's haunting beauty. "Unbelievable" . . . "lush" . . . "exotic" . . . "magnificent" . . . "garden paradise"—these all come rushing forth, but the loveliness has to be seen for one's self. October is the time of Aloha Week, biggest festival of the year, a time of joyful *luaus*, or Hawaiian feasts. In addition to the majestic scenery—which includes mountains of every hue, dense jungles, desert stretches, active volcanos and foamy beaches—there are brilliant-colored flowers everywhere, caressing trade winds, sports like fishing, bathing and horseback riding, Polynesian moonlight and the tropical sun, all combining with the magical blue of the Pacific Ocean to change your fondest dreams into a bright reality.



Surf riding off Diamond Head holds excitement and challenge for vacationers.

FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS OF AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB

This Exquisite 6-Piece Set of Florentine Silver—

sent to your home—without payment of duty or postage

PICKLE FORK, with fierce Griffon
BUTTER KNIFE, with Julius Caesar
SUGAR SHELL, with Apollo the Sun-God
MUSTARD SPOON, with Winged Lion
DRESSING SERVER, with Romulus, Remus and Wolf Mother
OLIVE FORK, with Lily of Florence

Pieces shown about 2/3 size

Why this sensational offer is being made by AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB

We will send you this unusual 6-piece Florentine Silver Set FREE when you join our Club! Set was handmade in Florence, Italy, with techniques going back to the time of da Vinci; each piece has a different Renaissance design, and handles are tooled in Florentine bas-relief.

THRILLING MONTHLY SURPRISE. As a Club member, each month you will receive a wonderful surprise gift mailed to your home *direct from a different foreign country*—postpaid and duty-free. You enjoy an exciting "around-the-world" shopping trip . . . and make your home a "show place" with unusual and exotic gifts from the earth's distant lands!

SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL COUPON TODAY. You may join for 2, 4, 6 or 12 months. When your gift packages begin arriving, you'll be delighted you joined—but if you ever become displeased, resign membership and unused payment will be refunded at once. And—if not captivated by your first regular gift, keep it *and* the Florentine Silver and receive a *full refund*. Mail coupon *now!*

AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB, Dept. 308F
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

GIFT MEMBERSHIPS. If you wish to give Memberships as gifts, use a separate sheet, specify term of membership, and attach to coupon so we may know your friends are entitled to the Florentine Silver as an extra gift.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 308F
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

Please send me the Florentine Silver Set FREE and enroll me as a member of Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Start regular monthly shipments of the Club's selection of foreign merchandise direct to me from countries of origin and bill me periodically as follows:

☐ $ 5.00 every 2 months (*2 gifts at $2.50 each)*
☐ 9.00 every 4 months (*4 gifts at $2.25 each)*
☐ 12.00 every 6 months (*6 gifts at $2.00 each)*
☐ 22.00 every 12 months *(12 gifts at $1.83 each)*
☐ Check here if enclosing remittance now.

Name.. (Please Print)

Address..

City & Zone..........................State.......

(NOTE: Shipments come to you postpaid, duty-free. However, the U.S. Post Office charges 15c for delivering foreign packages; collected by your postman. **CANADA**, 2 mos., $5.50; 4 mos., $10.50; 6 mos., $14.00; 12 mos., $26.00. Delivered to your home without payment of additional duty or postage. **Address: 971 St. Timothy St., Montreal 24, Que.**

MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

"BRIGADOON," the Broadway hit musical, reaches the screen as a panorama in plaid. This colorful MGM production combines comedy, melodrama and lively dancing in the story of two Americans (Gene Kelly, Van Johnson) lost in the Highlands of Scotland, who happen upon an enchanted village—where one falls in love with a local lass (Cyd Charisse) and has to choose between their two worlds.

Out of the Night Came a Call for Help

Quick action of alert telephone operator helps save man with heart attack

AWARDED VAIL MEDAL. Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, night telephone operator in Berlin, N. J., was awarded the Vail Medal for "noteworthy public service" in an emergency.

It was about two o'clock of an August morning when the call flashed on the switchboard. A woman, in an excited voice, asked for a doctor.

Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, the night operator, rang the doctor's home immediately but he was unavailable. Sensing a critical emergency, she asked if she could be of help in getting another doctor.

"Oh, please do everything you can," implored the caller. "My husband has had a heart attack and is very ill."

Mrs. Gross rang a doctor who had helped in a previous emergency. Then, realizing he was new in the area, she arranged to have the State Police meet him at a certain point and lead him to the house.

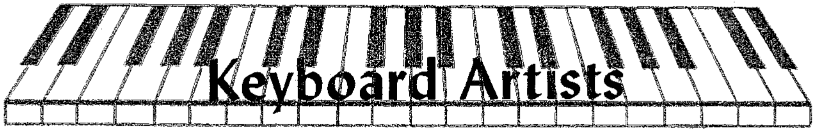
Just before she went off duty, Mrs. Gross called to ask if there was anything else she could do.

"You've already done so much," said a grateful voice. "The doctor says that it's only because of your help that my husband is alive."

EVER READY . . . EVER HELPFUL. *Day or night, the telephone stands ready to help you—in the everyday affairs of life and in emergencies. It will run your errands, guard your home, save steps and time and keep you in touch with relatives and friends. In office and home, these words reveal its value—"I don't know what I'd do without the telephone."*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

RECORDS



Keyboard Artists

SINCE THE DAYS of Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein, the piano has been hailed, because of its expressive qualities, its scope and power, as the instrument most suitable to musical virtuosity. Its attraction did not lessen when a more introspective type of interpretive artist overshadowed the old time virtuoso.

The artistry of the Rubinstein of our day, Artur, combines both elements, especially when he plays Brahms (RCA Victor LM 1787). An even more fascinating blending of analytical playing and technical excellence is presented by Vladimir Horowitz, whose Carnegie Hall Recital—Schubert, Chopin, Scriabin, Liszt, Debussy and Prokofiev—on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his American debut has been recorded in its entirety (RCA Victor LM 6014).

Walter Gieseking gives a definitive interpretation of exquisite sensitivity of Debussy's music (*15 Piano Pieces*, Angel 35026) and shows his mastership in the superb recording of Beethoven's *Pathétique* and *Moonlight Sonatas* (Angel 35025).

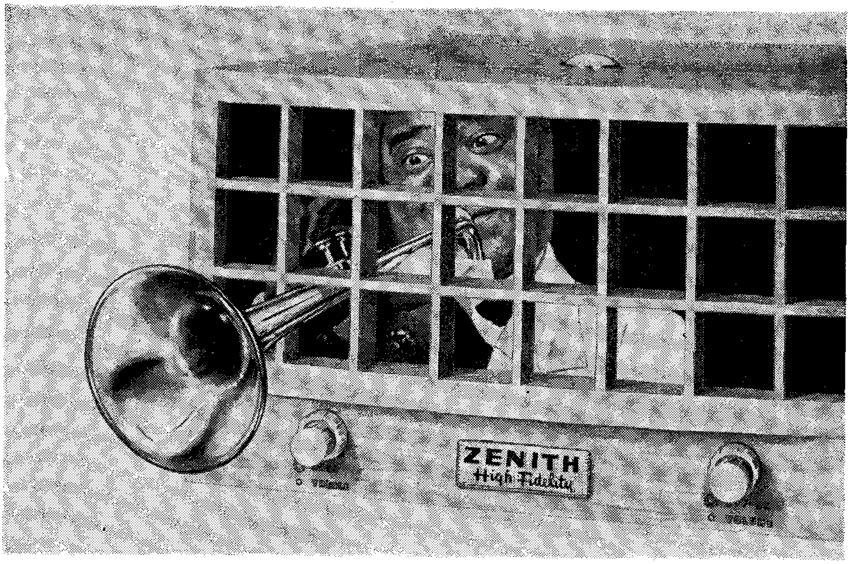
Rudolf Serkin excels in a different style of playing Beethoven, uncovering the transcendental elements of Beethoven's piano sonatas (as in the "*Waldstein*" *Sonata* and the late *Sonata No. 30*, Columbia ML 4620). Robert Casadesus exhibits a close affinity to the Latin lucidity of Scarlatti and Rameau (Columbia ML 4695).

Some pianists are inseparably connected with great music as classical interpreters. The contribution of the almost legendary Wanda Landowska to the understanding of Johann Sebastian Bach's keyboard music and particularly his *Well-Tempered Clavier*, played on the piano's predecessor, the harpsichord, made musical history (RCA Victor LM 1017, 1107, 1136, 1152, 1708). The late Artur Schnabel's playing is, to many, the authentic way Beethoven should be heard (*Schnabel Plays Beethoven*, RCA Victor LCT 1109/10).

But younger pianists appear and claim attention for their approach to the great keyboard repertoire. The Viennese, Isolde Ahlgrimm, impresses with her Bach recordings, using the old pedal-harpsichord (*French Suites* Columbia ML 4746), while the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav M. Leonhardt discovers new drama and fresh colors in Bach's *Art of Fugue* (Vanguard PG 532/3). Another harpsichordist, Fernando Valenti, distinguishes himself by the dazzling élan with which he plays Scarlatti's *Sonatas* (Westminster WL 5106, 5116, 5139, 5186, 5205).

Cor de Groot, a Dutch artist, comes up with a remarkably facile recording of Chopin's *Préludes, Opus 28* (Epic LC 3017), and Abbey Simon plays Brahms' intricate *Handel* and *Paganini Variations* with soaring imagination and great dexterity (Epic LC 3050).

Modern composers utilizing the piano for new music forms and ideas find congenial interpreters. Zadel Skolovsky plays *4 Sonatas for Piano*—Hindemith, Berg, Bartók and the not-so-modern Scriabin (Columbia ML 4871). Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale record *Music for 2 Pianos* by Stravinsky, Hindemith and Rieti (Columbia ML 4853), while the *Sonata for Piano—Four Hands* by the young American, Harold Shapero, is played by Shapero and Leo Smit (Columbia ML 4841).—FRED BERGER



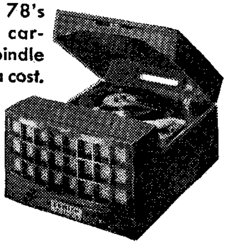
Zenith brings HIGH FIDELITY down to earth...

RIGHT IN YOUR ROOM FOR JUST $149.95*

You could spend hundreds of dollars *for special, custom-made components, and get no more real High Fidelity than you have right here in the Zenith Custom Super-phonic!* Complete with Zenith-built dual speakers—woofer and tweeter, acoustically sealed sound chamber, barium titanate pick-up, and frequency range from 40 to 15,000 cycles per second.

Zenith's fully variable speed regulator (10 to 85 RPM) and Stroboscope speedometer permit playing any record at perfect pitch, tempo, timbre—take the "chance" out of High Fidelity! Hear it at your Zenith Dealer's. Custom Super-phonic in mahogany, $149.95*. Blonde, $159.95*. The Super-phonic starts at $129.95*.

Dual cartridge for 78's and LP's. Diamond cartridge and 45 RPM spindle optional at slight extra cost.



ZENITH®
The royalty of television and RADIO

Backed by 36 Years of Experience in Radionics Exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in Far West and South. Specifications subject to change without notice.

COPR. 1954

BANK ACCOUNTS

A YOUNG WOMAN who had never transacted any business in a bank received a large check as a birthday gift and was obliged to go to the bank in order to cash it.

"How do you wish the money?" asked the man behind the iron grill.

For a moment the young lady seemed quite confused. Then she broke out with a happy smile. "I'll just hold out my hand," she exclaimed, "and you can put the money in it." —*Wall Street Journal*

A LOUD-TALKING ranchman applied to a Western banker for a loan. The banker asked a neighboring Indian if he regarded the rancher as a good credit risk. The Indian pondered the question a moment, then grunted: "Big hat, no cattle."

—*Indianapolis Times* (Quote)

HAPPINESS is made up of three things: a good bank account, a good cook and a good digestion.

—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

FOR A YEAR, a man had presented his modest weekly paycheck to the same teller. Cold as the marble interior of the great establishment wherein he worked, the teller glanced briefly at the signature, then counted out the bills without a word or a nod.

Suddenly the man's salary was substantially increased. On presenting his paycheck as usual, the teller gave his customary casual glance at the signature, then, without so much as looking up, counted out the required amount and said: "My congratulations to you, sir."

—ARTHUR HORNER

THE PROFESSOR who sent his wife to the bank and kissed his money good-by was not absent-minded.

—FRANK FORD

A CHICAGO banking house once asked a Boston investment firm for information concerning a young Bostonian they were about to employ. The investment concern could not say enough for the young man: his father was a Cabot, his mother a Lowell; further back was a happy blend of Saltonstalls, Appletons, Peabodys and others of Boston's First Families.

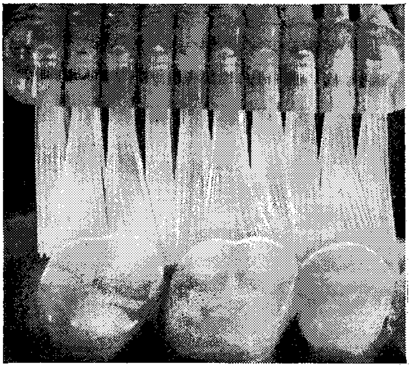
Several days later came a curt acknowledgement from Chicago stating that the information supplied was inadequate. "We are not," the letter went on, "contemplating using the young man for breeding purposes."

—CLEVELAND AMORY, *The Proper Bostonians*
(E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

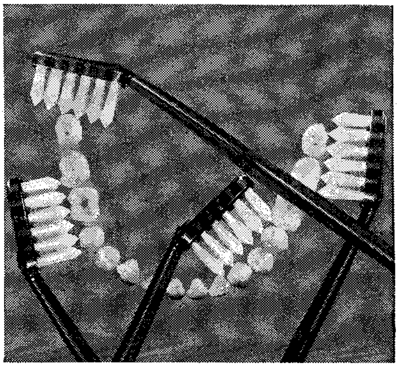
A CALIFORNIA BANK received the following brief, but adequate, note enclosed with a final payment on an auto contract: "Dear Sir: This should make us even. Sincerely, but no longer yours." —*Bankamerican*

Picture Proof

that Squibb Angle Brushes clean your teeth better



Extra slender, flexible bristles of the Squibb "1600" Angle Toothbrush get into tiny crevices coarser bristles seldom reach... are easy on tender gums.



Bent like your dentist's mirror, to help you reach those hard-to-get-at places . . . an exclusive feature of all Squibb Angle Toothbrushes.

SQUIBB
SYNTON BRISTLES
SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH
BENT like your dentist's mirror
SQUIBB
SQUIBB "1600" ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

Look for these Squibb packages at your drugstore. Squibb Toothbrushes meet every requirement set by the Journal of the American Dental Association.

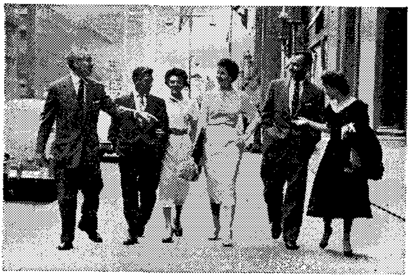
SQUIBB

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

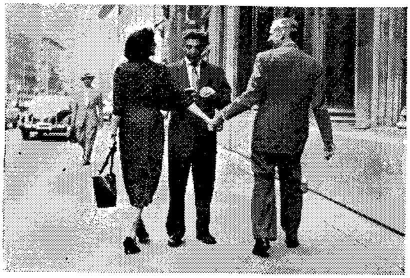
ETIQUETTE

WALKING MANNERS

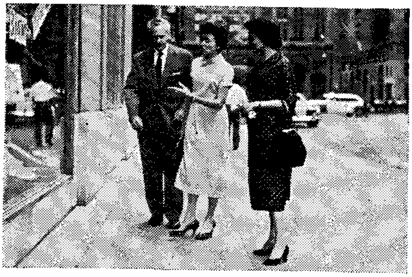
WALKING REQUIRES THE SAME considerations and responsibilities involved in car driving. Its only demand is alertness—a polite awareness of others. Look in all directions before changing your path and avoid the mistakes shown below.



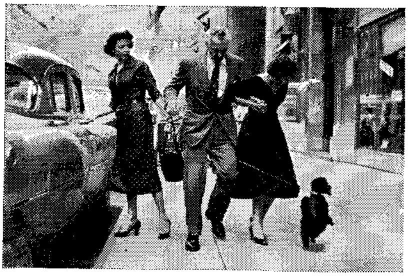
Remember your party of friends is not the only group on the sidewalk. Don't block traffic with a chain of six people.



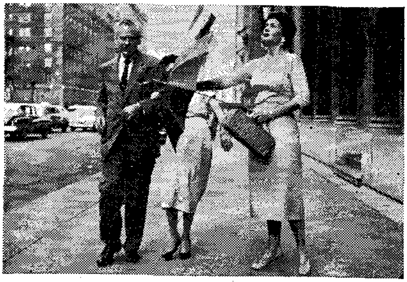
Holding hands is fine for the front porch or movie balcony, but it can present a definite hazard when walking.



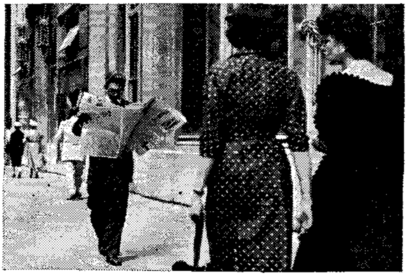
While windowshopping, stand close to windows. Don't monopolize the sidewalk—unless you enjoy being jostled.



If you're walking your dog, be considerate. Don't allow him to wander wildly, so that others will trip over the leash.



An umbrella can be dangerous in the hands of a thoughtless person. Carry, open and close it carefully on the street.



And don't expect others to watch for you on the sidewalk or crossing a street, if you are reading an open newspaper.

Posed by Lori March, Kathleen Maguire, Bethe Douglas, Terry Allen, Mark Roberts, John Marley and Lauren Gilbert of "Three Steps to Heaven," NBC-TV.

SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

8 FL. OZS.
Miracle
Sandwich Spread
Made by Kraft

Easy! Thrifty! Different!

SLAW-NUTBURGERS

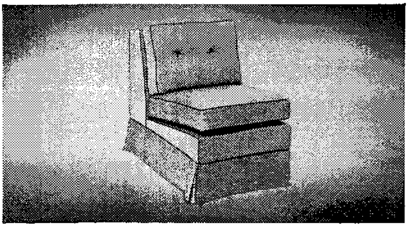
Toss together 2 c. shredded cabbage, ½ c. *Miracle Sandwich Spread*, ¼ tsp. curry powder, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ c. chopped salted peanuts. Then—in just a matter of moments—you'll have an exciting, different filling . . . enough to fill four buns generously.

Made by Kraft—from the one and only Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, spiced with relishes—Miracle Sandwich Spread has the pep to spark most every kind of sandwich filling. Creamy-smooth, it spreads and mixes like magic. Try it soon—alone or with your favorite filling . . . and on salads, too. *Miracle Sandwich Spread*, by Kraft. Your grocer has it, thriftily priced.

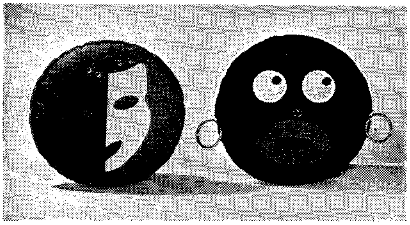
Miracle Sandwich Spread is also available in Canada

Thunderbird

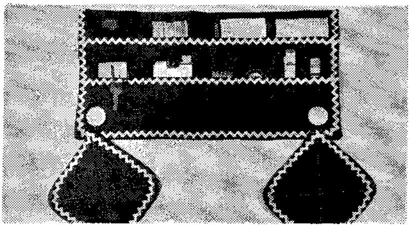
For $1 you get parts you need to make child's moccasins: pre-cut and punched suedine, foam rubber insoles, laces, directions. Send shoe size. Amy Abbott, Dept. C, 344 W. 52 St., N.Y.



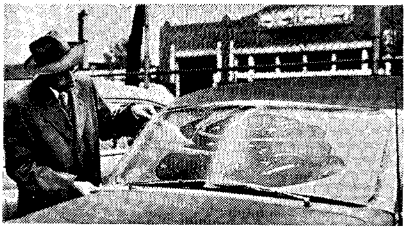
Unbreakable Fiberboard chair covered in red, gray, gold or green denim is only $9.95* because you put it together yourself. Seat 17″ high. Dallas Smith Corp., Rm. C, Indianapolis, Ind.



Mardi Gras comes in jade felt, Sambo in black. Both are sturdy 12″ pillows with red, white and black features that you sew on yourself. $3.50 each. Beverly Baker, Box 427-C, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



The busy housewife can save many steps and precious time by stocking little essentials in Kitchen Hang-Out's 10 large pockets. $2.50, Homemakers, Dep't. 14, Box 135, Wantagh, N. Y.



Avoid frosted windshields this winter with 98¢* plastic windshield protector. Slides on or off in seconds. Central States Paper & Bag Co., 5221 Natural Bridge Ave., St. Louis 15, Mo.

Children will see their slides in an exciting theatrical setting with View-Master's $1.65 Theater, which enhances pleasure of using the Junior Projector, $9.95. At all View-Master outlets.

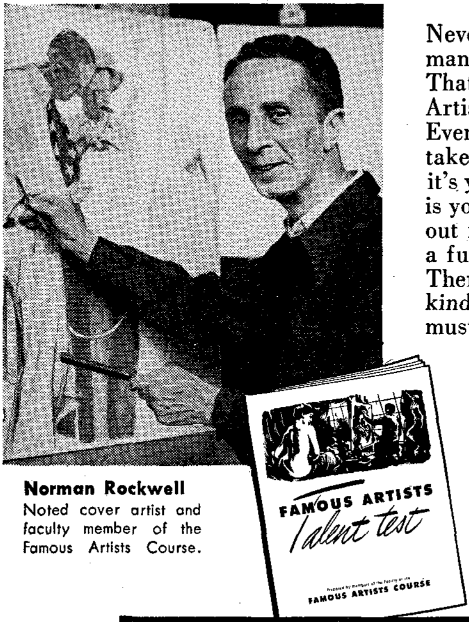
(*Continued on page 16*)

NORMAN ROCKWELL says

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW!"

If you have talent, you can be trained for success and security...Find out with our

FREE ART TALENT TEST



Norman Rockwell
Noted cover artist and faculty member of the Famous Artists Course.

Never before has there been such a demand for artists to fill high-paid jobs. That's why America's 12 Most Famous Artists make you this special offer: Even though thousands paid $1.00 to take our revealing 8-page Talent Test, it's yours FREE if you act at once. This is your once-in-a-lifetime chance to find out if you have real, hidden talent for a full-time or part-time Art Career. There is no charge or obligation of any kind. Quantity of tests is limited. You must mail coupon NOW!

Norman Rockwell

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Married or unmarried, you'll find out if a full-time or part-time Art Career can be yours! This exciting test, printed on 8 large pages of drawing paper, reveals your sense of design, composition, form, observation, imagination, originality and picture sense. Yours FREE if you act today!

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE ART TALENT TEST

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE

Studio 91-L, Westport, Conn.

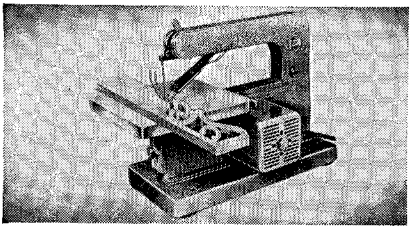
Send me with no obligation the Famous Artists Talent Test

Mr.
Mrs. ______________________ Age ______
Miss (please print)
Address ______________________
City, Zone, State ______________________

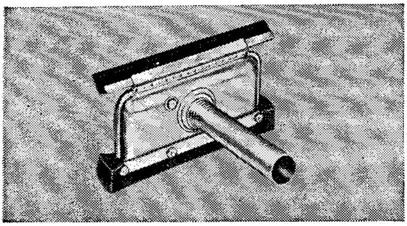
Norman Rockwell
Al Parker
Jon Whitcomb
Austin Briggs
Stevan Dohanos
Robert Fawcett
Harold Von Schmidt
Peter Helck
Ben Stahl
Dong Kingman
Fred Ludekens
Albert Dorne

NEW PRODUCTS

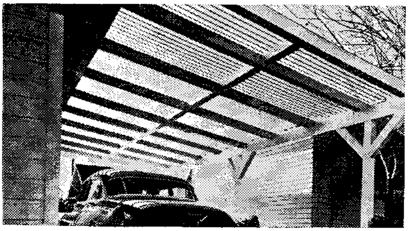
Coronet's Family Shopper



NEW ROTARY motor Jig Saw with 4-way blade holder saws 1½″ wood, also plastic, metal at fast feed, in any direction. Takes top speed 90° turns. $23.50, Dremel Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

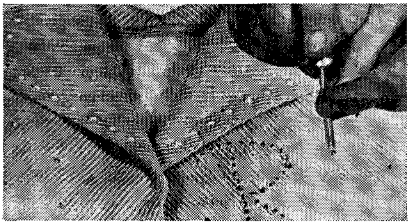


GIVE ANY window a professional shine inside or out in 1 minute flat with aluminum Windo-Wash'r. Carries its own water supply. Haldane-Blake, 1426 W. 3rd St., Cleveland 13, Ohio. $3.95.

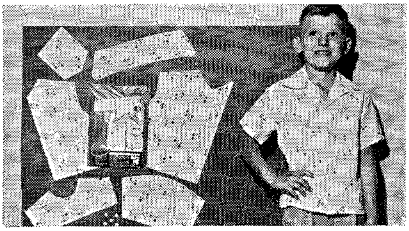


A NEW MATERIAL for home modernization, Alsynite translucent paneling, can be used for roofs, walls, shower stalls; can be sawed, drilled, nailed or screwed. Comes in 19 standard colors.

PATTERN your walls with a design roller that works with paint on any surface. $5.78 with attachment. American Prods. Co., 3308 Edson Ave., N.Y. 69, N.Y., offers free folder of 18 designs.

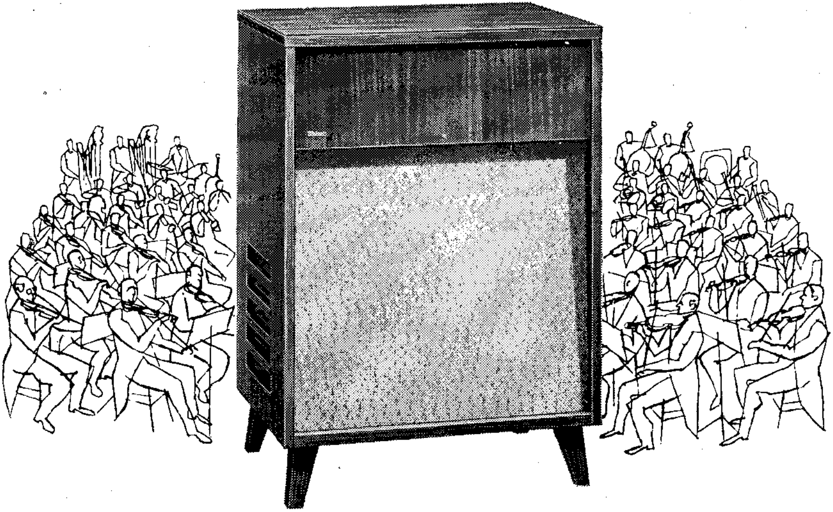


FASHION-WISE gadget, The Jeweler, attaches gems to any fabric. $1.98 with 24 pearls, 36 rhinestones. Dozens of extra gems for $1. Dewberry's, 1716 W. Farwell Avenue, Chicago 26, Ill.



BOY'S SHIRT of pre-shrunk, color-fast washable cotton costs only $1—when you sew it yourself. Full kit with precut parts, buttons, finished buttonholes from So-Eze Co., Shenandoah, Pa.

(*Continued on page 18*)



NEW WEBCOR
HIGH-FIDELITY RAVINIA

...a startling difference

Have you heard the new Webcor high-fidelity Ravinia? It is quite startling at first because you have the unmistakable impression that a "live" orchestra is performing in your presence.

That's why the experts call the Ravinia's performance—"living presence". And it is the result of an entirely new concept in phonographs—*three* speakers (2 ten-inch woofers and a tweeter). Then, for a maximum of power, the Ravinia boasts a special high-fidelity 10-watt amplifier. You get more than your ear can hear with a frequency response of 30 to 20,000 cycles per second. Add to these components the famed Webcor completely automatic Diskchanger with a General Electric variable reluctance cartridge and you have listening at its very best. **from 249^{95}**

prices slightly higher west

Hear your favorite record on a Ravinia today and see why

all music sounds better on a

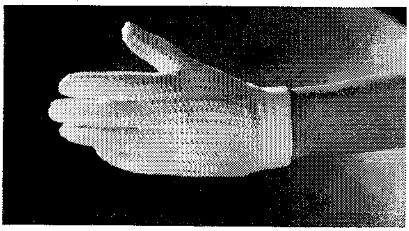
WEBCOR

chicago 39, illinois

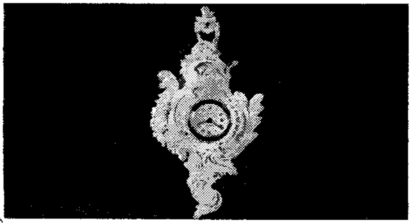
©WEBCOR 1954

NEW PRODUCTS

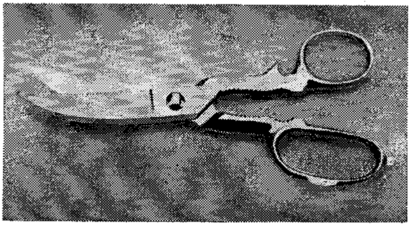
Coronet's Family Shopper



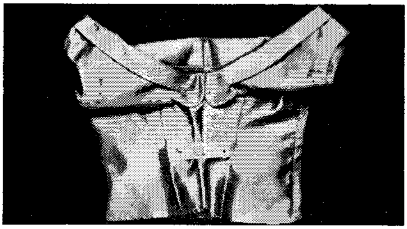
A NEW IDEA in gloves! They come in one size only, but stretch to fit any hand perfectly. Imported from Italy, they are white nylon, $2 a pair. Breck's, 331 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.



IMPORTED French Bayard Clock is laid in hand-finished Marble Wood case, 12½" by 6½". White, gold, and green or white with gold. $9.85, MarblWood, Dept. C, 469 B'way., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

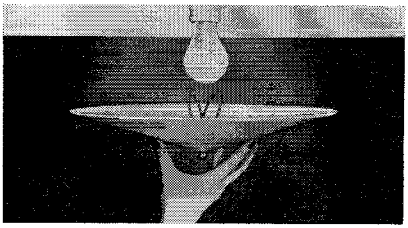


IT SHREDS VEGETABLES, cracks nuts and seafood, opens jars, squeezes lemons, hammers, and cuts anything. Comes apart for cleaning. $2.98* Rex Cutlery, Dept. C, 11 E. 56 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



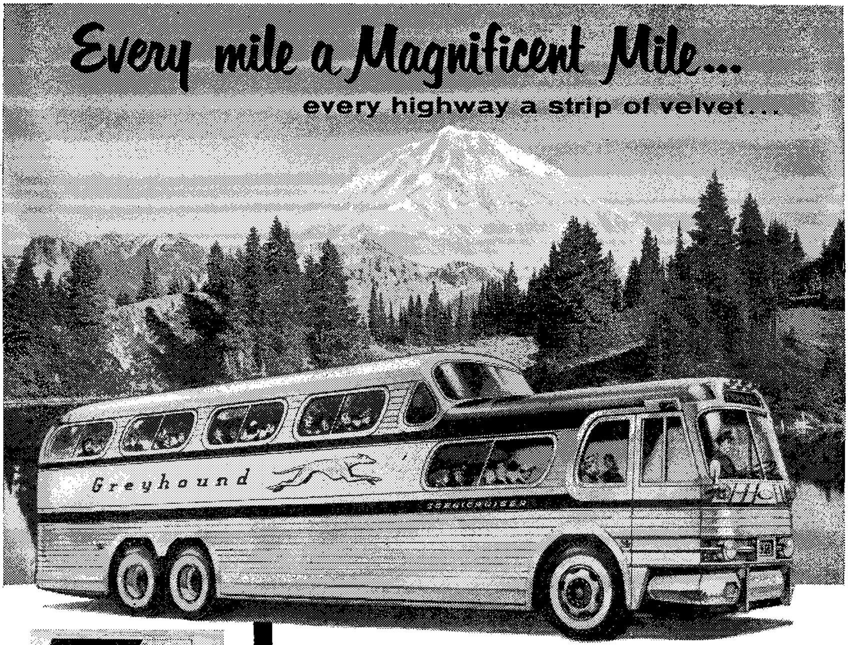
FOR $1 and a few minutes of sewing, you can keep your blouse inside your skirt, where it belongs, forevermore. "Mobi" won't tear blouse. Plastics Inc., 10 South 18th St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

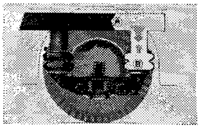
CATSUP BEHAVES NICELY when served in this tumbler. You press lever, get amount you want. With salt and pepper shakers, non-skid tray, $3. H. B. Hollander, 115 Central Pk. W., N.Y.C. 23.



CEILING LIGHT diffuser, $3.25, clips right on bulb to soften harsh lights, prevent glare, and spread light all over the room. Elron Products, 219-C W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Mailing charges must be added to the prices of starred (*) items.


Every mile a Magnificent Mile...
every highway a strip of velvet...
Greyhound
SCENICRUISER



Air Suspension Ride Entire coach floats on cushions of air, in rubber-nylon bellows . . . world's smoothest ride!

Complete Washroom on every *Scenicruiser*—with wash basin, toilet, other conveniences.

when you travel in the amazing new

GREYHOUND SCENICRUISER®

Here's the finest, most luxurious motor coach ever built, with features of comfort and riding ease never before found in travel . . . the brilliantly-designed *Greyhound Scenicruiser!*

Scores are already in scheduled service, hundreds more on the way. Only Greyhound will operate these sensational coaches, with raised-level, panoramic sightseeing, tasteful appointments, unbelievably smooth operation!

FREE! PLEASURE MAP OF AMERICA

Mail to Greyhound **Tour Dept., 71 W. Lake Street, Chicago 1, Ill.,** for full-color map—with details on 50 Vacation Tours.

Name____________________

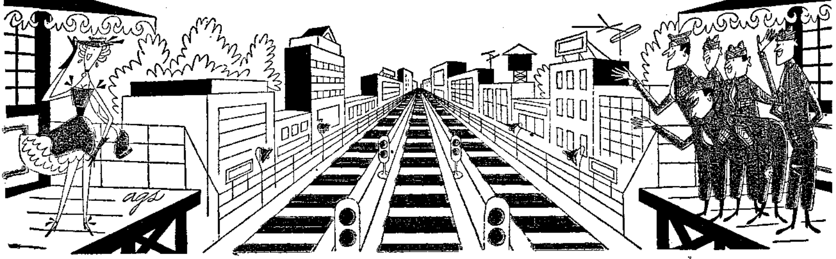
Address____________________

City & State____________________

Send me special information on a tour to:

____________________CT-10-54

GRIN AND SHARE IT



It was a windy summer day in Chicago and I was standing on an open "El" platform, struggling to hold down a wide-brimmed hat, hang on to a large portfolio, and keep a full flared skirt where it belonged. On the opposite platform a dozen or so GI's were enjoying the performance with whistles, hoots and remarks like "Higher! Hang onto your hat!"

I became redder and angrier and more desperate until I felt a soft pressure against my skirt, keeping it under control. On each side of me a GI, eyes front, had kneed a duffle bag snug against my hips.

There was a moment of silence from across the tracks. Then suddenly, in a body, the contingent came to attention and saluted!

—Jean Graf

* * *

President Charles Eliot of Harvard is reported as having said that, as he grew chronologically older, he seemed to become more of a contemporary to the undergraduates. When, at the age of 35, he was elected President of Harvard, he said everyone called him "Old Eliot"; but when he was 80 years old, walking across the Harvard Yard one night, two undergraduates passed and he heard one of them remark, "I wonder what Charlie is doing out so late?"

—William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography With Letters* (Oxford University Press)

A Canadian judge fined an Indian woman $2.50 for crossing the street against a red light. She paid the clerk with a $5 bill but didn't wait for change. The judge noticed this and remarked that she should wait for her money. "That's okay," she said, "I got to cross back to the other side." —*Maclean's Magazine*

During one of his speaking tours, President Grover Cleveland arrived at a town during a severe storm. As he entered a carriage and was driven from the station, the rain turned to hail and immense stones rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, nevertheless stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the President.

"What are they playing?" he was asked.

"Hail to the Chief—with real hail!" replied President Cleveland.

—*Wall Street Journal*

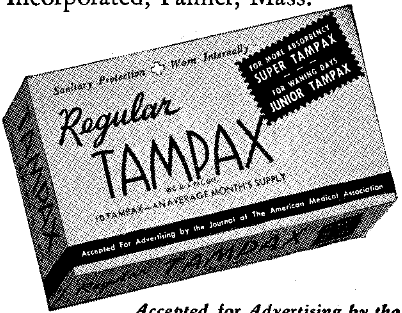
Not
just
"soft"...

you can't even feel you're wearing Tampax

Only after you've tried Tampax do you realize how *amazingly* comfortable internal protection is. There is nothing to chafe, bind . . . pick up perspiration. Tampax completely eliminates belts, pins, pads . . . substitutes highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. User's hands need not even touch the Tampax during insertion or when changing. And disposal, of course, is very, very easy—no problem at all!

But sheer physical comfort, nice as it is, isn't the only reason for adopting Tampax. Another important reason is that it *prevents odor from forming*.

Why don't you look into this matter of Tampax? Get a package at any drug or notion counter. (It's small enough so a whole month's supply can slip into your purse.) *Try it*—full directions are inside the package. Few who take this step are ever content with any other kind of protection. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

A LADY WITH DEFINITE ideas, in explaining her requirements to the shoe clerk, concluded "and they must have low heels."

The clerk, a bit confused, asked politely, "And you wish these to wear with what, madam?"

"I want them," said the lady, with an air of finality, "to wear with a short, fat, elderly businessman." —AL SPONG

* * *

WHEN A SMALL BOY contestant on "Name That Tune" missed the melody of "Toyland," MC Red Benson offered this hint: "When you go to a department store with your mother, where's the first place you want to go?"

Replied the enlightened youngster, "To the bathroom."—NORMA DARGE

THE FIRST-GRADE TEACHER was supervising the serving of birthday cake and ice cream, brought to school for small Barbara's birthday. As she doled out the treat to one little boy, the teacher looked at his grimy hands and said, "Oh, you'll have to wash those hands first!"

"I don't see why," the little boy replied, "I'm not going to feed it to anybody but me." —*Sunshine Magazine*

A FATHER, following the lead of all good parents, utilized the Easter vacation to take his two small boys to Washington. They saw everything, with a side trip to Mount Vernon thrown in as a matter of course.

Several months later, the father came across a picture of Mount Vernon in a magazine and decided to determine how much, if anything, his boys had learned from their trip to the capital. "Do you know what place this is?" he asked the son aged eight.

"Don't be silly, Pop," the boy answered. "Everybody knows that. It's Howard Johnson's."

—BENNETT CERF, *Laughter Incorporated,* (Bantam Books)

A DINER ASKED WHAT FLAVORS of ice cream the restaurant served and the waitress whispered hoarsely, "Vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

Trying to be sympathetic, the man said, "You have laryngitis?"

"No," she replied with an effort, "just vanilla, strawberry and chocolate." —OLLIE JAMES (*Cincinnati Enquirer*)

A NICE-LOOKING COUPLE purchased some very fine items at the costume jewelry counter. While they waited for them to be wrapped, the wife looked into the showcase and exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely bracelet!"

Said the husband: "But you already have a bracelet."

"Yes, I know, dear," replied his wife. "I already have a husband, too—but I can still *look*, can't I?"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

* * *

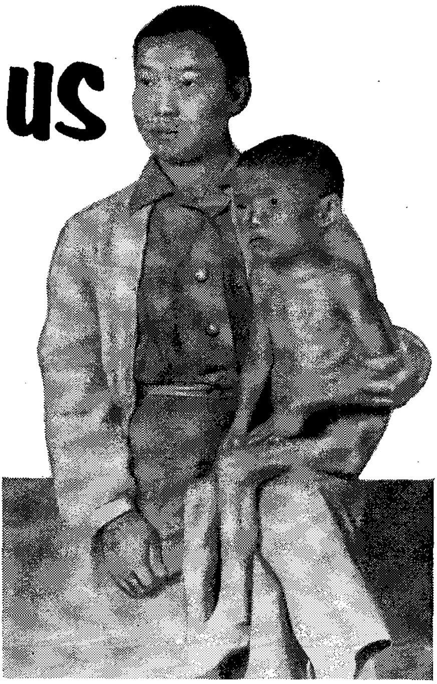
A MAN LOOKED OVER A CAR in an auto salesroom and then was given a demonstration, but did not make a decision. The following day he turned up again and stated that he had decided to buy the car.

"That's fine," said the salesman, pleased at having satisfied his customer. "Now tell me, what was the one dominating thing that made you buy this car?"

The man grinned. "My wife."

—*Tit Bits*

This Picture is as DANGEROUS as it is PITIFUL!



The ominous significance of this picture is that it threatens to take from us all that we hold most dear—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Not only in South Korea, where this picture was taken, but in India and other *democratic* countries, millions awoke this morning hungry. They will be hungry all day and will go to bed hungry. To bed?—Millions of them after working all day will sleep in the streets at night. They have no home. They can't even afford a few feet of space in some vermin infected shack without sanitary arrangements of any kind.

The road to communism is paved with hunger, ignorance and lack of hope. Half of the school age children living in the world today do not attend school. If they did, they would be too hungry to study. What does a man, woman or child, without a roof over their heads, with no personal belongings whatever, save the rags wrapped around them, tormented with the inescapable lice, always hungry and above all facing only hopeless tomorrows—what do such have to lose if they listen to communist propaganda? Their resentment may any day ignite the spark that will explode the hydrogen bomb.

The misery of human beings is the most powerful weapon in the hands of the communists. It just can't go on. The world can't exist half stuffed and half starved. The rumble that is growing in intensity around the world is not the rumble in overfed stomachs. It is the fearsome and dangerous rumble in the empty stomachs of the world.

Christian Children's Fund did *something about the boy in the picture.* It fed him and saved his life and will give him schooling and teach him a trade. It assists children in 170 orphanages in the 27 countries. Established in 1938, it is *efficient, practical, economical, conscientious* and Christian. It helps children regardless of race, creed or color.

For Information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

CALVIN COOLIDGE was given a handsome cane at a large dinner. The man who made the presentation speech said: "The mahogany from which this cane is fashioned is as solid as the rock-bound coast of Maine, as beautiful as the sun-kissed shores of California!"

The President accepted the cane and looked it over while the audience sat hushed. Then Mr. Coolidge raised his eyes. "Birch," he said, and sat down.

—*The Compleat Practical Joker*
Copyright, 1953, by H. ALLEN SMITH
Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

* * *

IN the basement of a squalid New York tenement, a little tailor slaved 16 hours a day for barely enough money to buy food. Nevertheless, every week he somehow managed to put aside 25 cents and at the end of the year, he invested the total in Irish Sweepstakes tickets.

One night, after 17 years of this, there was a knock at his door and reporters crowded in to congratulate him on having won the grand prize of $250,000. The tailor locked up his shop, bought a fancy wardrobe, rented a suite at the Waldorf and began throwing his money away on the proverbial wine, women and song. At the end of a year his fortune was gone.

Disillusioned and sick, the little tailor reopened his shop and resumed his old ways, still saving 25 cents a week for Sweepstakes tickets from force of habit. Three years later, there came another knock at the door and reporters crowded into the room. "This is absolutely astounding!" they cried. "You've won the Sweepstakes once more."

The little tailor staggered to his feet with a look of anguish. "Oh, no!" he moaned. "Must I go through all that again?" —LEO GUILD

ON A STREET IN WARSAW, the military police picked up an old man distributing leaflets. An examination of his ragged knapsack at the police station revealed the astonishing fact that it contained nothing but blank sheets of paper.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the examining magistrate.

With a tired smile the old man replied, "The people know what I mean." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

A HOUSEWIFE newly moved into the neighborhood asked the grocery boy his name.

"Humphrey Bogart," he replied.

"That's a pretty well-known name," said the housewife.

"It darn well ought to be," the boy heartily agreed, "I've been delivering groceries in this neighborhood for four years."

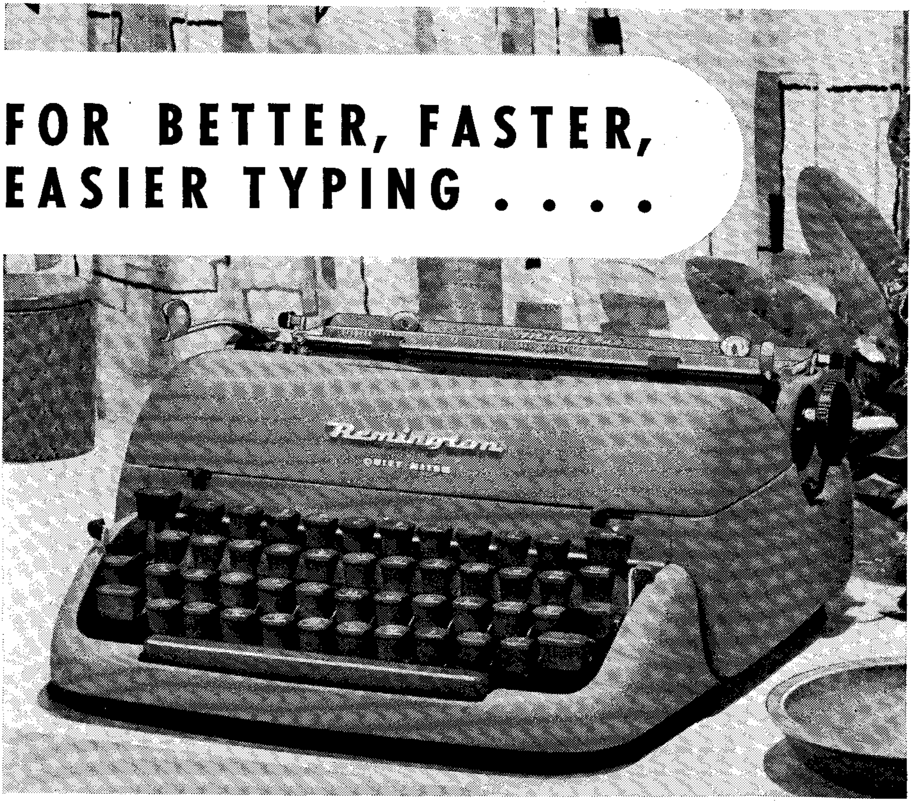
—BENNETT CERF, *Try And Stop Me*
(Simon & Schuster)

A SMALL-TIME football coach with a reputation for optimism came into the locker room to give his team a pre-game pep talk.

"All right, boys," he cried cheerily, "here we are, unbeaten, untied and unscored upon—and ready for the first game of the season!"

—From *Say It Ain't So*, by MAC DAVIS. Dial Press
New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Mac Davis

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

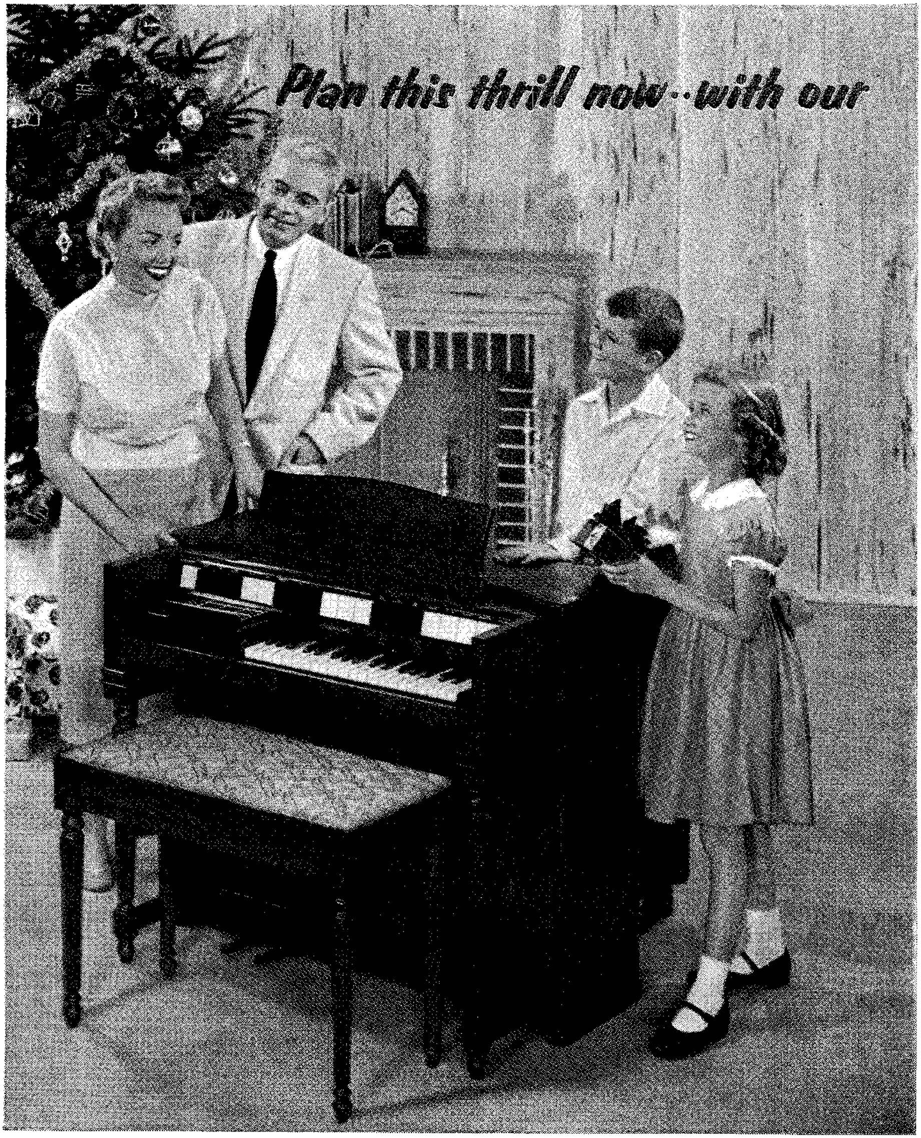


The REMINGTON *Quiet-riter*

Gives You More Exclusive Features! Only the Remington Quiet-riter has the Miracle Tab that sets and clears tab stops from the keyboard with ease no other portable can match PLUS so many other performance features! See every feature of this fine portable at your dealer's today.... and ask him how you can own it for as little as $1.00 weekly after small down payment. Carrying Case, Touch Method Book included.

ONLY
$\$9^{\underline{54}}$
DOWN
plus state and local taxes where applicable

A PRODUCT OF *Remington Rand* Makers of the Remington Office-riter, Standard, Noiseless and Electric Typewriters.


Plan this thrill now··with our

Hear Jesse Crawford play the Hammond Chord Organ,
in "Popular Encores", Decca Records (ED-693 DL-5548).

$975 f.o.b. Chicago, in Walnut. Blond or Ebony slightly higher.

The Hammond

by the makers of

"EARLYBIRD LAYAWAY"

A small deposit delivers your HAMMOND for Christmas!

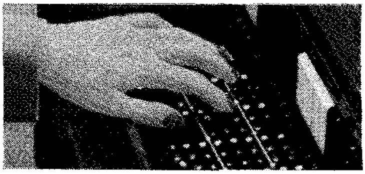
Here's how you can wake up Christmas morning . . . and find a Hammond Chord Organ in your living room!

Never before has it been so easy to own this exciting new organ. The organ anyone can play. The organ that gives you a new kind of family fun and relaxation, for years to come.

All you do is make a small deposit now, to "layaway" your Hammond Chord Organ for Christmas. Then make payments at your convenience. Hammond will deliver your organ any time you say, for a Christmas surprise. Isn't this the Christmas for it?

Visit your Hammond dealer now, before the Christmas rush, for details of his "Earlybird Christmas Layaway Plan." And try the Hammond Chord Organ without obligation. Even if you've never studied music, you'll play a tune *in 30 minutes.* Thousands have! Here's the reason why . . .

One finger of your right hand plays the melody. A key at a time! If you don't read notes, "Picture Music" shows you which keys to press.



One finger of your left hand touches one button to play full, rich chords that take three to five fingers on other keyboard instruments.

Be an Earlybird!

MAIL COUPON

FOR FULL DETAILS

Chord Organ

Hammond Organs

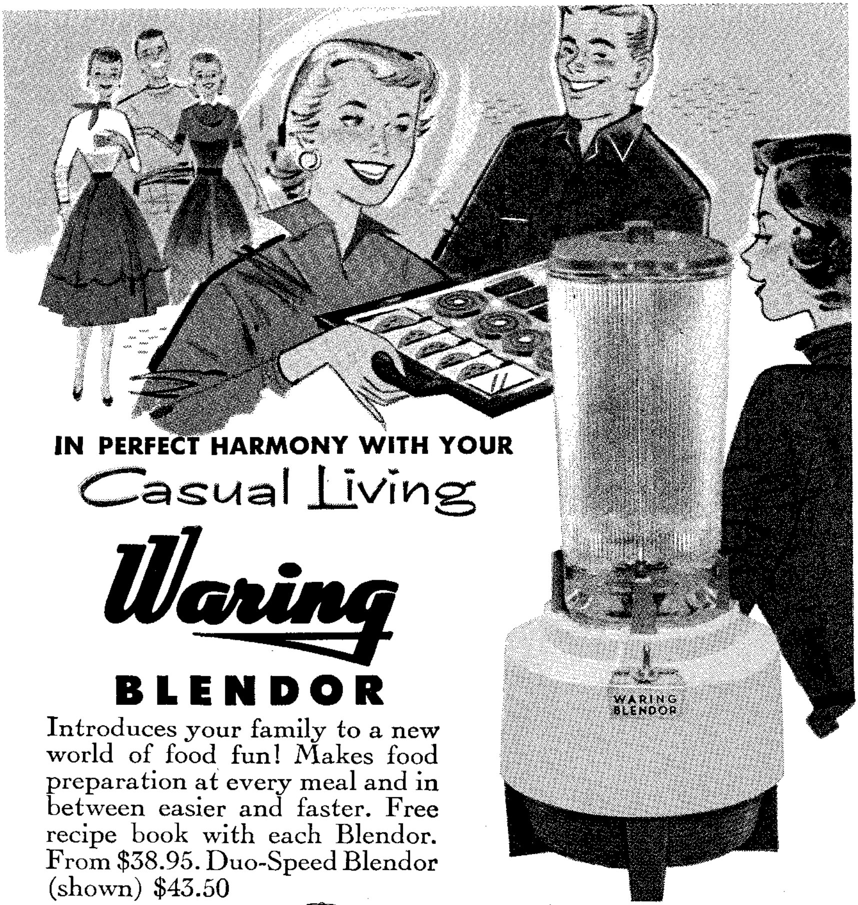
Hammond Organ Company
4203 W Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Name____

Address____

City____________________Zone____State________

© 1954, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 10



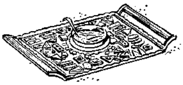
IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH YOUR

Casual Living

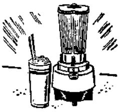
Waring

BLENDOR

Introduces your family to a new world of food fun! Makes food preparation at every meal and in between easier and faster. Free recipe book with each Blendor. From $38.95. Duo-Speed Blendor (shown) $43.50



DELICIOUS CANAPES and snacks. Blends fascinating beverages for your party fun.



BEVERAGES. Makes wonderful, frothy malteds, beverages, mixed drinks for all.

BABY FOODS. Purees nutritious meals from the same table-fresh foods the family eats.

DIET MEALS. Gives wider range in preparation of reducing or special diets.

Send 25¢ today
for the
"Waring Guide To
Informal Living"
Write Dept. D

WARING PRODUCTS CORPORATION

A Subsidiary of Claude Neon, Inc.
25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N.Y.

FIRST GIFT CHOICE
ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES
GIFT HEADQUARTERS

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Coronet
EIGHTEENTH YEAR OCTOBER 1954

AND WHY NOT WORRY?

by DWIGHT WENDELL KOPPES

IN OUR CIRCLE of friends, I am known as a worrier.

If I interrupt the bridge game to step outside and close the car windows against a possible shower, somebody always says something cute about old Pins-and-Needles. And just let me unbutton my lip at the club about the international situation, and the winks are passed around the locker room.

"Get a load of the Voice of Doom," someone says, and someone else advises me to take it easy.

"Relax!" is the word they use most. Worry, they tell me, kills people. They dust off that old wheeze about most of the things we worry about never happening anyway, and describe themselves affectionately as fatalists.

"Life is too short," is the way they like to sum things up. "Why worry?"

For years I've taken it. For years I've assumed that they were right and I was wrong, that worry was something to be ashamed of—and that somehow I was inferior to these nerveless lads and their lighthearted ladies. Frankly, they had me worried sick about my worrying!

But not any more. I've given the matter a lot of thought and study; now I'm loaded for the jokers with the rose-tinted bifocals. Let me tell you how I got smart.

A jolly-type friend of mine sent me a copy of *It's Your Worry*, by a fellow named Goodtydings. It started off by saying worry is a dangerous habit and everybody had better cut it right out, which made me nervous. Then on page 43 was a chart showing the Seven Stages of Worry, with Hopeless Insanity as a sort of 19th hole. That scared me; and next morning I went to a bookstore for an antidote. Someone, I figured, must have a counter-irritant favoring the worrier.

Nobody did. But what I did find

was a full counter of those "don't-let-it-get-you-down" tomes like the one by Goodtydings. The saleslady told me with relish that in a single week last fall there were three brand new ones that later became best sellers: *Worry is Wicked*, by Rev. Montague Purepleasure; *Mend Your Own Mind*, by Dr. Fleewaite Thatch; *Weary? Don't Worry!* by Jason Fairweather.

That's when I got wise. "Wait a minute," I said to myself. "If there are so many such books, and if so many are sold, *who buys them?*"

Everybody—*and enough of them are worrying about their worrying to sell a lot of books.*

The funny thing is that you still hear people say not to worry. Don't let such phonies throw you. Everybody's worrying.

You know that yourself, if you stop to think about it. For every person you know who wants to believe the United Nations will work, you can name twenty who relish the certain knowledge that it won't. It isn't the chap who says things are going from bad to worse who is watched for signs of violence; it's the character who claims they're getting better.

The consensus in any session these days—politics, kids, taxes, morals, the market, whatnot—is that we're all hellbent in a bucket. And nobody had better quarrel with that point of view if he wants to avoid social quarantine. Take anything; what's good about it?

"But you don't have to *worry* about it," they weasel. "Be like us; be a fun-loving fatalist."

They can stop with that routine. They fool nobody; between those souped-up smiles, their faces sag like last summer's straw hat, and we all know why.

Maybe there was a place for Pollyanna in the days before allergies and joint returns and alphabet bombs, but worrying isn't new; there have always been a few good worriers.

While Jonah was getting comfy inside the whale, the sailor who had thrown him overboard was pacing the deck, worrying about a coated tongue; nothing came of it, so nobody caught his name and Jonah got the plug.

When Newton was busy whipping up the law of gravity from the falling apple, his cousin Fanshaw Newton was worrying about the premature ripening of the winesaps—but Isaac made the headlines.

The night Tom Edison sat up late inventing the incandescent lamp bulb, a neighbor of his, just as nice and just as sound, lost *his* sleep worrying about the high cost of replacing broken gas mantles. But Edison, of course, is the one.

All through history, I deduced, it was usually the visionaries who got the credit, but the worriers were the practical men. If that was true when life was a pushover, how can anyone doubt this: *the way things are shaping up these days, it takes a pretty accomplished worrier to fit in!*

So if you can honestly say you aren't worried about anything, get your head examined. If you are, and admit it, pull a chair and let's get organized.

Mass worry is the ticket—and first steps in mass worry would be *training*, *collaboration* and *specialization*. You'll simply swoon at the vistas each of these aspects of worry opens up. For example, take *training:*

Training in any line should start with the young, but what do we find? American youngsters refuse to worry—about *anything!* The perpetual optimism of youth amounts to the cardinal juvenile delinquency and presents a most revolting picture to the accomplished worrier. And when you stop to consider that a third of the average life span is wasted in this youthful vacuum of unconcern, you can see that even if *all* adults worried all the time, we'd still be only two-thirds efficient!

We must get more of our young people to worrying, if we expect to get anywhere; *there is far more worrying to be done than we adults can handle by ourselves!*

Organized training is the answer. Let's start by putting courses in the rudiments of applied worry into all colleges and universities at once. This step is urgent! Here we are with things getting worse by the day, with who knows what world calamity right around the corner, and not even a handful of college-trained worriers to take over.

Training and *collaboration;* we'll never do well with worry until we learn to pool our worries—to contribute the headaches we have to a common warehouse, and to benefit from the stimulation of working with a *group* of worriers.

For example, you have a little worry of your own, nothing fancy, when you get up in the morning. As the day goes on, you start rationalizing it, and by dinner time you've sold yourself on the idea that it's silly to worry. You're in a good way to become a backslider.

But that night you attend your neighborhood Worry Group. When it's your turn to contribute to the pool, you mention your withered little worry, somewhat ashamed of it—but someone else latches onto it with *terrific* enthusiasm! And while you may not run a fever over the report that the sassafras crop will fail in 1957, perhaps you can develop a really sweet swivet over a neighbor's worry—that there may be termites in railroad ties!

CONSIDER, ALSO, *specialization* in worry—a natural outgrowth of collaboration. Some people worry with more enthusiasm about one thing than another; they should be encouraged to specialize in this branch. Specialized worry should be by assignment, with definite objectives outlined and a time-limit placed upon the project.

For example: *are you aware of the shameful degree to which we've missed the worry-boat on flying saucers?* Potentially the prize bogey of the century, and no one, so far as I know, has so much as jumped off a high building from worry about it. I've actually heard people *laugh* about saucers!

Now why this neglect? Because everybody has assumed someone

else would handle it—because it wasn't assigned.

To illustrate the possibilities here, note how successfully Americans have specialized in their worry about losing their youth; compare us with the Senegalese, say, who don't seem to care. So they just dally peacefully while we—why, we've opened up whole new vistas of worry, things we didn't have in mind at all when we started. Pensions, geriatrics, imbalance of life-expectancy ratios, old-age benefits, inheritance taxes, octogenarian-sitters and so on—every one a new cause of worries to all concerned.

If the picture I have painted goes somewhat beyond your immediate interest in worry-development, consider worry only as a hobby worthy of more attention than the hit-or-miss job you've probably done with it up to now. Can you imagine a simpler, less complicated, more economical hobby than worry?

Worry is a hobby requiring no equipment—no tools, no needles, no messy goo or uniforms, or even a vacant lot or a corner of the basement to practice in. You can pick it up anywhere, any time—and soon you'll find it growing on you. As you develop, the worry you don't get completed during the day you will take to bed with you and pursue until all hours.

Perhaps I may be permitted a few modest words about my own qualifications for a position of eminence in organized worry. I won't say I'm in worry's Top Ten, though my wife places me there unhesitatingly. But I *have* worked at it, even when for years at a time there was literally nothing to worry about.

One night last month, the phone stopped ringing before I could get to it. Only a man of my attainments could have parlayed what started as mild curiosity into $40 worth of "acute gastritis of neurotic origin" (ambulance extra).

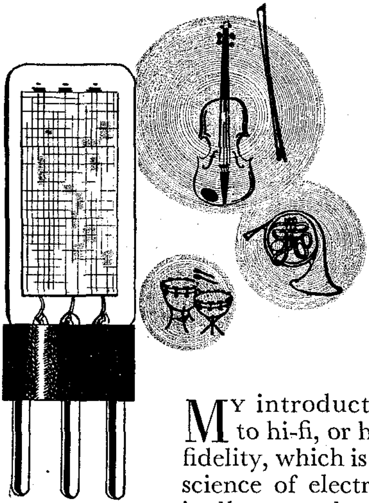
"You worry too much," said the physician in charge. But I noticed that when he gave me a couple of pills to cheer me up, he took three himself.

Sure, *everybody's* worrying; it's a fad that won't fade. What I would be asking myself right now, if I were you, is whether you're doing your bit to help us get on with it? But then, I guess that's *your* worry.

Sure of the Imperfect

So many things, so far as we're concerned, can stay imperfect. The speech of a two-year-old, lisping over new words—more adventurous, more heartwarming than the greatest orator, secure in the lore of books and the knowledge that the human voice can quiver. I like old books, backs broken, pages dog-eared; old sheds that turn their silvery sides toward dirt roads; men who limp a little when they walk and girls with hair that sometimes goes astray; meat with its share of fat, vegetables that are gnarled and still bear the dirt of the field; and elevators that creak as they go from floor to floor, pausing as if to say hello.

—Richard A. Swank, "*C.A.V.A.*" *Record*, Duncannon, Penn.



Woofer, Tweeter and Wow...

. . . are the passwords to the exciting new world of high fidelity music

by **RICHARD GEHMAN**

MY introduction to hi-fi, or high fidelity, which is the science of electronically reproducing sound in its purest possible form, occurred recently when I went to buy a phonograph. After demonstrating a few conventional models, all of which sounded pretty good, the salesman steered me toward a hi-fi set.

He put on a record of Eddie Condon and his boys blaring out *Beale Street Blues*. The shattering trumpet, roaring trombone, low-flying clarinet and pounding rhythm section came so realistically that if I had closed my eyes, I would have bet I was in Condon's nightclub.

Five minutes later, a Toscanini record convinced me I was sitting in Carnegie Hall. Fifteen minutes later the salesman had my check, and I had become part of a trend, or boom.

The hi-fi craze is sweeping the country. It is impossible to estimate how many Americans are addicts, but, according to reliable estimates from industry leaders, Americans this year will spend around $300,000,000 on high-fidelity equipment.

These same Americans will also speak a strange language of their own, form their own clubs, and subscribe to a magazine published exclusively for them and called, appropriately enough, *High Fidelity*.

Hi-fi bugs belong to no particular class or position. In the beginning, a decade ago, they were mainly electronics engineers and home-radio hobbyists. Then lovers of serious music, looking for near-perfect reproduction of their favorite records, began buying or building hi-fi rigs. Finally the virus spread to include anyone and everyone.

Not all hi-fi addicts, however, use their rigs exclusively for music. Some are simply interested in sound, as such. One night a neighbor, Bob Feigley, called up excitedly and asked me to come over. His living-room sounded like a swamp at midnight. He had bought a record of frog and bird calls.

Another man I know has an extensive collection of fire sirens, police whistles, and the noises of a building being demolished. This man has spent nearly $2,000 on high-fidelity equipment, and another $1,000 on cabinetry to contain it in his home. It is possible for a man to spend more, according to the David Bogen Company, manufacturers of custom-built equipment. A Detroit millionaire is said to have spent nearly $25,000 on his outfit. Most of this sum, however, went into the remodeling of one room in his house so that a wall would serve as a sounding-board.

The actual fact is, equipment is within reach of anybody who can afford a TV set. Many companies are now offering pre-packaged table models at prices from $98.95 to $144.50, and floor models from $169.50 to $585. The performance of these sets is close to that of complex equipment costing thousands.

The dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast will not settle for such ready-made sets. He likes to put together his own. He likes to build his own custom cabinets, or to have them built, and to scatter loudspeakers all around his house.

A man does not have to be a radio hobbyist or to know much about electronics to put together his own set. Children can plug together the components. Parts manufactured by one company can be used easily with components made by another.

My own rig utilizes a changer I yanked out of my old phonograph, a tuner and amplifier of different makes, and some unidentified parts sold me by a man who lives down the street. My friend Feigley's set was put together from knocked-down kits sold for home assembly.

Before buying parts, most customers want to know two things: (1) what hi-fi is, and (2) why it's better than a conventional set. Here, reduced to simplest terms, is one engineer's explanation of the phenomenon of high-fidelity:

Equipment is designed to reproduce the sounds heard naturally by the human ear. Sounds are vibrations in the atmosphere, measured by "cycles-per-second." High notes have many vibrations, low ones do not have as many. The human ear hears vibrations ranging from about 30 cycles-per-second to around 15,000.

A hi-fi set can reproduce vibrations in that range. An old-style phonograph can't. Its common range is between 100 and 6,000.

To put together a hi-fi system in your own home, you will need:

(1) a record-player. Get one equipped with a three-speed turntable: 78, 45, and 33⅓ rpm. Most hi-fi owners prefer one equipped with an automatic changer.

(2) An amplifier, which strengthens the vibrations picked up by the tone arm of the record player and sends them into

(3) A loudspeaker (many people also use an auxiliary speaker), which is set in

(4) A baffle or enclosure that prevents sound waves from canceling each other.

These four parts can be purchased for less than $175. Some fans like to augment them with:

(1) A tuner, for AM and FM radio reception;

(2) A compensator, which helps the set adjust to the individual qualities of each make of record;

(3) A noise suppressor, which cuts down surface noise; and, finally,

(4) A tape-recorder, for many fans like to use one to capture music that comes over the radio.

These parts are wired together,

A SPECIAL MAGAZINE FOR HIGH-FIDELITY FANS

ALMOST AS SPECTACULAR as the development of hi-fi itself has been the rise of the magazine "High Fidelity." Published in a big barn near Great Barrington, Mass., this is one of the fastest-growing and most loyally read specialty magazines in the United States today.

Although written and issued in the Berkshire town, "High Fidelity" is staffed largely by city executives who gave up their jobs on established magazines to establish a new one that would speak for their hobby. Charles Fowler was a market analyst for a New York publishing house when he started "High Fidelity" almost singlehandedly three years ago. Today it is a sleek fifty-cent monthly, crammed with hi-fi news and advertisements, with a 50,000 circulation and growing rapidly.

Editor John Conly, former columnist for the "Atlantic Monthly," numbers among his staff men from top magazines. All of the forty or so employees of "High Fidelity" work amid their rustic surroundings, dedicated to a magazine which gives voice to the opinions, questions and demands of the hi-fi enthusiasts. They even take some of their pay in music—on hi-fi records.

but if they all come from the same manufacturer, they can be plugged. Frequently, as I said above, those of one company can be plugged into those made by another.

There is no formal history of hi-fi. Like many great inventions, it is the fruition of the applied talents of innumerable men. Most experts agree that World War II spurred its development. Many electronic technicians built hi-fi sets for their comrades sweating the war out in remote areas, using such crude equipment as old pie plates and scrap wire.

When the soldiers came home, ordinary reproduction did not satisfy them. In company with other addicts, they began clamoring for better reproducing equipment, and the boom began.

Over the years, hi-fiers, like any specialized group, have developed certain trademark-words of their own. In hi-fiese, for example, "Wow" is not an exclamation upon seeing a pretty girl. It is the undulating tone made when a turntable is not revolving evenly.

A "tweeter" is not a bird, nor is a "woofer" a dog. "Tweeter" is a small speaker which reproduces high-frequencies of sound, and "woofer" is a larger one for lows.

By now it must be clear that the hi-fi craze is contagious. Many contract it so badly they seem more interested in the reproduction of sound than the sound itself. One friend of mine collects nothing but records that contain startling cymbal crashes, bell jangles and tom-tom solos.

Another form of hi-fi mania is the constant desire to take apart and reassemble the sets. A friend of mine never seems happy unless he's got components of his rig scattered all about his living room. The desire to tinker is unquestionably one of the great appeals of hi-fi, for it is connected closely with man's vain, eternal desire for perfection. Hi-fiers drive parts salesmen crazy, trying out speakers, amplifiers and boosters in endless combinations.

The fans are no less finicky about records. Anything that will mar the best reproduction—any bit of dust or lint in the grooves—is anathema to the hi-fi man. So are fingerprints on discs; they deposit oil.

Because of such perfectionist principles, records are now better than ever. Manufacturers use Vinylite and other plastics which virtually eliminate needle-sound. In recording, they utilize equipment designed to give the highest fidelity.

Since lovers of classical music predominate among hi-fiers, the craze has brought about a new boom in America's appreciation of the works of old and modern serious composers. Works are being recorded which never before were available to listeners except in live performances in concert halls.

On Columbia, for example, Robert Casadesus has recorded the entire piano works of Maurice Ravel. RCA has issued many operas in entirety, including *Carmen* and several of Wagner's massive compositions for voice and orchestra.

The companies have not stopped at issuing new recordings. Skilled engineers have gone back into the archives and taken classics by Caruso, Lehmann, and re-recorded them so that the old-time distortions are virtually nonexistent, and the golden-voiced oldtimers sound as though they were recorded just the other day.

Nor have the engineers limited their talents to the classics. RCA recently issued an "X" series of old-time jazz bands, including those of the Mound City Blue Blowers, Jimmie Lunceford and others.

Thanks to hi-fi, it is now possible for lovers of good music anywhere in the country to enjoy the same privileges as people who live closer to metropolitan centers and can hear the artists in concert halls. With hi-fi reproductions, the home is a concert hall—and a good deal more comfortable than Carnegie!

Where the craze will go from here is easy to predict. As equipment gets better and better, it will become more easily available to the public. One manufacturer has already made a floor unit for under $100. Other companies are working feverishly to catch up with him.

The next step is concentration on tape—magnetic tape, that is—made of mineral-coated plastic. Tape recordings are usually more faithful, have a higher fidelity and are always more durable than plastic discs. Also, they can be played for longer periods and they are not as bulky to store. The time may not be far off when the tape recorder and reproducer will be as common an object in the home as, say, the washing machine.

Worth Noting

If you can't make light of your troubles, keep them in the dark.

—H. V. PROCHNOW

Her Greatest Song

by **Wendy Warren**

THE GREAT VIENNESE prima donna was dead. Once the toast of Broadway, she had won millions of admirers with her beauty and the magic of her voice. Now they had come to pay their last respects.

They crowded the little church, listening with quiet expectancy to the priest tell once again the story of her success, of how she had always managed to laugh—and sing—through riches and poverty. For she had known both. And in the mind of each was the unspoken question: "When will they play her song?"

A hauntingly sweet melody, the song had been her trademark, following her everywhere for nearly 50 years. Close friends in the chapel that day, however, remembered the battle the great lady had waged against it.

"No, no, no! I will not sing it!" she cried, stamping her foot when the composer of the operetta had first played it for her. "It is *impossible!* No one can sing this song. It skips up and down the scale like a running mouse."

Although he had written it especially for her, the composer cut the song from the try-out performances. But the producer would not give in so easily; he loved the tune and begged her to allow him to reinstate it. "All right, Charles," she relented. "For you, I'll do it."

To her amazement, the opening night audience went wild over the song—and especially the way she sang it. They called her back for 26 encores that night, a record seldom topped in the theater.

Overnight, the song became identified with her. Orchestras automatically struck up the melody whenever she entered a restaurant. At every public appearance she made for the rest of her life, applauding audiences shouted for it. The singer did other shows, sang other songs, but only this one was truly hers.

The priest concluded his remarks, and in the hush, all eyes turned with anticipation to the choir loft searching for the singer and the organist who would render the selection. A few women groped in their handbags for handkerchiefs. But nothing happened. The service was over.

Leaving the church, people were saying, "Why was there no music? Why didn't they play her song?"

Few knew the answer: that over the years, Fritzi Scheff had come to detest Victor Herbert's *Kiss Me Again*, and had left specific instructions in her will that it was not to be played at her funeral. Only in death was she able to silence "her song!"

Wendy Warren appears on *Wendy Warren and the News*, CBS-Radio, Monday through Friday.

The total in years may mean little, for it is one's "biological age" that counts

How Old Is Your Spouse?

by **Lester David**

HARRY ADAMS and his wife Helen appeared at a doctor's office recently for a checkup. According to their birth certificates, each was 40 years old. But when the examination was concluded, they were astounded to learn that both were wrong.

Looking at their ages in a new medical light, Harry's heart and arteries were actually 50, while his wife's were only 35. On the other hand, Harry's liver was in its early 30s, but Helen's was approaching the mid-century mark.

This phenomenon is part of a new concept which geriatricians—doctors who specialize in the medical problems of aging—have developed about how old you are. The number of years you have lived—up to now considered your "age"—is merely a statistical record. Your actual or biological age depends on the condition of your body cells, nervous and circulatory systems, organs and bones.

Dr. C. Ward Crampton, pioneer geriatrician, explains: "The separate parts of the body do not grow older at the same pace. Furthermore, a man and his wife do not age simultaneously, even though they may have been born on exactly the same day and in the same year."

Dr. Martin Gumpert, who has written a number of books on aging, puts it this way: "Paradoxically, a woman may be older than her husband—and younger at the same time."

How differently do men and women, boys and girls, age? Here are some of the remarkable variances revealed by research:

Bones. Most so-called bones of newborn infants are still only cartilage which takes up to a dozen years to harden in all parts of the skeletal structure. This process of bone-making proceeds at a much faster pace in girls than in boys, from the crown of the head down to the big toe.

The soft spot at the top of the skull called the fontanel is wider in boy babies at birth, proving that ossification has taken place more slowly in the foetal state. In girls, the big toe's first joint turns into bone at about 14 months, six months earlier than in boys.

A girl's kneecap hardens by 23 months, a boy's at three years; the lower "ring" edge of the pelvic girdle in a girl is formed at 13, while a boy waits two years more.

Heart and Arteries. The cells in these vital parts of the body age more rapidly in men than in women, Dr. Crampton declares, offering as proof the fact that arterial disease claims more than three times as many men as women up to 65.

Dr. R. L. Parker and his associates at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, kept careful track of 3,000 patients suffering from angina pectoris, an illness caused by constriction of the coronary arteries. Ten years after the diagnosis of angina pectoris was made, 30 per cent of the males were still alive, 45 per cent of the females.

Prof. N. J. Berrill of McGill University, puts the artery age of women about five years lower than that of men of the same calendar age, which may well explain why women on the average live a few years longer than men.

Hearing. As the years advance, there is a gradual impairment of the ability to detect high or low sounds. Dr. Jeanne G. Gilbert, a clinical psychologist, in her book "Understanding Old Age," reports impairment of hearing for tones of high frequency is more pronounced in males. Women tend to show greater decline in the ability to detect *low* notes than men.

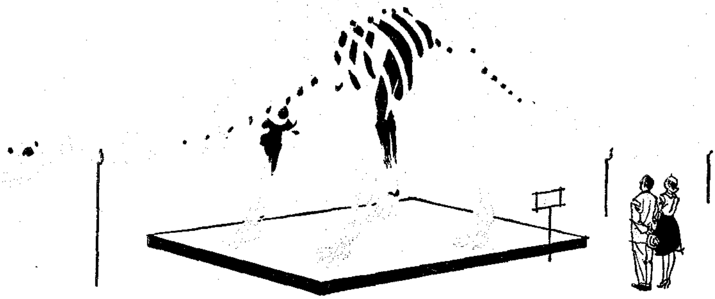
Many cases of deafness are due to otosclerosis, a mysterious, unexplained series of changes in the bony tissue within the ear which occurs more frequently in women.

Teeth. Parents eagerly await a child's first tooth and notice no difference in teething time between the sexes, because it is almost imperceptible. It is with the second, or permanent teeth, that the difference is marked. For, tooth for tooth, the permanent ones show up from several months to a year earlier in little girls!

But if female teeth emerge first, indications are that they decay more rapidly. Two dentists, Drs. H. Klein and C. E. Palmer, found that girls developed more cavities than boys of the same age. Yet, according to a recent survey made by the American Dental Association, women of 60 and over have on the average more teeth left than men.

Liver. The female liver ages faster than the male, says Dr. Crampton. It is more subject to enlargement, while the incidence of chronic hepatitis, or inflammation, is higher in women. Diseases of the gall bladder, which rests in the liver bed, are also more common in women.

Joints. There is some evidence that women's joints may age more rapidly. Osteoarthritis, the most common joint disease caused simply by wear and tear at the points



exposed to pressure and weight-wearing, affects more women than men.

Stomach and Duodenum. The aging velocity of these organs is considerably more rapid in men. Ulcers appear at least ten times more frequently in males. The answer does not lie in the increased tensions to which men are subjected.

Tests have clearly revealed that women plagued by anxiety and other severe nervous strains do not develop stomach and duodenal ulcers with any appreciable frequency. The conclusion, geriatricians say, is that the organs simply get older quicker in the male, and are consequently easier prey to disease.

Sex. Up to now, a widely-held belief has been that girls, who reach puberty a full two years before boys, develop sexual responses at commensurately earlier ages; but this is not so. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, in "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" and his earlier work on the male, reveals that the frequencies of male responses to the point of orgasm hit their peaks within three or four years after the onset of adolescence, while "the maximum incidences of sexually responding females are not approached until some time in the late 20s or 30s."

Nevertheless, Dr. Kinsey discovered that men's sexual capacities dwindle more rapidly. Yet, while he reports a steady decline in the frequencies of marital intercourse from the younger to the older age groups in women, this pattern "is certainly controlled by the male's desires and it is primarily his aging rather than the female's loss of interest or capacity which is reflected in the decline."

But sexual capacity and reproductive ability are not the same. Women's ability to bear children ceases at about the mid-40s, while many males can propagate well into the 70s.

Brain. According to Dr. Berrill, "mental potency rises sharply until the age of 40 and continues to rise thereafter, although at a decreasing rate, until a climax is reached at 60. Then there is a slow decline for the next 20 years, although even at 80 the mental standard is still as good as it was at 35.

"It is a different mind from a 35-year-old, but no less valuable. While the young mind tends to create new conceptions, the older mind possesses greater steadiness, thoroughness and wealth of experience."

No evidence has been found that the skin wrinkles earlier in either sex, or that the hair grays faster. Similarly, the minds of men and women show no differences in the rate of aging.

But there are other contrasts and some day they may be correlated with the fact that women live longer than men by some six years. For the present, however, simply remember that the sentimental songs about growing old together as you proceed along life's highway are scientifically unsound. Men and women grow old separately

On Principle

IT'S ADMIRABLE to fight for a principle—only be sure it's a principle and not a prejudice.

—*Nassau* (Staten Island, N.Y.)

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

What's the Meaning? III

Following the announcement of the "What's the Meaning?" contest in our June issue, we received entries (some with as many as 50 "whatsits") from 7,000 readers—enough to last us a long time. A prize of $10 was offered for each item accepted for publication, and below are some of the winning puzzles. More will appear in future issues. If you missed the first quizzes, here's how they work: RAC. What's the meaning? A CAR IN REVERSE, naturally. (Answers: p. 120)

1 SPACES
SPACES
SPACES
SPACES

2 C
O
N

3 BANGFF

4 WOWOLFOL

5 O
D.D.S.
LL.D.
PH.D.
M.A.
M.D.

6 SSSSSSSSS C

7 2 th DK

8 BRILLIANT SURGEON
BRILLIANT SURGEON

9 OUT
3 2 1

10 RE RE

11 HAMLET
NOUN VERB ADJECTIVE

12 T
T
T
T
T
T
6T

13 N
E
W
THINGS

14 10 IS ANY 1

15 $ TAKE

16 S-H-I-P

17 GIRL

18 P
PL
PLA
PLAN

19 UIABCDEFGH.....

20 BREAD

The Chief Dispatchers of Lionel Trains

by HERBERT DALMAS

The Cowens, father and son, have brought fun galore to countless railroad fans

ONE DAY LAST NOVEMBER, there occurred in the New York showroom of the Lionel Corporation, makers of toy electric trains, a sight practically without precedent—a boy looking unhappy.

For six weeks before Christmas each year, this showroom is the scene of probably more joy per square foot than any place else in the world, as a couple of hundred youngsters and grownups swarm around the busy displays of trains and the myriad gadgets that go with them. Yet here was a boy who made no effort to edge up to the tables.

Joshua Lionel Cowen, Chairman of the Board, who likes to stroll through the crowd, spotted this boy and went over to ask what was wrong. The boy took the newspaper wrapping from a miniature diesel locomotive.

"I wanted to get my engine fixed in time for Christmas," he said. "It won't run."

J. L. Cowen, a short, stocky man who looks like somebody's favorite uncle trying with indifferent success to impersonate an irascible businessman, recognized the diesel as one of his own. "What do you mean, won't run?" he demanded belligerently.

"I want to find somebody to fix it." The boy didn't intend to waste time with an idle bystander.

"Well, I'm the best repairman around here," Cowen told him with characteristic freedom from false modesty. "Let's have a look at it."

He led the way to a shop, fussed with the engine a few moments, then gave it a short test run. It worked as well as new. The small boy, impressed, asked, "How much do I owe you?"

J. L. knew the boy would be insulted if he weren't charged something, so he growled, "That'll be twenty-five cents." He added sternly, "Now, for goodness sake, go out and look at the trains."

Since he invented the toy electric train in 1900, Joshua Lionel Cowen has regarded every boy who owns one as an individual responsibility. He gets about 50 letters a week, usually addressed to "Mr. Lionel" and ending "Your friend." He answers them all.

And it is likely that there is no happier tycoon alive than the peppery founder of the $25,000,000 Lionel Corporation. This Christmas season, on his daily tours of the showroom, his claim to 74 years seems ridiculous. He looks perhaps 60, but, at the suggestion of his physician, he has slowed down to a pace appropriate to a man of 45.

Many inventors have seen their handiwork become boons to mankind, but few have been directly responsible for so much sheer fun among so many different kinds of people in so many parts of the world as has J. L. Cowen.

Most Lionel "boomers" are between the ages of 7 and 14, but these are by no means the limits. J. L. had a letter not long ago from a lama in Tibet, who expressed appreciation for the splendid way the Lionel lay-out in the lamasery was performing.

J. L. himself is at heart a boomer—the term given old-time railroaders who were too restless to stay long in one place. One day several years ago, he bundled half a dozen employees and a portable recorder into a station wagon and drove up along the Hudson River to a comparatively secluded spot along the New York Central right-of-way. There he ordered everyone out of the car. Presently, far away, they could hear a train.

"Now listen!" J. L. admonished, holding up a warning hand for attention.

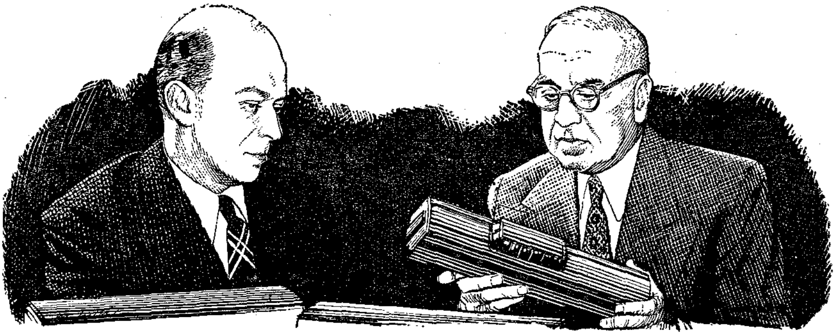
They listened, and in a moment were treated to a blast like several hundred cows mourning their lost young.

"Hear that?" J. L. cried in rapture. "There'll be another one along in a minute."

The crew sat there all day, recording the sound of the horns as the engines went by. Now, when a Lionel engine of the type used on that run blows for a crossing, it sounds exactly like a real engine of that type blowing for a crossing.

JOSHUA COWEN ARRIVED at the threshold of his electric-train career at the age of 20, after a varied, and at times spectacular, journey that started 13 years before. His father was a successful New York real-estate man, and young Josh was the eighth of nine children. When he was seven, he found he had a talent for whittling small steam locomotives out of wood. Naturally, this made him think of real steam engines; naturally, he started to build one. And naturally, one afternoon in the kitchen of the Cowen house on Madison Avenue, it blew up.

The elder Cowen felt it would be unnecessarily nerve-wracking never to know when the house might come down around the family's



ears, so he sent Josh to Cooper Union, where young people with exceptional creative ability are given facilities to develop it.

Joshua Cowen didn't invent anything with immediate practical application until he was 18 when, after short hitches at City College and Columbia University, he quit school to go to work. He got an idea for a fuse to ignite the flash powder used by the photographers of the time and took out a patent on it.

He was surprised shortly after this to receive a summons from naval officials in Washington; he couldn't imagine why the Navy would be interested in flashlight photography.

"What we need," they told him, "is a really efficient detonator for mines. Can you make it for us?"

Cowen knew nothing whatever about mines, but he has never lacked confidence, so he said, "Sure. How many do you want?"

They told him 24,000, and he went back to New York, rented a loft and hired an assistant as intrepid as himself. He studied up on mines and made the detonators.

His profit on the completion of this contract set him up in business, but with the Navy all stocked on fuses, he had to look around for something else to manufacture.

Today, son Lawrence Cowen likes to tell of his father's electric-fan invention. "It was the most beautiful thing you ever saw," he says. "It ran like a dream, and it had only one thing wrong with it. You could stand a foot away from the thing and not feel any breeze."

J. L. still insists that rectifying this slight flaw would have been a simple matter if he had gone to work on it, but it was the motor that really interested him, and he tried to think of something else to run with it. By thought association, his mind backtracked to the beginning of the chain—toy trains.

His first model was a simple box on wheels, powered by an adaptation of the fan motor, with current fed through brass strips that served as rails. He sold this set for $4.

Within two years, he had built a locomotive modeled on the one used by the B&O between Baltimore and Washington. He built a gondola car for the engine to pull. In the next five years, he added passenger cars, boxcars, and had discarded the brass strips for the tie-held miniature rails that are pretty much like the present-day product.

In 1905, he sold $8,000 worth of toy trains. The $8,000 looked like a lot of money in those days, but it looked considerably less when Cowen put most of it back into the business.

However, in two years, toy trains were so popular that there were no more financial worries. By 1913, Cowen had had to expand, first to a factory in New Haven and then to one more convenient to his New York market, in Irvington, New Jersey. In 1928, he built his own plant in Irvington, adding to it in 1952.

The present enviable financial status of Lionel can be attributed, in a large degree, to the talents of Lawrence Cowen, president of the corporation. After the younger Cowen left Cornell in 1927, his father wanted him to come into the company.

"You know how it is," J. L. says now. "You build up a business and you have a son—you want him to come in with you. But this Larry is the bull-headedest guy you ever saw. I don't know where he gets it," he adds innocently. "He gave me a long lecture on what he thought of boys that ride papa's shoulders to the top of the business."

Actually, Lawrence Cowen wasn't particularly interested in toy trains as such. His tastes ran to finance, so he got a job as runner on Wall Street. Within a year, his employers promoted him to an office job. During the next 17 years, among numerous other activities, he bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and formed his own security brokerage company.

In 1945, when J. L. offered his son enticing bait to take over the business end of the Lionel Corporation, he was getting the best man available for the job. Larry agreed on one condition—that he acquire full responsibilities of a company president as well as the title. An experienced financier, young Cowen soon began to think in terms of business diversification.

During a fishing trip on the St. Lawrence, Cowen met Bache Brown, top spinning fisherman in the world. Spinning tackle makes it possible for a novice to become an expert caster in ten minutes and Cowen was fascinated by it. In 1947, the company bought the Airex Corporation which manufactured the device, and Airex is now a division of Lionel.

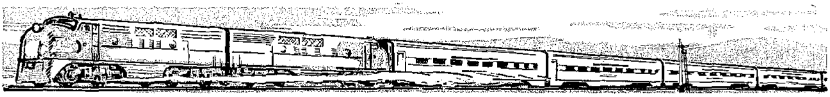
In the development of the newest Lionel product, J. L. was Larry's unwitting collaborator. Five years ago, Larry gave his father a stereo camera for Christmas and J. L. used it for hundreds of snapshots on a trip to Hawaii.

When he returned, he told Larry the camera was needlessly complex. "Take the fancy exposure meter and setting," said J. L. "I used one setting all the time, regardless of the weather, and it worked." He had excellent pictures to prove it.

The upshot of the father-son discussion was a decision to design and make a simply-operated, fixed-focus stereo for the amateur photographer. Four years of planning and design, combined with Lionel's precision machinery and 50 years of parts fabrication, gave birth to the "Linex." Selling for under $45, the "Linex," with its natural-color, three-dimensional pictures, has received an enthusiastic reception.

BUT THE MAKING of toy trains and the gadgets that go with them are still Joshua Lionel Cowen's first love, although the process has long since become complex beyond even his talents and energy. Today, some 30 engineers are constantly at work in the Irvington plant, developing new ideas and refining old models. But most of the innovations begin with a five-man team consisting of the two Cowens and three Vice-Presidents: Joseph Bonanno, chief engineer; Charles Giaimo, works manager; and Philip Marfuggi, industrial relations.

The Lionel trainman of 1954 can do a lot more than just watch his



rolling stock move around a track. He can be a combination engineer and dispatcher—stopping, starting, reversing engines, making up freight trains, routing and rerouting traffic from one remote control station.

J. L. Cowen's passion for realism has made Lionel railroading so authentic that a motion picture of one of his lay-outs, taken with no background to give it scale, is indistinguishable from life-size. In 1937, he became dissatisfied with toy locomotives that merely looked like real ones. He designed a replica of a New York Central engine on a quarter-inch scale that was exact down to the last rivet. He has since done the same with models used by many top railroads in the U. S.

There is a universal eagerness among railroad officials to have their engines included in the Lionel line, but they don't get anywhere unless J. L. shares their enthusiasm. Only last year, the president of an Eastern road offered him $20,000 to copy one of his engines.

"I will not," J. L. told him flatly. "I don't like your paint job."

Cowen is continually surprised at some of the uses to which his invention has been put. A Lionel flat car and switching engine are used in the Cleveland Clinic to transport hot, radioactive cargoes of isotopes between rooms of the laboratory. During the war, the Office of Strategic Services used Lionel rolling stock to simulate actual conditions in train-wrecking.

J. L.'s present "slowed down" daily routine goes something like this: He gets to the office around 9:30, deals with his correspondence and starts trying to think of an excuse to go to the plant. He seldom fails to find one.

In the evenings, he and Mrs. Cowen like to entertain in their Fifth Avenue apartment, which is decorated in part with a collection of carved coral figures he has gathered from all over the world. The guest looks in vain, however, for an electric train lay-out.

His chief hobby is fishing, which he shares with his son. They practice it almost anywhere in the world they can find room to cast a lure.

But J. L. still finds no greater pleasure than mingling with the crowds around Lionel displays. If you happen to be in such a throng this pre-Christmas season and see a short, bald, somewhat rotund gentleman with a weathered complexion and an expression of transparently spurious truculence, it may very well be Joshua Lionel Cowen.

One way of finding out for sure would be to suggest that a particular Lionel item could do with improvement. You'll get a frightful argument, but if your suggestion makes any sense, the chances are better than even that you'll see it incorporated in next year's line.

On Life and Living

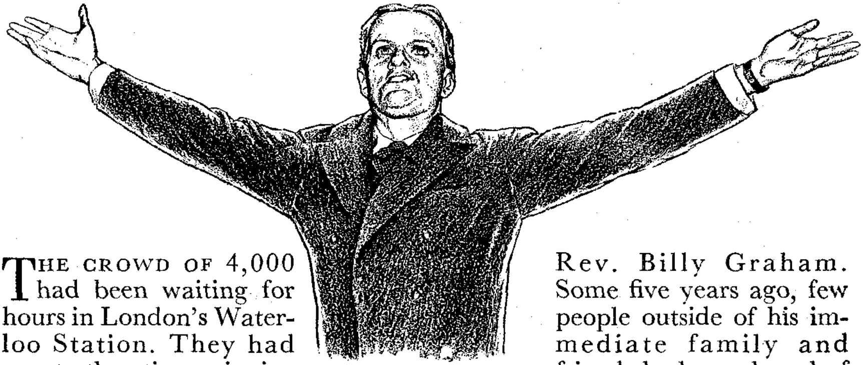
WE HAVE DONE so much to raise our standard *of* living; now we need to turn our efforts to the much more important task of raising our standards *for* living.

—KENT RUTH

He came from a North Carolina farm
and made the world his pulpit

BILLY GRAHAM'S Story

by **TERRY FERRER**



THE CROWD OF 4,000 had been waiting for hours in London's Waterloo Station. They had spent the time singing old gospel hymns. Suddenly the cry went up that he was coming and they pressed forward.

Out of the special train stepped a tall, thin, good-looking, impeccably dressed young man with blond, slightly wavy hair. Smiling broadly, he turned to help his pretty brunette wife onto the platform. Then bedlam broke loose.

The crowd surged around him. A woman screamed: "Just let me touch his coat!" Several fainted. Railroad employees picked up children so they would not be trampled underfoot. The young man lost his hat. Then he lost his wife.

Finally, a cordon of police rushed him to a waiting car. As he drove off, the singing crowd stilled, then began singing again.

The handsome young man who caused this near riot last February is the world's No. 1 evangelist, the Rev. Billy Graham. Some five years ago, few people outside of his immediate family and friends had ever heard of William Franklin Graham, the farm boy from North Carolina.

Yet, as he turns 36 in November, Billy (as he likes to be called) will have preached to more than 10,000,000 persons in huge rallies in the U.S., England and on the Continent. His radio and TV listeners number many more than 10,000,000—not only in the U.S. but in Africa, Alaska, Canada, Formosa, Hawaii, India, Panama and wherever the Voice of Freedom (WRUL, Boston), Radio Luxembourg and the Voice of America are heard. His daily newspaper column, *My Answer*, reaches still another 15,000,000.

A year ago last June, 75,000 persons gathered in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas to hear Billy Graham preach that "the hope of the world is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ." This May, the dynamic evangelist drew 120,000 to London's Wembley Stadium.

Back of all these statistics is a powerful and dedicated man. Abraham Lincoln once declared that he liked to see a preacher preach as if he were fighting a swarm of bees. Billy Graham could probably take on several hives-ful.

With a special microphone in the form of a tie clasp, he travels from one end of the platform to the other while he preaches. He has been clocked at 1½ miles during a 40-minute sermon. His right forefinger points square to heaven—or to hell—and his left hand holds an open Bible. He gestures dramatically as he cajoles, threatens, pleads with them to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. His most frequent phrase is: "The Bible says . . ."

He dramatizes the old Bible stories and gives them an up-to-date touch with homely phrases. He describes Belshazzar's feast as "the greatest cocktail party of all time."

"What shall it profit a man," he will paraphrase, "to build a vast industrial empire and be eaten away by ulcers?" While his warnings are as old as Jonah's, his techniques are as modern as television.

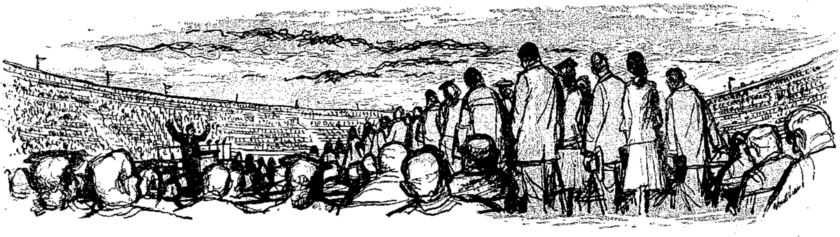
America has responded to evangelistic preaching since the days of the circuit riders. The old-time religion changed hearts and lives at "camp meetings." But it was men like Billy Sunday—to whom Billy Graham is often compared—who really brought the dramatic in evangelism to the forefront.

Sunday, an ex-baseball player, would jump onto a table during his tent meetings and urge all comers to "hit the sawdust trail." Aimee Semple McPherson, the famous woman revivalist, went so far as to dress in a football uniform and charge into her Los Angeles temple carrying the ball of the Foursquare Gospel.

Graham, the newest and in many ways the most successful of America's evangelistic revivalists, has never gone to these lengths to dramatize his message.

Billy Graham has been accused of lining his pockets out of his crusade funds. This is definitely not the case. Graham used to keep his "love offerings" and take expenses out of them; but now in each city, a local committee, including in its membership ministers, handles the finances and pays Billy and his team their expenses. Since the Graham team only goes where it is invited—sometimes a year in advance—and does not compete with local clergy, this arrangement has proved more than satisfactory.

Billy makes $15,000 a year (which businessmen donate), and refuses lavish gifts from admirers, though he did accept an air-conditioned



Oldsmobile from friends and a jeep which his radio and TV agent gave him one Christmas. On his three-month London campaign, he and each member of his 30-man team received only $50 a week.

Billy Graham did not expect to be a minister when he was growing up on his father's 200-acre farm near Charlotte, North Carolina. His father had built the family home on the site of the log cabin where he himself was born. Mr. and Mrs. Graham were members of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church in the little village of Sharon, and Billy Frank—the oldest of their two boys and two girls—went there to church and Sunday school each week.

He was a good son, getting up early in the morning to milk the cows with his thin but strong hands, coming home from school to work in the fields and do the chores. Often, when his mother wasn't looking, he slipped off to the swimming hole. If he was caught, he was punished like any other youngster.

At 12, he joined the church; but, he recalls, "I don't think I was converted in the sense that I use the word now, of giving oneself wholly to Christ."

Billy Frank was not a particularly good student. In high school his main interests were baseball and basketball. He failed a few subjects. But with a boy named Grady Wilson, a chubby lad who was later to become his associate minister and close friend, he shared an experience which was to change both of their lives.

The Rev. Mordecai Ham was holding a revival in Charlotte, and Billy and Grady somewhat reluctantly accompanied their families.

"I was strongly against it," Graham admits today, "and derided and snickered at those who went."

He and Grady sat uncomfortably as Ham urged repentance. "He seemed to be talking straight at me," Billy says now. "I felt that the 5,000 people in the tabernacle were looking at me."

Finally, Billy and Grady went up and sat with the others who were saved. Billy looks on that moment as his true conversion to Christ.

NEVERTHELESS, he went on with his everyday life. The summer he graduated from high school, he sold Fuller brushes (he was top salesman in North Carolina). In the fall—to please his mother—he went to the Florida Bible Institute (now Trinity College) in Tampa. "It was there that I first felt a call to the ministry," Billy remembers. He joined the Southern Baptist Church.

Graham preached his first sermon—to 25 people—in a tiny church in Bostwick, Florida. "I had prepared four sermons," he says, "and I gave all of them in eight minutes."

Realizing that he needed to rehearse more, he would get a canoe and paddle down the Hillsborough River, where he climbed on a cypress stump and preached to the birds and an occasional alligator. Soon he was speaking on Saturday night at the Tampa Rescue Mission, seven or eight times Sunday on the street in front of a tavern, and Sunday nights before 400 or 500 persons at the Tampa trailer camp. At the East Palatka Baptist Church, Billy held a seven-day revival, won about 50 conversions—and found his true calling.

Billy was ordained a Southern Baptist minister on his graduation from the Institute; but, going on 22, he felt the need of more education and in the fall of 1940, went to Wheaton College near Chicago.

One hot September afternoon in 1941, Billy was working at a part-time job delivering furniture. Perspiring under a huge overstuffed chair he was carrying to a house, he noticed a pretty dark-haired girl on the lawn, watching him with a smile. She was Ruth Bell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell, Presbyterian medical missionaries to China, where Ruth had been born 18 years before.

"I WAS A DISTRICT ATTORNEY"
A small-town D.A. tells of his experiences with the guilty, the innocent and the bystander, in court and out. Next Month in Coronet.

Billy finally worked up the courage to ask her for a date. A deeply religious girl, when he told her of his plans to be a good minister, Ruth urged him on. Soon they knew that their lives belonged together. They were married in Montreat, North Carolina, (where her parents lived), two months after he won his B.S. in 1943. "And are still sweethearts," Billy says today in their home across the street from the Bells.

There are four young Grahams, Virginia, 8, Anne, 6, Ruth, 3, and another William Franklin, 2. The family is close-knit but practical in its affection.

For instance, when Virginia and Anne heard that their father was going to London to preach for three months, they told him, "We want to help, Daddy. We're going to sell things and raise money."

The two girls rummaged for empty Coke bottles which they turned in for pennies. They sold autumn leaves. "Leaves," says their father, "in a place where you can never get rid of them from year to year!" By the time he was ready to leave for London, the children's fund totaled $24.15.

In his three months in London, Billy Graham preached to two million people, of whom more than 38,000 declared themselves converted. He packed 11,000-seat Harringay Arena nightly, preached to students, went into British pubs to meet the people (he doesn't drink).

On the closing day of his campaign, a drizzling rain fell on chilly London. Yet 67,000 people packed White City Stadium. On the same day in Wembley Stadium, 120,000 more listened to his message—and 5,000 came forward to be saved. On the platform with Billy was the highest prelate of the Church of England, Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. A few days later, he spent 40 minutes with Sir Winston Churchill, and "shook hands with History."

After leaving Wheaton College, Billy took the pastorate—for $40 a week—of a small church in the Chicago suburb of Western Springs. There, with George Beverly Shea, a gospel singer, he started a radio program, *Songs in the Night*.

Youth for Christ, an organization to bring the word of God to young people, had just been formed and Graham was the speaker at the first Chicago rally. He was beginning to gain a reputation as a forceful preacher, not afraid to say that all are sinners who break the Ten Commandments and do not live up to the Sermon on the Mount.

So interested did he become in the problems of young servicemen that he joined the Chaplains' Corps in the fall of 1944. But he became seriously ill and his normal weight of 180 fell to 115 pounds. "I felt," says Graham, "that God was calling me to enter Youth for Christ full-time instead of the chaplaincy." In behalf of Youth for Christ, he and a trombone player named Cliff Barrows (now a Graham team regular) toured the U.S., Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England.

On his return, Graham held his first formal revival in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was singularly uneventful. In 1947, he became president of Northwestern Schools, an evangelical institution in Minneapolis, where he doubled the physical plant and upped the enrollment to 1,200 in his four years there.

BILLY REALLY BEGAN hitting the headlines in the fall of 1949, during a series of tent meetings in Los Angeles. Newspapers started to take notice of the meetings when Hollywood names began coming down the aisles to accept Christ as their personal Savior. Track star Lou Zamperini and cowboy singer Stuart Hamblen were converted. Colleen Townsend, pretty Hollywood starlet, quit pictures to work in evangelism.

Later, Donn Moomaw, football star from the University of California at Los Angeles, "accepted Christ as my personal Savior. The All-American teams that I've been on," he explained, "can't compare to the team I'm playing on now for the Lord Jesus." Moomaw entered Princeton Theological Seminary this fall in preparation for the Presbyterian ministry.

Billy admits that at his meetings 300,000 or 400,000 persons have been converted—not including those who have been moved by his radio and TV addresses. When critics claim that his revival efforts do not last, he likes to quote Billy Sunday: "Neither does a bath—but it does you good to take one."

Graham does not try to defend himself when he is called the "Hot Gospeller" (in London before he arrived), the "Barrymore of the Bible," or "Hillbilly Billy." There are those who laugh at his folksy benediction: "May the Lord bless you real good."

Graham takes all this with good grace and has convinced both the high and the low of his sincerity. He numbers among his friends President Eisenhower, Chief Justice Warren of the U.S. Supreme Court, and several state governors.

The success of his *Hour of Decision* broadcasts, which began in October, 1950, forced Graham to rent a room and hire two secretaries to cope with the letters—now as high as 9,000 a week during crusades—and phone calls which began to pour in. Today the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Inc., employs 200 persons in offices divided between Minneapolis, Dallas and Washington; and has an annual budget of $2,000,000 (exclusive of local crusades), the bulk going to buy Sunday radio and TV time, which cost $1,275,000 last year.

What gives Graham and his associates the greatest satisfaction is the hundreds who walk down the aisle to receive Christ. There is a quiet period while Billy pleads: "You must give yourself to Christ . . . He is waiting . . . You must come . . . Jesus Christ loves you, He wants you." There is no hysteria as people come slowly down to the platform, some with tears in their eyes, some smiling.

After a prayer with Graham, the converted are shown backstage for further consultation with members of local churches who are trained as counselors. There they sign decision cards indicating whether they are already church members (59 per cent are), making a new decision for Christ, or giving their whole life for Him. These cards show the denomination of the convert's choice and are turned over to local ministers for follow-up work.

These crusades exhaust Graham with the thousand and one demands upon his time and energy. For example, he lost more than 17 pounds in London. Four to five meals a day, well-laced with red meat, help keep up his strength.

At home, in his modest eight-room Montreat house, his days are easier, although the phone rings constantly with long-distance calls asking for engagements, straightening out campaign details or just saying hello. In his upstairs study, Billy reads the Bible (he has worn out ten King James versions) while listening to Scripture recordings so that he may better memorize it.

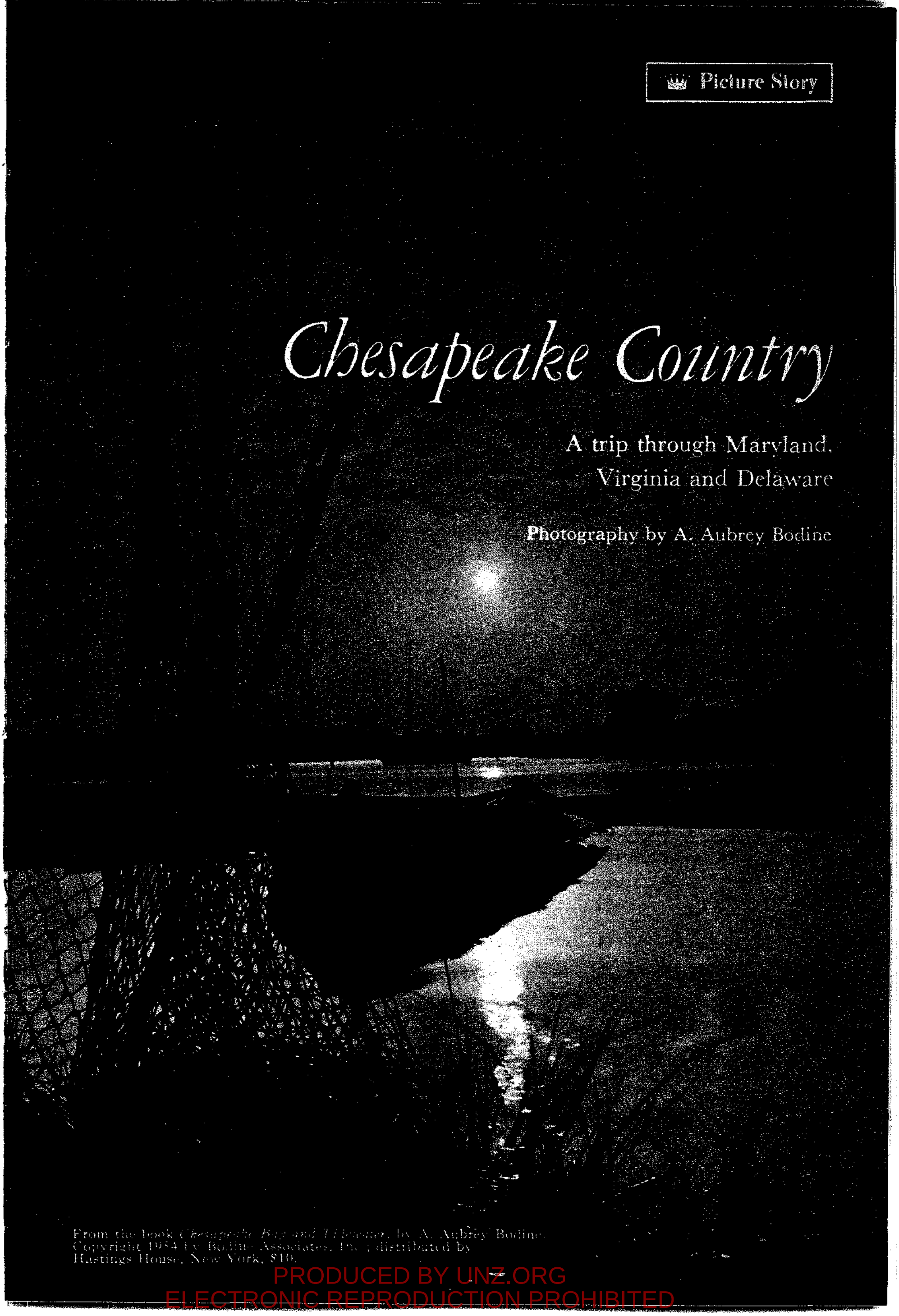
He loves to fish in mountain streams or hike up a ridge with his huge Great Pyrenees dog, Belshazzar, which weighs only 40 pounds less than its master yet is gentle as a lamb with the Graham children. Or the whole family will pile into the jeep and go up to their cabin perched high on a Blue Ridge peak. They bought the cabin three years ago, along with 150 acres of land, for $3,300. Candles and kerosene lamps take the place of electricity, and a huge fireplace doubles for cooking and heat.

As devoted husband and father, or as a modern John the Baptist preaching repentance, Billy Graham puts all his trust in the Lord. "The only reason people listen to me is God," he explains. "You could put Bob Hope, Marilyn Monroe and President Eisenhower in a stadium, and after a few nights they'd run out of ideas and the stadium would run out of people." And he adds his favorite Bible quotation (*I Corinthians 1:31*): "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Brothers Under the Skin

ENGLAND AND AMERICA are two countries separated by the same language.
—G. B. SHAW

AN ENGLISHMAN is a person who does things because they have been done before. An American is a person who does things because they haven't been done before.
—MARK TWAIN



Chesapeake Country

A trip through Maryland, Virginia and Delaware

Photography by A. Aubrey Bodine

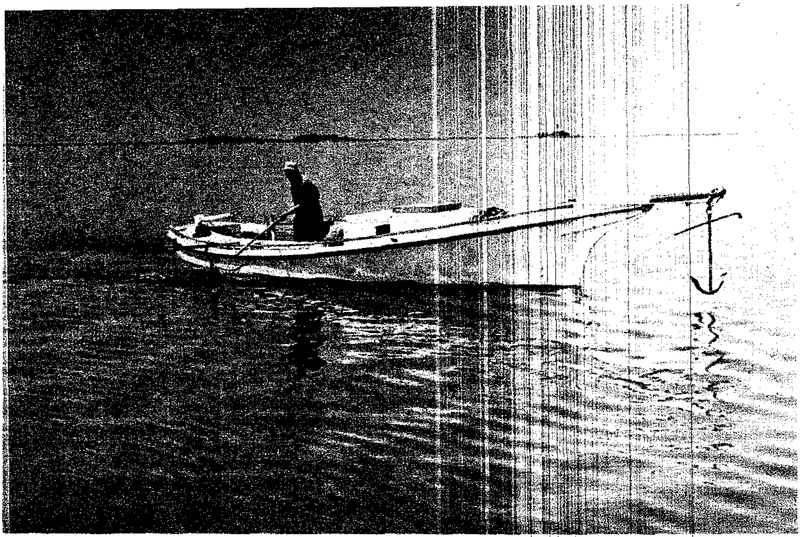
From the book *Chesapeake Bay and Tidewater*, by A. Aubrey Bodine.
Copyright 1954 by Bodine Associates, Inc.; distributed by
Hastings House, New York, $10.

fisherm

Once, men tended the beacon at Cedar Point. Now, by the ingenuity of science, a light perpetual blinks over deep waters. Time and tide eat at the keeper's house.

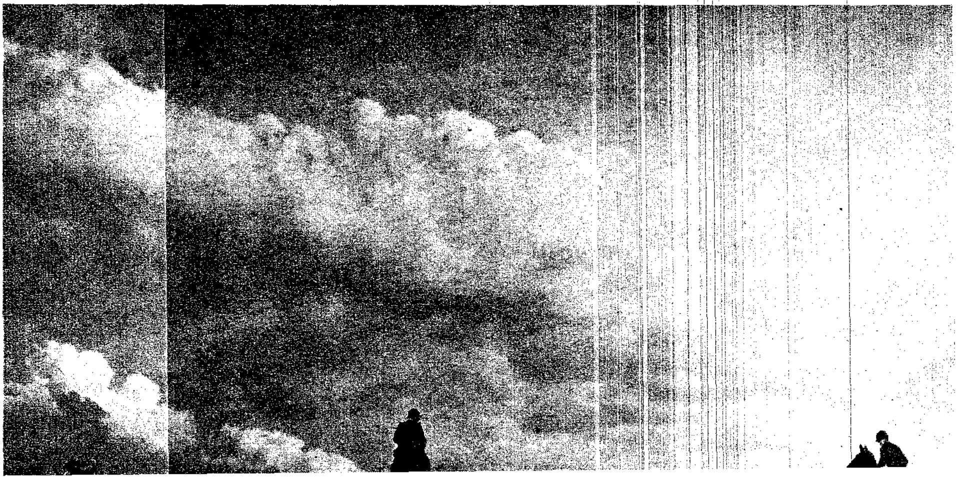
The Susquehanna River has seen the Indians come and go; has watched a nation's freedom won in blood and courage. Spanned by many a bridge and railway trestle, it flows, a mighty, historic stream, into the Bay.

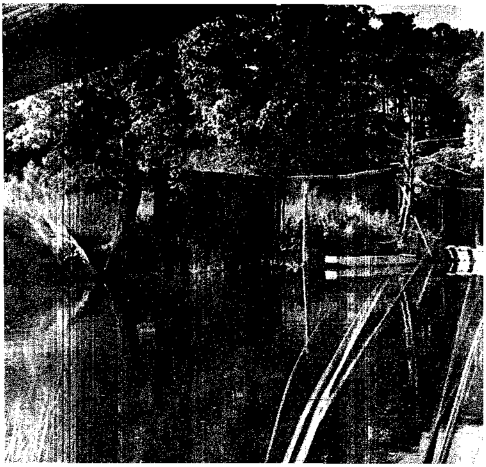
Man's habits change little along these inletted shores. Duck hunters lift their guns . . .

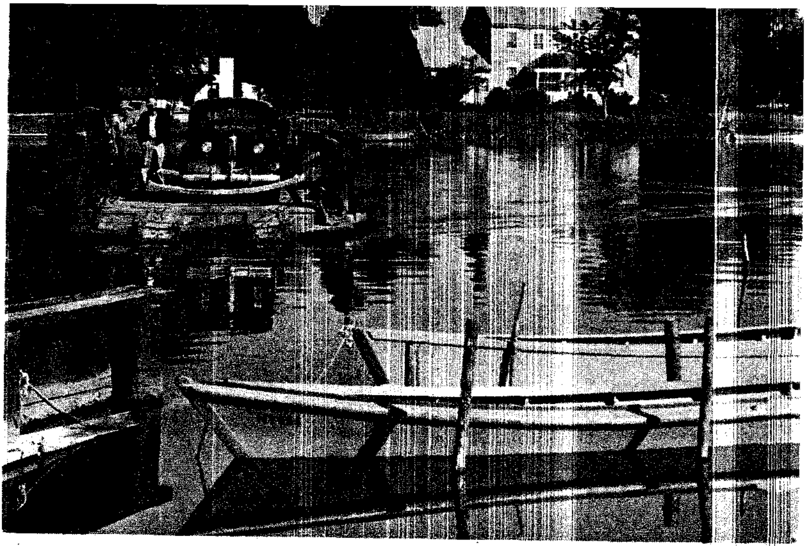


. . . and off countless islands and harbors that rim the Bay, crabbers work their baited hand lines as did their fathers before them.

The hunter's horn still rings in Maryland, as it has rung for 300 years and more.







Rapt as in a dream, a Delaware river ferry glides, one of the last we will ever see. Once, not so long ago, the ferryman pulled it by hand.

Even today, an hour's drive from the Nation's Capital, the farmer's oxen toil.

The Chesapeake Bay country — Virginia, Delaware, Maryland — unfolds before the aerial camera's eye. No cove or inlet but has its history. Here Captain John Smith first settled; here Cornwallis surrendered; here the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fought; here a nation was forged, and split apart, and forged anew. This is a rich, a strange land, that proudly cherishes its storied traditions. Over these ancient watercourses, the spirit of Colonial America will forever brood.

As Spiritual Leader, Friend and Counselor, Is Not the Lord's Laborer Worthy of His Hire?

You're Underpaying Your Pastor!

by JHAN *and* JUNE ROBBINS

WE ARE IN the midst of a great revival of interest in religion. Since 1940, church membership in the U.S. has increased 27,000,000, more than twice the rate of our population growth. Thousands of new churches have been built, old ones repaired and reopened. Hundreds of thousands of men and women who haven't uttered so much as a simple prayer in years are back in church, their children by their sides.

To carry the load of spiritual leadership, 40,000 new clergymen have entered the ministry. Yet Dr. Benson Y. Landis, associate director of the Department of Research and Survey of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, says the ministry today is the poorest paid profession a man can choose.

Everyone knows that no one gets rich in the ministry, but few know how badly off our clergymen really are. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce report on national income, the average full-time religious worker in this country earns $2,560 a year! A semi-skilled laborer, an office boy or a counterman in a diner will often bring home more money than that.

Of our country's three major religions, the Jewish clergy receives the highest income. Although members of the Jewish faith number fewer than 6,000,000, a young rabbi just out of theological school gets more than $5,000 a year—without a house—as a starting salary. Catholic priests, on the other hand, usually are not concerned with personal financial problems because their church takes full responsibility for their maintenance.

It is the remainder of our clergy—115,499 Protestant ministers—who are in a distressing financial state, one which threatens the present and future of our country's largest religious group. To put it bluntly, many a modern clergyman doesn't earn enough money to live on.

Even the plight of the public-school teacher pales in comparison. Teachers' salaries have increased 102 per cent in the past quarter-century—ministers' only 41 per cent. According to the 1953 Yearbook of American Churches, far from receiving "cost-of-living" increases, the average minister has seen his salary decrease in buying power by

From *Nation's Business*, Copyright 1954, Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

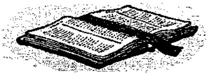
13 per cent in the past ten years. No other occupational group in the country has suffered a similar loss of relative economic status.

What does it mean? Is the modern clergyman's work easier, his hours shorter? Are the members of his congregation less dependent on his services? On the contrary, our ministers have never worked harder or been more in demand than they are now. Charitable organizations, special-interest groups, citizens committees, all tap the local minister for support.

He has to organize youth groups, fight juvenile delinquency, give premarital counseling and postmarital psychotherapy, appeal to congressmen on behalf of GI's and the mothers of GI's, and help raise funds for every kind of church activity but his own support.

In between, he must make his usual round of calls on the sick and the well, instruct the young, officiate at marriages, baptisms and burials, and, each Sunday, come up with a sermon that will inspire everyone and insult no one.

It's quite an assignment. What is it worth to us? The sum the individual churchgoer deducts from his income tax under "church contributions" is between him and Uncle Sam, but the records of national church organizations show that most people actually give less than $35 a year. The average sum dropped into collection plates each Sunday is 64 cents! As pastor of one well-attended church in a Boston suburb pointed out wryly "less than the price of a good martini!"



The men who are our spiritual leaders face the situation largely without bitterness or rancor. They are dedicated to a surprising degree to the biblical admonishments of work, love and forgiveness. That's why it's so difficult to find out how they really feel about their humiliating impoverishment—and why it's so easy to ignore it. At times, however, you pick up some hint of what kind of lives they lead.

In New Jersey, a church vestry voted to appropriate $1,200 to paint the church, located on a fashionable residential street. Although the old paint still looked fresh, they thought the color ought to harmonize better with the fine homes surrounding it.

The clergyman, father of five with his life insurance long overdue, figured that house painting must pay about two and one half times as much as preaching. "I told them I could use the money and would be glad to paint the church myself," he told us.

The vestry members probably chuckled and put the suggestion down as another of the minister's jokes. Today, however, the only answer to many a minister's financial problem is an extra part-time job. Clergymen are selling shoes, driving taxis, working as waiters. In Philadelphia, the Department of Sanitation has two ministers heaving garbage cans.

Let's take a look at the family budget of a clergyman in a Delaware town. He's earning $2,450 a year and he feels the church needs all his time. He is married and has two children.

For food for four, he spends $69 a month. Automobile payments and upkeep, $47. Utilities, including telephone, $35. Church and Sunday School contributions, $11. Insurance, $14. That leaves less than $30 to buy clothes for the four of them, for toiletries and household supplies, reading matter, medical care, school expenses. No entries at all under amusement, vacation or savings!

What makes the problem worse is that a minister and his wife must keep up a genteel front. Their home must have rugs on the floor, curtains at the window, and enough furnishings to entertain modestly. They need appropriate clothes to see them through all kinds of public and private appearances.

With no other choice, the clergyman and his wife effect their stringent economies where the pinch doesn't show. Skim milk, hamburger, sausages, beans and spaghetti bulwark their diet. Recently, 175 small-town ministers and their wives were invited to a West Coast convention of social agencies. When they discovered that a foundation was footing the bill, they stepped up to the banquet table and steamed through a six-course dinner. There was no doubt about it—for such simple table luxuries as roast beef and chocolate cake, they were downright starved.

The average clergyman, however, is willing to scrimp. But the privations necessarily visited upon his children upset him. Says the Rev. Myron K. Hume, of the Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Cleveland: "More than one son or daughter in the minister's household is bitter toward the church or the ministry because the family's income has hardly been adequate to buy the necessities of life, let alone the unnecessities."

Clergymen don't like to admit that they get into debt, but the average Protestant minister and his family owe more than $500. And old age promises no mellow years. Clergymen have not been covered by federal Social Security. Most churches provide pensions on retirement, although Dr. Harold E. Nicely, a Presbyterian clergyman of Rochester, recently reported that such pensions for Presbyterian ministers average about $700 a year.

Other denominations provide one-quarter to one-third of the minister's salary. But a man and his wife, however frugal, can scarcely give up a salary that wasn't adequate in the first place and live on a small part of it.

In preparing this article, we asked many regular churchgoers why they weren't putting more money in the collection plate. We told them current studies indicate that clergymen are having a hard time getting along. Most of the people we talked to were surprised to hear about it. They wanted to know, "What about the parsonage? Our minister lives in a church-owned house, rent free. Isn't that something?"

Others asked, "But what about all the extras? Don't they make money on marriages and such?" Some ministers do add to their income—an average of $200 a year for special services such as weddings, baptisms and funerals. Many churches, however, frown on such practices. The marriage fee in these churches goes to the church—not the minister.

Not all the blame for underpaid pastors, however, can be heaped on the congregations—a good part of the trouble stems from the inexorable movements of modern times. Throughout the country a heavy shift of city population has taken place in the past 20 years. Many city areas whose inhabitants formerly supported several prosperous churches have seen these residents move out and another group, belonging to a different faith, move in. But the churches themselves remain. Their pastors hopefully go on preaching to pews that are never more than a quarter filled, and will probably never be filled again.

It is to the everlasting credit of today's clergy that they are not quitting in droves. There is little doubt, however, that it will become increasingly difficult to attract able young men into the calling that for centuries has attracted some of our best minds and finest spirits.

Today, church leaders warn, there are other places than the pulpit where dedicated, spiritual men can serve humanity. Medicine, social work, scientific research and government service offer many of the same satisfactions and pay a lot more. Unless we move fast, the church is going to lose these men.

What can be done? Few clergymen are going to speak up for themselves.

Certainly, there must be more adequate provision for pensions. President Eisenhower proposed that Social Security benefits be extended to cover religious workers.

Some lawmakers and church members say it would violate the principle of separation of church and state. But George A. Huggins, actuary for the Church Pension Conference, appearing before the House Ways and Means Committee, said Social Security coverage for churchmen could be voluntary and provided with proper safeguards to protect the principles and convictions of the individual minister.

But the parishioners must do the biggest part of the job. For them, the first step is to increase the church's basic revenue via the collection plate. The Bible asks that we tithe—that is, give ten per cent of our incomes to the church. Modern churches, recognizing that the government and private agencies have taken over many ancient church charities, hopefully ask that we give three to five per cent.

Probably the most direct, practical approach to the problem was demonstrated recently by a Chicago congregation that summoned all its businessmen to a church meeting to consider the stern figures on the government's cost-of-living index, as related to their pastor's income. They discovered with a shock that since 1940, their clergyman had received one raise—of $5 a month!

Promptly they passed around sheets of paper on which each stated, anonymously, his individual income. They averaged $3,900—and that's what they decided was a fair price to pay their pastor.

Action of this kind by congregations throughout the country would bring a much needed boost to the morale of our clergymen. They remain, today, the good and dedicated men that they have been in the past, but they are growing more and more despondent over their inability to keep up a standard of living which their congregations want them to have—but don't pay them enough to maintain.

Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz Reveals . . .

New Facts about SEX CRIMES

ALARMED BY THE RECENT increase of sex crimes throughout the U.S., CORONET *interviewed an eminent authority on the sex criminal, the Hon. Samuel S. Leibowitz, for 14 years Judge of the Kings County Court, Brooklyn's highest criminal tribunal and one of the nation's busiest. With first-hand understanding of the causes and possible cures of sex crimes, Judge Leibowitz reveals, in the following transcript of* CORONET'S *interview, many new facts about sex criminals.* —THE EDITORS

QUESTION: Your Honor, exactly what is a sex crime?

ANSWER: When we speak of sex crimes, we mean such things as forcible rape, indecent exposure, incest, sodomy, or crimes against nature. We mean abduction, seduction, or carnal abuse of a child.

Q: Is statutory rape considered a sex crime?

A: Technically, yes. But a girl of 17 consenting to sexual intercourse with a boy of 19—under the laws of New York and most other states a felony—is not the type of crime the public is alarmed about.

Q: Judge, who is the sex criminal?

A: There is no one particular type. When we talk about a sex criminal, the average citizen has a picture of a beetle-browed creature, with long arms that dangle below his hips, who waddles along like an ape and who is ready to jump from behind a house or bush and tear the victim to pieces.

If you had sat in my court over the years, you would have learned that the sex criminal is an individual who would literally be lost in the shuffle; you would never be able to recognize him. The sex criminal comes from every walk of life. The amazing thing is that he is usually a very passive-looking individual. You would never in a million years, by looking at him, suspect that he is a dangerous sex psychopath.

Q: Is he an habitual criminal?

A: No. Sixty-one per cent of those arrested for sex crimes have no criminal records at all. This amazing fact debunks the usual cliché that "an ex-convict committed the sex crime."

Q: Would you say that most sex criminals are oversexed?

A: To the contrary, almost all of them are undersexed—in fact, many of them are impotent at the time they commit the criminal act. That may seem extraordinary, but it is true.

Q: What else is known about them?

A: Let me give you some official figures obtained by the Mayor's Committee for the Study of Sex Offenses. Single men commit 60 per cent of sex crimes. Married men commit 26 per cent. The remaining 14 per cent are committed by men who have been married but separated, divorced or widowed.

Seventy-three per cent of known sex criminals are native-born. So it is not the foreign-born who commit most of our sex crimes; it is usually the native-born. Most sex criminals are literate: they can read and write. Thirty-six per cent completed elementary school, ten per cent completed high school.

There is another misconception that sex criminals are loafers and ne'er-do-wells, unemployed men who roam about the streets. That is not so. Most of them have jobs in the low-income group. At the same time, most female victims come from the low-income group, and the victims are of all ages.

The real sex problem is not essentially one of the rapist who seeks to impose his will upon a female by force and violence. That is merely the case that gets the headlines. The real problem is with those mentally diseased individuals for whom psychiatry can do very little. Often, the sexual aberrations of these individuals are harmful only to themselves; but such sex criminals are dangerous because they frequently resort to violence rather than face the shame of exposure when someone catches them in their degenerate acts.

Q: Can you give an illustration of this?

A: I had a case not long ago of a young man who was married to a lovely girl. They had a beautiful child, his home life was everything that could be desired. He was the son of a wealthy real-estate operator and collected rents in his father's apartment houses in one of the nicest sections of Brooklyn. When he would get to a door where there was no answer, he would let himself in with a pass key, and then look for a woman's undergarments. By merely handling a slip or a brassiere, he would have his sexual desires gratified.

He was caught, finally, and brought before me for burglary, since letting himself into the apartment for the purpose of stealing the undergarment was technically burglary. His family, decent people who were leaders in the community, came and pleaded with me to let the young man go. They said that they would see to it that he got intensive psychiatric treatment.

I put him on probation. He had not hurt anybody, and was not the type who would hurt anybody. But he had a sex aberration. The family put him in an institution at great expense. Finally, he was released. Then one day, he was brought before the court again.

This time he had entered an apartment and taken an undergarment. When the superintendent of the house saw him, the young man ran into the street. The superintendent shouted an alarm. A policeman ran after the fleeing youngster and shot him in the leg. The bullet might just as easily have killed him.

What are you going to do with a case of this sort? No amount of psychiatry could cure the fellow. Not every sex case, even in mild form, is curable. These people are the "problem children" of our courts.

Q: Judge Leibowitz, what causes sex criminals?

A: To answer that complex question, let me quote briefly from an intensive survey of 102 sex offenders at Sing Sing Prison, made by Dr. David Abrahamsen, one of the world's leading psychiatrists.

Dr. Abrahamsen and his staff went to Sing Sing and practically lived there. He studied not only the prisoners who were officially committed for sex offenses, but those who had committed sex offenses incidental to other major crimes, such as robbery, assault and larceny.

He asked the 102 criminals, "Why did you do this?" The answer of many was: "I don't know."

Obviously these men are sincerely ashamed of what they did, but, nonetheless, they committed the crimes, for reasons that they do not understand themselves.

Dr. Abrahamsen's report points out: "It is amply clear that the sex-crime problem is one phase of the vast general problem of mental hygiene. Of the 102 men that were studied, every one suffered from some type of mental or emotional disorder, though not usually so pronounced as to meet the legal definition of 'mental illness.'

"It should be noted that while sex crimes often are a manifestation of a mental or emotional disorder, there is no known mental disorder that presupposes the commission of sex crimes.

"It is possible that, through psychiatric therapy, an individual may acquire enough emotional understanding and maturity to be able to control his aggressive impulses, even though the basic mental disorder continues to exist."

Q: When you say "basic" disorder, do you mean that it may have its roots back in the early years of the sex criminal?

A: Exactly. Dr. Abrahamsen says, in a sense, that all crimes, including sex crimes, are the result of deprivation in childhood. All of these 102 men had unfavorable childhoods. They had suffered from neglect or rejection.

The parents, at whose door he lays most of the blame, were guilty of one of two evils: extreme cruelty, deprivation of the normal things that a child needs and craves, such as love and affection and some liberty to engage in childhood activities; or, on the other hand, extreme coddling.

Now, coddling is a form of cruelty. The child is coddled in order to gain his affection or attention, or to gain compliance by the child with the parents' wishes. The child in many cases unconsciously resents the coddling and is just as twisted and bent, in later life, as the child who is brutalized.

Q: Would you call this the real cause of sex crimes?

A: It is one of the important causes. I do not say it is the sole cause. You have lack of parental care, dissolute mothers or fathers, homes broken by divorce and separation; you have people going away to work and leaving the children to grow up in the gutter.

Then you have the environmental factor—slum neighborhoods, with houses of prostitution and disreputable joints and dope pushers, especially in our large cities.

Here is another significant factor: you will find that sex crimes increase at the same rate as the population. That is true only of sex crimes.

For example, we have three million people in Brooklyn; there are only two-thirds that number in Manhattan. Manhattan has many more crimes of all types than Brooklyn, but Brooklyn, with its three million population, has half again as many sex crimes as Manhattan. In other words, sex crimes tend to be much more of a local problem than other types of criminality.

Not long ago, we had neighborhood communities in America. Today, with the automobile, with the increase in mass media of information and entertainment—television, radio, motion pictures, newspapers—your neighborhoods are fast disappearing.

For example, take Chinatown in the City of New York. It is still a community. Chinatown has the lowest crime rate in the entire city. Why? Because it is still a neighborhood where neighbor knows neighbor, where there is a certain inhibition against the commission of crime because of the shame that the criminal would share.

Q: You say that deprivation or coddling in childhood and the disappearance of community life in large cities help to make the sex criminal. What else?

A: The courts, the prisons, political leaders and the medical profession all must accept their share of guilt. The courts must be made aware that the real answer is not putting sex criminals in prison, for they often come out worse than when they entered.

Unfortunately, in the entire country we have only 5,000 psychiatrists, and only a pitiful fraction devote their time to this problem. We have 20,000 prisoners in the State of New York, all types of mental cripples, and only four or five psychiatrists who classify and treat these prisoners.

While the state budget provides for psychiatrists, the majority of such positions are vacant, simply because the men are not available to fill them. Why should a doctor accept a relatively small salary to bury himself in Sing Sing with criminals and degenerates when he can open an office on Park Avenue and make much more catering to neurotic rich ladies?

Q: How are the prisons to blame?

A: If you put one psychiatrist in Sing Sing with 2,000 prisoners, or in a place like Jackson, Michigan, where they have 7,000 prisoners, he just throws up his hands. What is he going to do? Where is he going to start? Try as he may, he can only do a perfunctory job.

Moreover, many wardens do not like to have psychiatrists around to meddle with the usual routine of prison life. They are called "nut doctors" or "bug doctors," and in many prisons, aspersions are cast upon the psychiatrists by the authorities.

Q: You mentioned that politicians are guilty, too . . .

A: Yes, that is true. Worrying

about what happens to a convict in Sing Sing does not make good headlines. And convicts do not vote, whether they are sex criminals or other criminals. So in some big states—New York is only one of many—the problem has been sadly neglected.

Q: Judge Leibowitz, how do you suggest that we go about eliminating sex criminals from our society?

A: It must start in the home. A national movement must be initiated to make clear to the average parent that he is committing a crime against the child and against society by brutalizing the child on the one hand, or by coddling on the other. The coddled child is imbued with the feeling that "It's coming to me. The world owes me a living, an automobile. If I want to go out and tamper with a girl, it's perfectly all right." As for the brutalized child, he eventually strikes back—at society.

We have to educate the parents—not necessarily in a college or high school, but through agencies in local communities: child-guidance clinics, parent-teachers associations, organizations connected with churches. Parents must be taught how to rear children in our modern complex society.

The child is the product of the home. It is often the conditions in the home which bring about the delinquency. The child's deficiencies must be discovered in the school by teachers and psychologists. But treating the child alone is insufficient; attention must also be given to the parents, who, in the last analysis, may be responsible for the child's condition.

Our schools have a further responsibility. We have a nasty situation in large cities—we have it here in Brooklyn—of sex degenerates hanging around high schools and enticing young girls into cars and then committing crimes. It is the duty of principals and teachers to warn youngsters about such dangers.

Q: Is publicity about sex crimes good or bad?

A: When crimes are sensationalized, more psychopaths go out and commit the same crime. You will find sex crimes coming in spasms or waves.

But there is another facet to the problem. More people would be willing to come forward and tell of sex crimes committed upon them or upon their children, if the names and pictures of the individuals were not brought to public view.

Q: Are you suggesting closing the courts to the public?

A: Yes, especially where children are the complainants. I would suggest that the Judge be given the right to hold hearings regarding children in private. First, to prevent damage to the child, and, second, to encourage complaints in thousands of cases which would not otherwise be reported—cases where the sex criminal escapes, unknown and unsought, free to molest some other innocent child.

Q: It has been suggested that sex criminals can be cured by sterilization . . .

A: Nonsense! That is a gross misconception. It is absolutely untrue that sterilization or castration will eradicate the sex urge.

It is of paramount importance that sex criminals be recognized and treated as sick people—just as the insane are. Years ago we regarded the insane as possessed of the devil. We flogged them; we chained them; we burned them. Today we realize that these people are sick, and we look upon them with compassion. We are building the most advanced type of mental institutions and are staffing them with the finest medical and psychiatric talent. As a result, cures have been effected in what only a few years ago were considered hopeless cases.

The way to cure a sick person is not to throw him into a cell and forget him. Instead, we should try to rehabilitate him. Hence, I propose an institution devoted exclusively to sex cases, where they would receive psychiatric study and treatment, and be released only if the experts determine that they are safe risks; and where, if they are dangerous to the community, they can be kept for the rest of their lives.

This is by no means a new proposal. Here is what I said from the bench some years ago: "The other day a convicted sex criminal stood before the bench to be sentenced. Some time ago he had served a sentence in Sing Sing for the rape of a 13-year-old girl. This time he was convicted by a jury before me of raping his two daughters, 16 and 14, both of whom gave birth to children.

"The report of the pre-sentence investigation disclosed a life devoted to sexual depravity. What was I to do with this sex pervert? Turn him loose on the community? That would be unthinkable, for here was a dangerous menace to every young girl. The only other alternative was to send him to prison. I sentenced him to the limit that the law permitted. Fortunately for society, he will, it is hoped, serve a goodly portion of that long sentence.

"Confined in our prisons, however, are scores of sex degenerates no less dangerous than the prisoner before me, but who are serving much lighter sentences and who are, day after day, released from prison and sent back to the community, neither reformed morally nor cured sexually.

"These and the countless others who are not caught remain an ever-present menace to our children and womenfolk. All those who have had official experience with these emotionally sick people agree that prison is not the proper institution for the degenerate. Prisons, especially mass-security institutions like Sing Sing, are merely dumping grounds, where the sex pervert and the normal inmate are herded together.

"True, some effort is made within the prison to separate them. However, even if such separation is feasible, it is conceded that there is little or no available psychiatric treatment accorded a sex pervert while he is a prisoner.

"A separate institution for the sex pervert is a crying need. The judges of our criminal courts have clamored for such an institution. Today our judges are handcuffed. The law permits only freedom or prison.

"In the proper kind of institution, where the degenerates may be segregated, doctors and psychologists could then determine scientifically whether a degenerate is a safe risk to be sent back into society. The law should be such that if it is determined that he is not cured, he should be incarcerated for life."

PAIN IS A MYSTERY

Those few who are insensitive to it are among the unluckiest people alive

by **JOHN PFEIFFER**

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have been born without the ability to feel pain? There are such people, and one of them was studied by doctors at a hospital in New York City. He is a 22-year-old grocery clerk who literally does not know the meaning of pain—and wishes he did.

Not long ago a packet of matches flared up in his hand as he was lighting a cigarette. Luckily the burn was not serious. It produced large blisters but still did not bother him. "I felt a slight sensation, like a fly crawling around on my fingers," he says.

It has been the same story as far back as he can remember. He has never had headaches or sore muscles. Bee stings, cuts and bruises do not hurt.

Before you start envying the young clerk, however, take a look at the rest of the record. Because he never suffers from toothaches, three of his teeth have already been pulled—it was too late to save them by the time he visited a dentist for a routine checkup. Expensive medical examinations every six months help insure against the development of unsuspected diseases, yet even so, a sudden attack of appendicitis might prove fatal.

Life without pain is as risky as trying to run a luxury liner without fire alarms. You might get away with it, but you would be flirting with catastrophe. For pain, Nature's system of stop-look-listen signals, helps keep us out of trouble and, when trouble comes, sends us hurrying to our medicine chest or family doctor.

Pain is a special sense, like sight or hearing. Imbedded in your skin are millions of "pain spots," microscopic clumps of tangled nerve fibers. If you stub your big toe, some of these tiny spots are irritated and register their protests in the form of rapid-fire electrical impulses—a kind of natural dot-dash code—which flash up your leg along fibers reserved exclusively for pain messages and stream into your spinal cord.

By the time the signals reach the upper end of the brainstem, the short white extension of the spinal cord, you have your first sensations of pain. If the process stopped there, you would never know where you were hurting; you would feel only a vague, general sort of aching. Aspirin, morphine and certain other pain-killers work by blocking pain impulses at this level.

The signals must rise one level higher—to the thalamus—before you realize that the pain comes from your big toe. Pain is localized in the thalamus, a pair of oval bodies which are the size of Brazil nuts and lie about an inch above the top of the brain-stem. The sensation still does not acquire its full meaning until the electrical impulses climb another inch or two, to the highest part of the brain.

"*CAN NEW DRUGS KEEP YOU YOUNG?*"

An amazing report of new chemical compounds which retard the aging of vital human organs. In November Coronet.

This gray sheet of billions of nerve cells is called the cortex, or outer bark. A strange story indicates its role in the perception of pain.

A few years ago, a Kansas City housewife was afflicted with a severe form of facial neuralgia, one of the most agonizing conditions known to medicine. The slightest touch on her cheek, even a mild draft from an open window, was enough to cause a series of excruciating pangs.

As a last resort, certain nerve fibers in her brain were cut, effectively isolating part of the cortex from the lower pain centers. This operation worked wonders. The woman told her doctor that she was feeling fine. But a remarkable thing happened when he asked whether the pain in her face had disappeared.

"No, doctor. It's still there," she answered indifferently.

"Does it hurt as much as before?"

"I guess so. It doesn't bother me, though."

The patient's suffering had stopped. Her pain remained, but she no longer *cared!* Reports of similar cases show that the cortex is vitally concerned with the emotional appreciation of pain.

Normally, minor wounds produce two different kinds of pain, depending on how long the signals take to reach the brain. Almost immediately after pricking your finger you feel a sharp, keen pain. This sensation results from impulses flashed to the brain along special express nerve fibers which carry signals moving at more than 220 miles an hour, roughly the speed of a passenger plane. This is a "get away" signal, and you jerk your finger away quickly.

Another sensation comes an instant later—a diffuse, burning pain which may linger 30 minutes or so and is produced by impulses traveling through traffic fibers at speeds of two to three miles an hour. This "take it easy" signal tells you to favor your hurt finger for a while. Itching and tickling are forms of pain due to nerve impulses moving at even slower speeds.

Doctors at New York's Cornell Medical Center have developed an instrument to measure the intensity of pain. This instrument, working on the same principle a Boy Scout uses to start a fire by concentrating sunlight with a magnifying glass, contains a 1,000-watt electric lamp whose rays pass through a lens and are focussed on the center of the forehead. Turning a dial makes the lamp brighter, and hotter.

The person being tested indicates the moment he feels the first trace of pain. Then the dial is turned again, very slowly, so that temperature rises little by little until he just detects the next increase of pain. The pain meter reveals that there are about 20 degrees of increasing pain, every two steps being called a "dol" (from the word "dolor," meaning anguish or grief).

A dol is a unit on the intensity scale that measures how much you hurt. Although values for different kinds of pain vary with the individual, here are some rough estimates based on many tests: mild headache, bumped funnybone, shaving nick—1 to 2 dols; pinprick, sore muscles, rheumatic aches, corns, stomach ache—2 to 4 dols; cut, stubbed toe, toothache—3 to 6 dols; bad headache, crack on the shin, sprained ankle—7 to 9 dols; burn from cigarette or hot grease, childbirth pains, facial neuralgia, stabbing chest pains of heart disease—10 dols.

There is a definite limit to your capacity for experiencing pains of rising intensity. After your hurt reaches that 10-dol level, you can feel no further increases. As far as intensity is concerned, a grease burn and childbirth both rank at about the same level, the ten-dol peak; the difference, of course, is that labor pains last longer and affect a larger area.

Surprisingly enough, severe injuries may cause no pain at all. More often than not, a bullet does not hurt at first, because the impact of the missile temporarily blocks pain nerves below the brainstem (chloroform and other anesthetics do the same thing by chemical means). Wounds near the surface of the body usually receive a higher rating on the dolor scale than deeper wounds as the skin has a larger supply of pain-detecting nerves than underlying tissues.

The pain meter discovered the most sensitive part of your body to be the cornea of your eye, the transparent layer which covers the pupil and admits light. This most important tissue is provided with a super-delicate alarm system so that you feel distinct pain when it is exposed to a tiny amount of heat.

HOW MUCH PAIN can a man stand? It is impossible to measure the limits of human endurance in dolors or any other units. For a sudden pain of 8 to 10 dolors, which lasts long enough, sends a flood of electrical SOS signals that may overload higher nerve centers to the extent that a "fuse blows" and the sufferer faints dead away.

Short of such extremes, however, our ability to stand pain is largely a matter of psychology and temperament. The way you react today may depend on how you saw your parents reacting when you were young. If they controlled their emotions and met emergencies impassively, the odds are that you do, too. But the children of emotional parents are likely to groan, grimace or wring their hands dramatically.

How you earn your living also has something to do with it, according to Dr. William Chapman of Massachusetts General Hospital. Severe pain may come as a shock to office workers and others who rarely suffer injuries, while farmers, construction workers and athletes usually take their hurts in stride.

One widespread misconception about pain should be set straight once and for all. We do not differ radically in our actual ability to feel physical pain. Children feel it more acutely than grownups, and our sensitivity continues to decline as we grow older. Elderly persons are sometimes difficult to treat because they do not notice the effects of normally painful conditions.

Aside from the age factor, there is not much difference in reaction to pain between you and the next person, whatever your sex. Not long ago, a specialist used the pain meter and other tests to settle a family argument involving a husky ex-football player and his wife, who stood just five feet four in her high heels. The problem: who was most insensitive to pain?

The husband asserted that his wife made a big fuss about cuts that he hardly noticed. She said it was only a play for sympathy. Although he always feigned bravery, she was really less susceptible.

Husband and wife were both wrong. They felt pain at the same level on the pain meter, and similar findings are reported in hundreds of other tests. As far as perception of pain is concerned, the battle of the sexes is a dead heat.

Perhaps the biggest fallacy of all is the notion that pain is something bad or evil. The case of the grocery clerk who feels no pain, and never knows whether or not he is healthy, should be enough to disprove that. Hurting, though unpleasant, is one of your major safeguards. Some day, you may owe your life to it.

BRAIN TWISTER

Doubly Blest

SIX PAIRS OF TWINS belong to five families. The twins' names are: Jim and Bob, Ruth and Naomi, Henry and Harold, Frank and Jean, Martha and Mary, and Charles and Leslie. Their parents are the Merrits, the Nelsons, the Stearns, the Stuarts, and Mrs. Morgan. From the clues given below, can you tell which twins belong to which parents? Answers on page 126.

1. Frank and Jean and Charles and Leslie are fraternal twins.
2. Mrs. Morgan has taught second grade since Mr. Morgan died 15 years ago. Among her pupils is the Merrits' youngest boy and also Jim and Bob whom she cannot tell apart.
3. Ruth and Mary are sisters.
4. The Stearns twins date the Stuart twins for movies and dances. The twins are the Stearns' only children.
5. One of the Merrit twins looks like an older brother and the other one looks like a younger sister.
6. Frank is annoyed by all the attention his new baby brother receives.
7. Martha wears a gold bracelet and Mary wears a silver one to distinguish them.
8. Henry and Harold are Cub Scouts.

—MARGOT BANDINI

SMUGGLED BABIES FOR SALE

[redacted]

by **ANNE FROMER**

EARLY LAST FEBRUARY, a couple who can be identified only by the fictitious name, "Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burns," fairly well-to-do residents of a New York suburban community, made an unseasonable trip by automobile to a small town in Vermont not far from the Canadian border. A few days later they were back home—with a baby.

Neighbors knew that the Burnses had been trying for some time to adopt a baby. When they called to offer congratulations—and see the baby—the proud new parents admitted happily, "Yes, we finally did it . . ."

Strangely enough, though, in Burns' wallet was a document which was not an adoption paper but a birth certificate recording that a male child had been born on February 5 to this same Joseph and Marilyn Burns. Stranger still, the place of birth was listed as Montreal, Canada, a city the Burnses had never visited.

If the neighbors had known of the existence of that improbable document, they would have understood the extreme nervousness the Burnses displayed a few weeks later when New York newspapers revealed that Canadian and U. S. authorities had seized a number of newborn babies, made several arrests, and were carrying out further investigations into the largest and most highly organized black market in human life ever to operate on this continent.

The Burnses had obtained their baby in this black market; but they were only one of thousands of couples in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Florida who are known to have obtained babies from the ring in the past five years, and who paid an estimated $3,000,000 to purchase the nameless infants. And those are only the statistics so far computed in an investigation which now has drawn in not only the police of two nations, but the U. S. Senate, the Parliament of Canada and the United Nations.

How great a tragedy the unsupervised adoption of a child can be most people do not realize. There is the ever-present danger, on the one hand, that a couple yearning for a child will receive one that is hopelessly ill, blind, epileptic, mentally deficient or of degenerate parents. Such a child, if its adoptive parents react with disappointment and lack of sympathy, will never receive a chance of rehabilitation. And if the unhappy couple respond by pouring out their love and care on the defective child, their own lives will be sacrificed to a large extent.

On the other hand, the unwanted baby, whom many people might consider so fortunate to have found parents who want him, often turns out to be even worse off. In the first place, the very fact that a childless couple is willing to buy a baby—"no questions asked"—frequently means that they have tried normal legal channels and been turned down for reasons which make them unsuitable to have the care of a child.

So terrible are the potential evils involved that the Parliament of Canada has debated invoking, *for the first time*, the nation's long-forgotten anti-slavery law to deal with these traffickers in human flesh.

The UN has already added to its shocking reports on slavery in the "backward" Middle East an even more shocking condemnation of traffic in human beings carried out in the heart of civilized North America, and has demanded that the nations wipe out the practice by making it illegal to accept money for a change in parenthood of children.

Since secrecy is essential to the successful culmination of the investigation now under way, certain details cannot be revealed. But it is possible for the first time to draw a clear and dreadful picture of what happened as a result of the sad paradox that there are thousands of women, usually unmarried, who bear children they desperately do not want—and thousands of childless married women who desperately want the children they cannot bear.

One of the former is Helene, who, when her pregnancy could no longer be hidden, did as so many small-town girls in the Province of Quebec had done before her—fled to Montreal to conceal her plight in the big city. She had no difficulty getting a job as a waitress in a cheap restaurant. The proprietor could see that she was pregnant, but he told her she could keep the job as long as she could do the work.

One customer, a middle-aged man who called himself a salesman, started taking an interest in Helene. He came in every day and made polite conversation with her. He never made advances, however; never suggested that they meet outside the restaurant.

Finally the girl, lonely and starved for someone sympathetic to talk to, began to confide in him. Gradually he learned her pitiful story; he learned, too, that she had made no plans for the birth of her child. One day he told her:

"I have mentioned you to an old friend of mine, a woman who owns a boardinghouse. She likes to help girls in your situation. If you wish, I will take you to see her."

Helene gratefully accepted the offer. She did not suspect, of course, that he was a "spotter" for the baby ring, that he made the rounds of restaurants such as the one she worked in—a favorite locale for girls similarly situated—and that he received a fee of $50 for every "successful case" he introduced to the ring's contact staff.

The woman was, indeed, sympathetic. She offered Helene the use of a room when the time came for her baby to be born, the services of a doctor—and, finally, she promised to place the baby for adoption "with a good family where it will be loved and well brought up." A final benevolence was the offer of $40 with which to start life anew after the baby's birth.

Five days after the baby was born, Helene walked, a little unsteadily, down the steep steps of the old house. She had $40 in her purse. She had never seen the baby she had borne. Without a backward glance she disappeared into the city.

The case of Helene can be multiplied by the thousands. The illegitimacy rate of Quebec is no larger than that of comparable areas elsewhere. But a combination of circumstances has made the Montreal area a happy hunting ground for the organization of a hugely profitable procurement and distribution system of black-market babies.

Montreal is near the border of New York State and close to other states where the demand for children for adoption is especially high. In New York City, for example, authorities estimate that there are ten to 20 couples desperately eager to adopt a child for every child available for adoption.

Such a couple was the Daltons, one of a large number of New York adoptive parents of black-market babies. The Daltons are in their late thirties, not too well off (he makes an average $90 a week as a salesman) and they live in one of the city's numerous apartment developments.

When it became obvious after several years of marriage that there would be no children, the Daltons decided to adopt a child. It soon became apparent that this would not be easy . . . and later that it would be practically impossible.

At agency after agency they were told they were too old. But in the case records, other reasons were noted: "Mrs. Dalton is nervous, unstable. The couple's economic stability is uncertain."

DENIAL OF A BABY made the Daltons more desperate than ever for a child. Then they learned from a neighbor that a couple in a nearby apartment had recently obtained a child "without any trouble."

They visited the couple, who were about their own age, and found them cooing over a baby. The new parents were quite willing to explain how they had found the child, after going through the same frustrations as the Daltons in trying to adopt one at an ethical social agency.

They had, they said, "heard of a man who could arrange it." There had been no red tape . . . just a trip to Montreal, a few quick formalities, and the payment. They didn't mind telling the Daltons how to get in touch with "the man," or the price—$2,000.

This was a shock to the Daltons. But a shock which wore off as they considered that one wonderful fact . . . "no red tape." It wasn't long before they decided to get in touch with the man who could provide a baby.

The man—a "salesman" for the Montreal baby market with a well-defined territory in New York City—called on the Daltons without delay. Later, police investigation revealed that large apartment developments were considered as being highly productive of adoption prospects because they were logical places for childless couples to live—and because it was not difficult to learn from neighbors the circumstances of individual residents.

After a conversation with the salesman, who advised Mrs. Dalton to go alone, she traveled to Montreal—with $2,000 in cash. From a Montreal hotel she called a telephone number she had been given. When she identified herself to the woman who answered, Mrs. Dalton received detailed instructions.

At the address to which she was directed, a woman was waiting—with a baby. Expectant, tingling with long-pent-up emotion, Mrs. Dalton ran to where the baby lay on a couch. It should have been a tender and dramatic moment, but the woman in charge of the baby was in a hurry.

"First we will take him to a doctor so you will be satisfied he is healthy," she told Mrs. Dalton.

They drove to a nearby building where they entered a doctor's office. The baby was quickly examined and the doctor said, "He seems to be all right."

The next stop was an apartment where they were met by a man who asked Mrs. Dalton if she was satisfied with the baby—and if she had brought the cash. She answered "yes" to both questions. Then she asked the man if the adoption papers were ready.

"We don't use adoption papers," was the reply. "That would take months and we know you are in a hurry. We're going to do better than that . . . we're going to register the baby as your own, and give you the birth certificate."

Mrs. Dalton hadn't realized that the "quick formalities" included perjury and falsification of an official document—but she had gone too far to turn back. She would do anything these people wished to get that baby.

The man explained that in the Province of Quebec, ministers were empowered to register births of their parishioners, and on the authority of the ministers' entries the provincial government would issue official birth certificates.

Mrs. Dalton was then taken to the home of a clergyman. She had been instructed to give her own name and other facts truthfully, except that she must say that the baby was born to her on a certain date at a Montreal address.

Next day Mrs. Dalton was handed the certificate testifying that she was the natural mother of the child. She turned over $2,000 to the man and an extra $50 "for the minister's trouble in registering the birth so we could obtain the certificate." She received no receipt; in fact, she did not think of asking for one. Within two hours Mrs. Dalton and her baby were on a plane bound for New York.

The method used by the baby ring to dispose of the baby to Mrs.

Dalton was only one of several employed in order to avoid repetition of procedure which would have aroused the suspicion of officials involved. The highly organized, expertly coordinated international operation was, in the end, broken up only after months of painstaking investigation, of fitting together clues provided by investigators working on both sides of the border.

ONE OF THE principal investigators was Ernest Mitler, Assistant District Attorney of New York County. Some months ago Mitler made a confidential report to a U. S. Senate committee revealing for the first time the existence of a town near the Canadian border which served as the U.S. "depot" and transfer point for babies smuggled in from Montreal.

Mitler, who had questioned 70 couples in the New York area who had obtained Canadian babies, described the procedure as follows: "Any one of us here could make a telephone call to one of several numbers (in the "depot" community) give our name and wishes, and be told, 'For $2,000 you can have the merchandise.'

"Then you will be told to wait for a telephone call; when the call comes you will be told to come to the community. There the infant will be waiting for you, probably boarding out. You will know very little about the background of that child. After you pay the $2,000, the child will be transferred to you and you will return to New York.

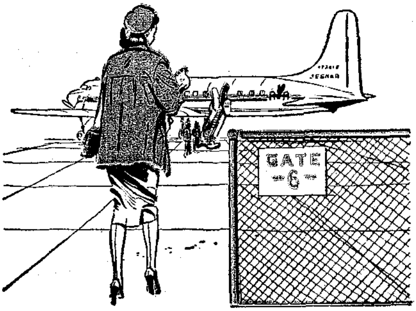
"Alternately, this group provides couriers who give door-to-door service. In one case that we know of the baby was delivered by means of a truck. That delivery service costs an additional $500."

Actually, the organization of the baby black-market was far more elaborate, intricate and carefully blueprinted than even Mitler's testimony revealed. The personnel, each group with special duties, included spotters, contacts, mill operators, salesmen, professional mothers, baby-depot operators and couriers.

Spotters were waitresses, taxi drivers, rooming-house landladies and employees of cheap hotels, people most likely to come in contact with girls from the small towns and villages of Quebec who hide in the big city. Sometimes the spotter would pass the prospective mothers on to "contacts," sometimes directly to the mill operators.

It was the duty of the contacts to persuade the girl—often not too difficult a task—to turn her baby over to the organization in return for lodging during the latter stages of her pregnancy, for free medical services at delivery, and sometimes for a cash payment of $40 or $50 "to help you get on your feet again" —a promise which was honored only after successful, "live" births.

The "mill operator" was often an elderly woman who owned a room-



ing house in one of Montreal's semi-slum districts. In a few days the mill operator would pass the baby on to the operator of one of the many "baby depots"—often houses in a far suburb or in the country-side surrounding Montreal, where as many as a dozen babies could be kept until sold. To these depots would be brought the couples who wished to take delivery of babies on the spot, after choosing from among the several offered.

ALL THE RING'S operatives were vital cogs, but the "specialists" who made the large-scale activities possible were the "professional mothers." It was these young women, some 20 in number, who enabled the black market to gain title, albeit false title, to the babies and thereby the means of disposing of the infants by its most frequently used method.

Here the infant was registered as the child of one of the ring's professional mothers. This was made possible by factors which reach far back into the history of French Canada. When Canada came under British rule 191 years ago, the province of Quebec retained its own civil laws, which left many administrative functions in the capable and experienced hands of the church. Among them was the registration of births in every parish.

To this day the clergy retain this function, and need report their accumulated registrations to the provincial authorities only twice a year. Thus, by registering babies as their own and under different names with various clergymen in widely separated parts of the city, the professional mothers were able to obtain birth certificates for large numbers of babies.

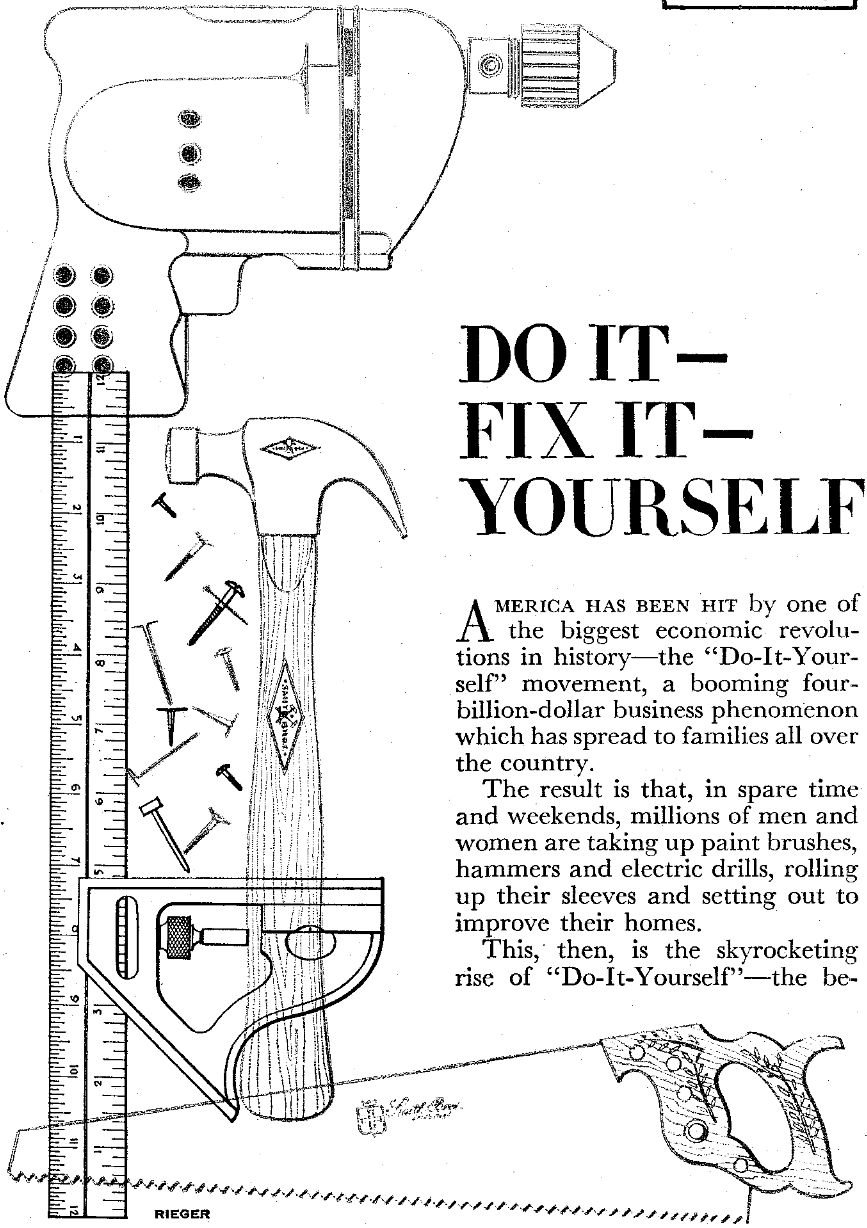
Armed with this certificate and with the expressed willingness of the "mother" to dispose of her baby, the ring was able to make an apparently legal transfer of the baby to the purchaser. What made even this dubious transaction possible was, however, the incredible fact that the Canadian criminal code, and the laws of the various provinces, do not specifically make it a crime to sell infants or children.

The black market has alarmed Quebec officials, who are working under direct supervision of Premier Maurice Duplessis—who also happens to be the Province's Attorney General. When the disclosures were made, Duplessis sent a commission to New York to join in an on-the-spot investigation. He has instructed Chief Prosecutor George W. Hill "to end, once and for all, the baby traffic out of Quebec."

But interested authorities point out that no criminal laws can remove the yearning of a childless couple for a child and fear that so long as there is a single baby unwanted by one woman and wanted by another, so long will both be willing accomplices to lawbreakers who can fill their needs.

The answer, they say, is the realization by these women that there are agencies motivated only by goodwill towards the unmarried mother, the childless wife—and above all the helpless baby. And that while to accept an adverse verdict from such an ethical agency may bring heartbreak, to refuse to do so may simply defer—and multiply—the tragedy.

SPECIAL FEATURE



RIEGER

DO IT— FIX IT— YOURSELF

AMERICA HAS BEEN HIT by one of the biggest economic revolutions in history—the "Do-It-Yourself" movement, a booming four-billion-dollar business phenomenon which has spread to families all over the country.

The result is that, in spare time and weekends, millions of men and women are taking up paint brushes, hammers and electric drills, rolling up their sleeves and setting out to improve their homes.

This, then, is the skyrocketing rise of "Do-It-Yourself"—the belief that it is simpler, more relaxing and more satisfying to do your own repairs. The gradual discovery among men, women and youngsters that they can use their hands to make their homes happier and healthier places has virtually changed America's living pattern.

Today, nearly 60 per cent of all homeowners are painting the outside of their houses, almost 80 per cent of interior painting is done by amateurs, while three out of five families are hanging their own wallpaper.

Just a few years ago, tool manufacturers catered to a steady but relatively small market of professional mechanics and amateur craftsmen. In 1954, these firms are rapidly expanding to keep up with the demands of more than 11,000,000 home workshop fans.

Actually, "Do-It-Yourself" is nothing new in this country. America has always been a nation of tinkerers, putterers and weekend fixits. But in the past, few homeowners did their own repairs and modernization. We had forgotten our skills.

World War II re-educated millions of Americans in the use of tools. And with the separations and shifting of homes, it brought a yearning for a quiet, settling-down life where people could enjoy their families.

Men and women engage in "Do-It-Yourself" "to add comfort, livability and dollars-and-cents value to their property," a leading plywood manufacturer recently said. Their activities range from adding extra rooms in the basement or attic to redecorating, insulating, building patios and terraces, laying floors and replacing window panes.

Recognizing America's new need to flex its muscles, manufacturers have gone all-out to meet the demand. They have taken long looks at their materials—aluminum, steel, lumber, etc.—and their products, and devised new ways to enable handymen and unhandymen to use them. Weekend decorators will be buying more tools and materials this year than ever before, and manufacturers are simplifying the work as much as possible.

Paint, wallpaper, lumber and tool makers have set up huge instruction programs, with demonstrations and classes in department stores like Macy's in New York City, a headquarters for "Do-It-Yourself." They have prepared illustrated booklets and blueprints, blocked out in the simplest step-by-step methods, to enable the amateur to handle a job on a par with the pros.

Americans have responded with an interest which has amazed manufacturers. In "Do-It-Yourself" shows held throughout the country, they have stormed the doors in massive numbers, examined everything carefully, asked penetrating questions, and bought tons of products.

What's behind the current revolution? What set off this "How To" boom? Here are some of the answers, as outlined by the Do-It-Yourself Information Bureau of New York, an industry-wide organization representing manufacturers of all types of equipment.

1. *High Costs.* Despite the pessimists who predict financial disaster for this nation, we are enjoying a rising standard of living. However, it has not kept pace with the soaring cost of professional labor.

Thus, a family with $100 to spend on modernization can either have a professional put down a new tile floor in the kitchen, or they can have a mason build a small terrace. However, by supplying the labor themselves, they can make the $100 cover both projects.

2. *Pride in Accomplishment.* The satisfaction which comes when a homeowner discovers that he can fix a warped door or a cupboard shelf is out of all proportion to the work involved. The feeling of creativeness derived from such activity is a tremendous incentive to Do-It-Yourself projects.

3. *Home Ownership and Enjoyment.* With over half of all American families now owning their own homes, they are anxious to keep the house in good repair.

When the automobile first appeared, it opened up new fields for exploration and pleasure. As a result, the home, as a center of entertainment, lost to outside interests. Recently, however, the pendulum has begun to swing back. Television has been one factor. World War II and its impact on family life, as mentioned before, is another. No longer do people want to hop in the car and just drive away.

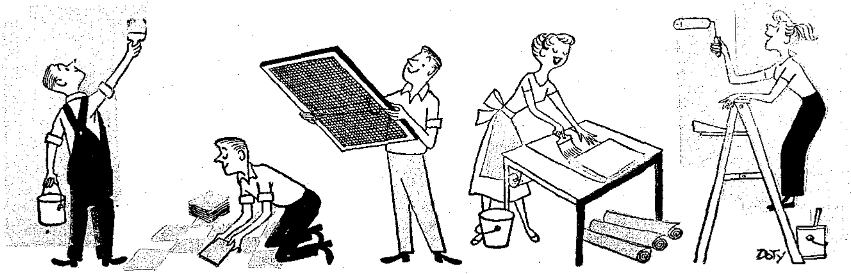
4. *More Leisure.* Shorter working hours have provided more leisure and a desire for something relaxing to do in that spare time. People weary of their daily jobs find release from inner tensions by working with their hands in the evening or on weekends, no matter how strenuous the "tinkering" becomes.

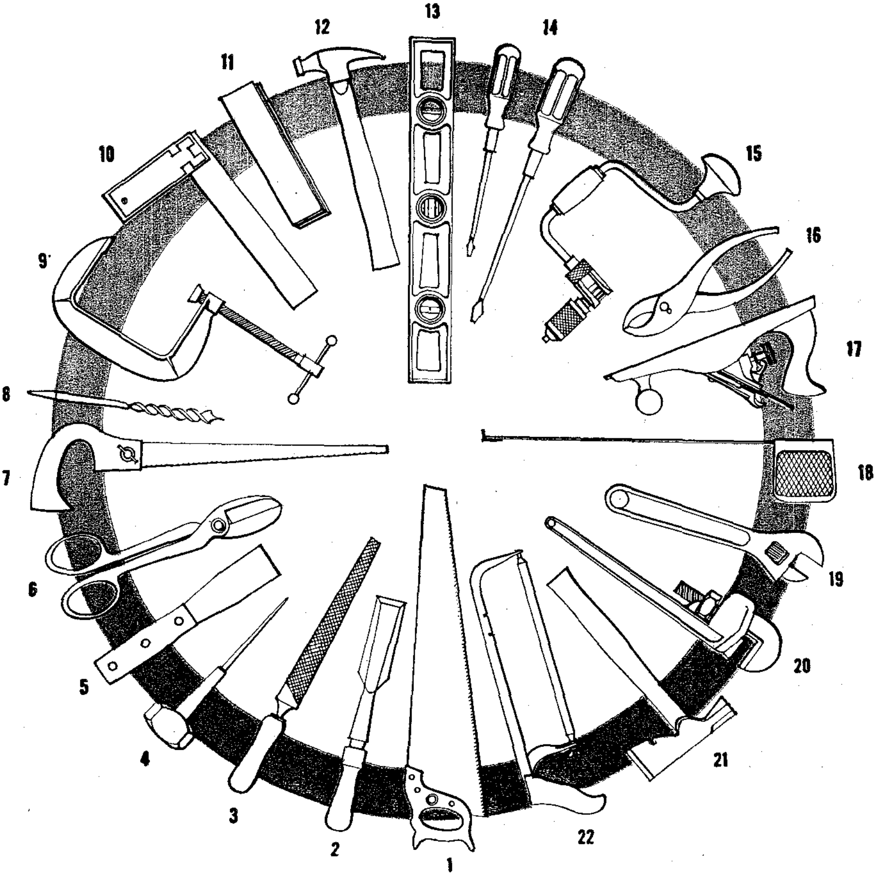
And people of all ages are discovering just how much they can do with their hands. Take, for instance, a recent customer at Macy's. This 50-year-old woman and her husband had planned a new home shortly before he died in 1952. Left alone, she decided to go ahead with the work and built a trim suburban bungalow by herself, hiring a carpenter only for a few finer touches.

Other women are working side by side with their husbands in painting and fixing. And by sewing drapes, slip-covers and curtains for redecorating, they are doing more.

Do-It-Yourself has paid off for many couples in unexpected dividends. As one woman confided to a Macy's salesman recently:

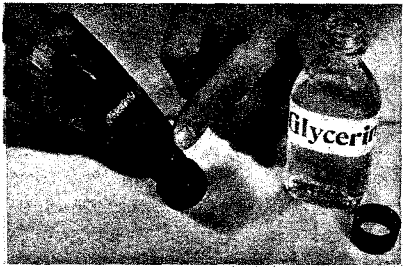
"Working together, my husband and I found a new happiness to share. We became closer, a team working to improve something we both love. And, looking around us at the finished work, we enjoy everything more because we did it with our own hands. There is no greater satisfaction than that!"



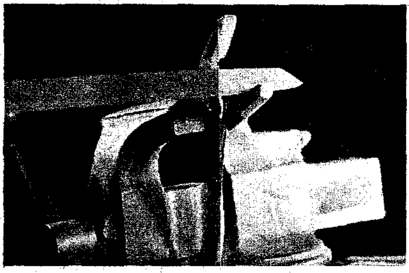


BASIC HAND TOOLS

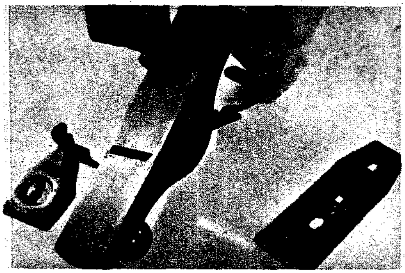
Your tool chest will be equipped for the majority of Do-It-Fix-It projects around the house if it contains these basic essentials: 1) cross-cut saw; 2) wood chisel; 3) wood file; 4) awl for marking lines on wood or metal; 5) putty knife; 6) snips for metal cutting; 7) keyhole saw; 8) auger bits; 9) C-clamp; 10) try square; 11) whetstone; 12) claw hammer; 13) level; 14) light and heavy screwdrivers; 15) brace; 16) slipjoint pliers; 17) bench plane; 18) tape measure; 19)adjustable crescent wrench; 20) pipe wrench; 21) hatchet; and 22) hacksaw. Sandpaper is another important item. In acquiring these tools, buy the best available, for longer wear and greater satisfaction; if necessary, buy one a week until you have a complete set. Sharpen them regularly, remove dust and rust and always leave a thin coat of machine oil on moving parts. Store tools in a dry place to prevent rusting. Keep a package of fine steel wool and a bottle of rust remover on hand if oxidation does take place, however. In replacing tools after use, set them down carefully, so edges won't become dull. Build your own workbench to fit your needs.



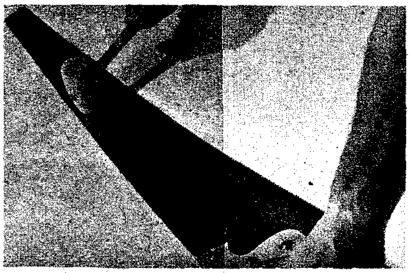
If wedges fail to fix loose hammer head, soak top of handle in a solution of glycerin and water. Wood will swell to tight fit.



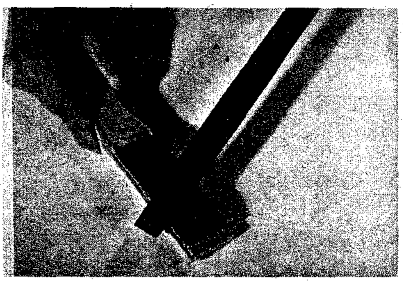
Keep jaws of your pliers sharp by stroking once or twice with a slim taper file in each valley; then clean with wire brush.



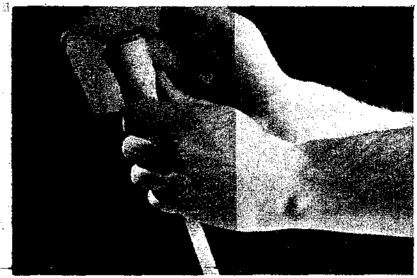
Your plane will glide easily if the bed is kept smooth and dry with a little paraffin. Polish the bottom with fine steel wool.



If kinks can't be removed from saw by hand, lay the blade on a wooden surface and strike firmly with a wooden mallet.



Stroke your files with a file card—a kind of wire brush with short, stiff bristles—to keep clean and in fine working order.



Smooth handles of wood chisels and wooden mallets with fine sandpaper regularly, to prevent scratching your palm in use.

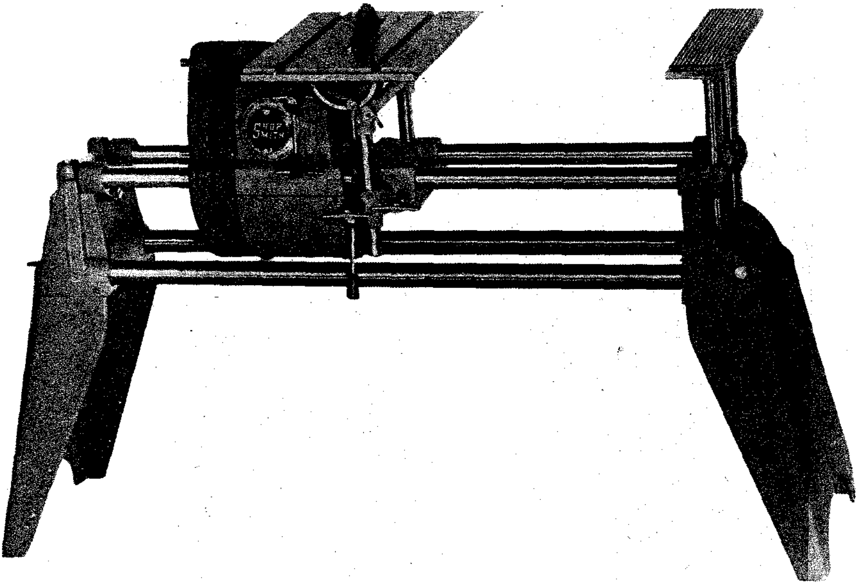
BASIC POWER TOOLS

POWER TOOLS have taken the labor out of "do-it-yourself." With electricity doing the heavy work, every man, and woman, can find pleasure in home repair and decoration projects, while conserving energy and strength. Women have put them to use in housework, also.

By making operation of these tools as simple and as safe as possible, and by incorporating into them a high degree of precision, manufacturers have given the amateur manual skills he never dreamed he had, and whetted his appetite for advanced work.

Last year, Americans spent $150,000,000 for electric tools. Today, portable power tools are the most popular with home handymen. Starting with a portable electric drill and adding attachments one at a time, a family can soon have a complete workshop at an amazingly low cost.

A complete workshop of power tools, consisting of a motor unit and attachments can be purchased for



Combination power tools, made by Shopsmith (*above*), Delta and De Walt, can be made to do 100 different jobs. Compact in size, they are especially designed for unskilled handymen and have special safety features to protect both worker and curious children.

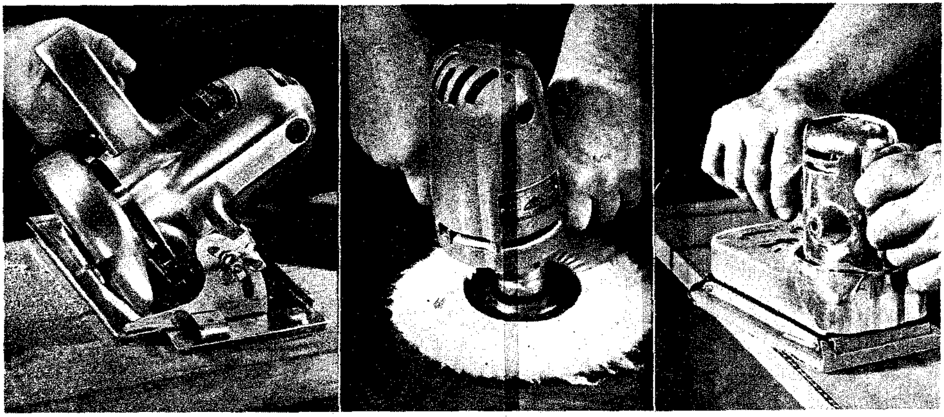
from $80 to $250. Manufacturers like Atlas, Stanley, Skil and Portable Electric Tools have special kits for the home-owner which make his work around the house a thousand times easier—because he can take them to the spot where he is working.

Another big development in the "do-it-yourself" power-tool field is the multi-purpose tool. Combining all basic operations into one unit, this tool can be used as a saw, disc-sander, lathe, vertical drill press, and horizontal drill—taking care of much work around the house.

One of the unusual features of Shopsmith, for example, is the automatic speed control for the unskilled worker. He simply sets his dial for "sanding" as a housewife sets her electric-mixer speeds, thus eliminating guesswork.

As the home repairman's skill increases, his interest in individual, professional-type power tools begins to soar, and his horizons widen.

MOST POPULAR of all portable electric tools is the drill, such as the Cummins of John Oster, shown above. Used for drilling holes in wood, metal and plastics, the drill—with attachments—also becomes a polisher, sander, buffer, grinder and paint-mixer. It makes drilling jobs simple.



Here are three demonstrations of portable power tools, made by Black & Decker and Millers Falls, which can be used anywhere. Left to right, a heavy duty saw makes a bevel cut, a buffer polishes furniture to a high gloss and a sander removes an old finish.

WORKSHOP LAYOUTS

SHOPMASTER
DUST BAG

Garage is one recommended shop location.

Attic and basement (below) are good, too.

THE THREE MOST POPULAR areas for the home workshop are: (1) the garage; (2) the basement; and (3) the attic. In settling on one of these locations, you must plan for space for a workbench, for power and hand tools, for hardware and for storing lumber.

Mounting your workbench or power tool on casters is suggested for greater flexibility for home projects. A solid floor is vital, since power tools vibrate to some extent. An exhaust fan helps with dust that accumulates from any workshop operation and removes paint fumes.

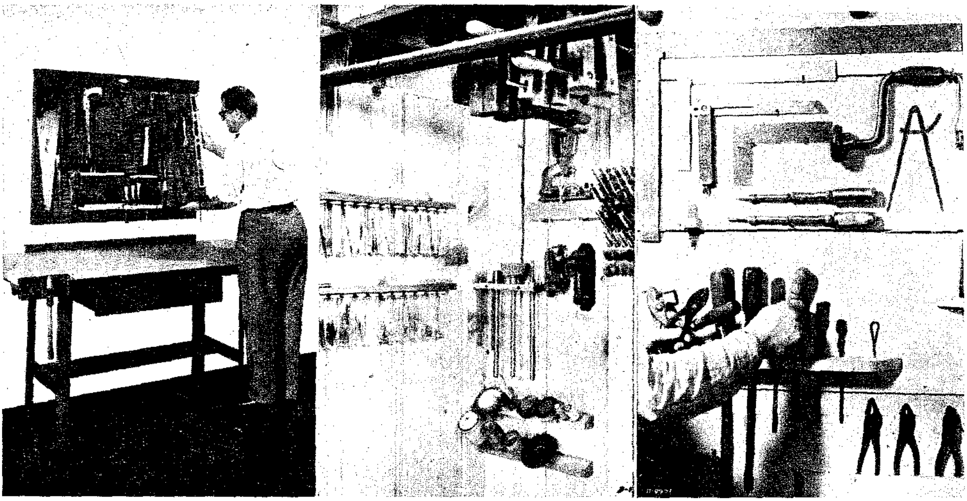
Lighting is also important. Since daylight is best for close work, fluorescent lights are ideal, eliminating both glare and excess heat.

When a workshop location has been found, the next step is to make an efficient storing plan for tools and equipment you will need.

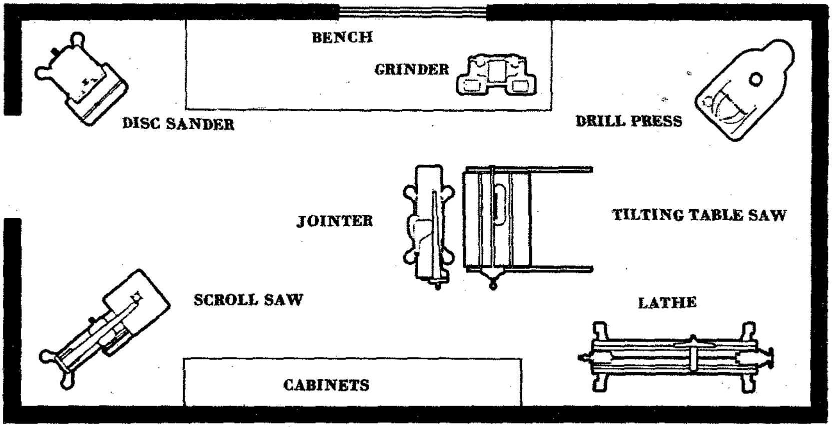
Pegboard—perforated pressed board—is extremely practical and popular for hanging tools. Outlines can be drawn on it so that the place for each tool is readily found, eliminating cluttered tool boxes.

For storing nails, screws, hinges and other parts, glass jars are excellent. Screw the caps to the bottom of a shelf and hang jars from them. Cigar boxes also make good shelves for small parts or tools, when the tops are removed and they are hung on the wall. Parts of old garden hose, screwed to a side board, also act as tool holders.

And be sure to replace your tools after each use.

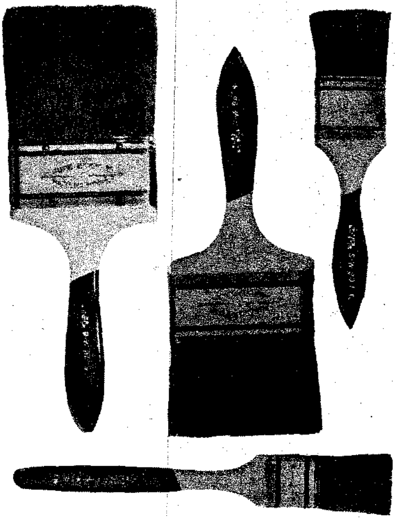


EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION of tools and equipment in the home workshop is shown in the three photographs above. An all-steel rack, made by Sturdi-Bilt Steel Products company, is easily mounted on a wall (far left), and comes with 12 hooks for hanging assorted hand tools. Glass jars (center) can be used to keep nails, screws and other parts readily visible near the workbench. Tools housed in a small area (far right) are no problem with a few simple arrangements. Work will go faster if you can find tools quickly.



FOR THE ADVANCED handyman, geared to major projects with individual power tools, here is a floor plan for compact operation. Space must be allowed in any workshop for expansion, since a man may start with one tool and add the others gradually, or begin in woodworking and later turn to plastics, leather or metal. Soundproofing, good ventilation and adequate wiring are other important considerations. To avoid overloading the electrical system, install two branch circuits at 15 amperes each, independent of each other, with plenty of socket outlets along the walls for time-saving and convenience.

PAINTING: INDOORS



THE SECRET of successful painting lies in the materials used—the right brush and the right paint for each particular job. Macy's paint experts recommend a 4-inch brush for walls, ceilings and floors—or a 3-inch, if that is more comfortable. A 2- or 2½-inch is advised for most furniture finishing jobs, and a 1½-inch is indispensable for close work on trim or narrow edges.

PAINTING, long regarded as a chore by the man of the house, has been taken over by women, according to R. H. Macy & Co., world's largest department store and a headquarters for do-it-yourself equipment. Macy's credit the roller for bringing about this revolution.

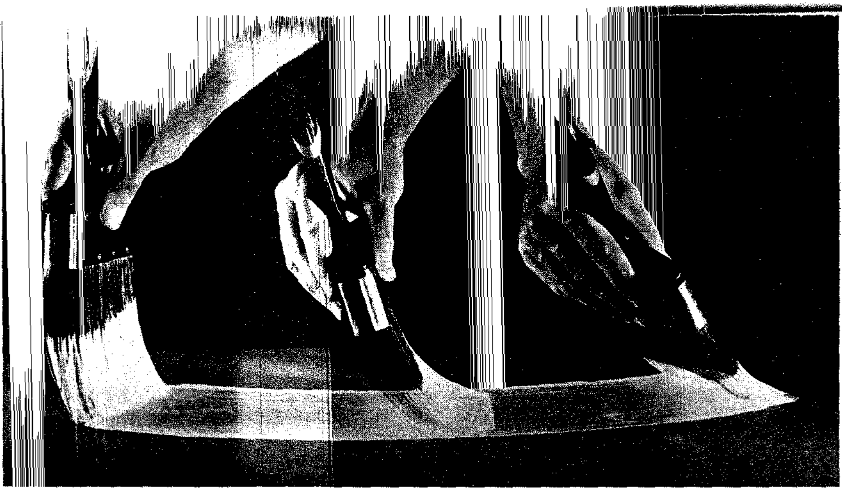
Actually, painting can be done in one-third the time with a roller. This does not mean, however, that brushes are on the way out—they are still being used for corners, woodwork and other special jobs.

Painting has become painless for another reason: odorless, easy-to-apply paints which have taken away many of the headaches.

Today, home decorators have a wider selection of colors and paints than ever before—for every possible purpose, from frosting glass to painting the refrigerator bright red.

Several precautions, if taken, can make painting a joy. Careful preparation cannot be overemphasized. Consult your paint dealer on the

Massage dry roller, removing loose lint, before rolling into tray half-filled with paint. When roller is covered completely, back up over dry end of tray to remove excess paint.



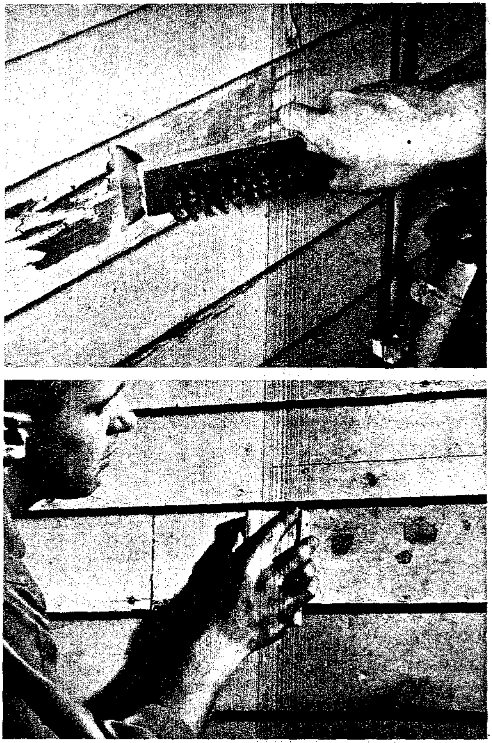
Expert painters dip only the ends of the bristles into the paint. Then holding brush by the handle and metal ferrule only, they paint with a light, slightly curved stroke. The brush should be lifted gradually at the end of each stroke to insure an even finish.

need for an undercoat, or primer, first. Dust or wash all surfaces, as needed. Lay dropcloths or newspapers on the floor. Remove all hardware (switch plates, etc.). Fill wall holes and cracks with plaster, sandpaper, then shellac. Use masking tape to protect areas you don't want paint to reach, in corners, near ceiling, etc. Have cleaning rags handy for wiping spatters. Keep ladders nearby. Place a paper plate under your paint can to catch drippings. Punch nail holes in top rim of paint can to prevent paint accumulating there. To clean your hands easily after painting, rub them with linseed oil before you start and scrape fingernails over a bar of soap. Keep a window open for ventilation. Stir —don't shake—paint well.

When you begin to paint, start with the ceiling; walls next and woodwork last. Start at the inside corner, work towards the windows; paint in narrow strips. Above all, work carefully and pause for a breathing spell occasionally.

Unusual designs can be applied in different colors to wall by special roller attachments.

Teamwork: she paints area near door jam with brush, he uses roller on wall space.



Remove flaking paint with wire brush, sandpaper edges smooth, prime bare wood.

YOUR HOUSE should be repainted once every six years, according to tests made by the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory. The best time to paint, experts advise, is in the fall. Temperatures are just right; rainfall is more predictable and summer heat has conditioned the siding for painting.

Wait for a dry spell, when temperatures are between 60 and 80 degrees. And don't paint too early in the morning; give the sun time to dry the dew.

Thorough preparation is necessary before actual painting can begin. Drying time must be allowed if a priming coat is used. Plan your schedule accordingly.

The results of your paint job will depend entirely on the preparations you make before painting. First, clean away grime by going over the soiled areas of the house with a wire brush. Scrape away all loose, blistered paint; sand and prime exposed areas with undercoating. Putty all nail holes and cracks, then prime the putty spots. Cover all sappy knots or sap streaks in the

Seal cracks quickly with a caulking gun; re-putty old window sashes wherever needed.

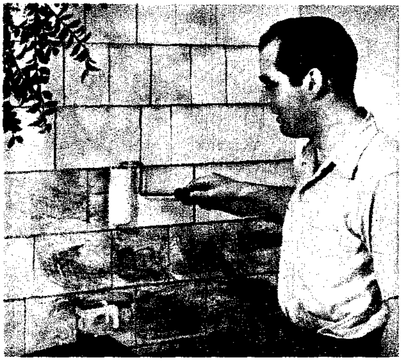
wood with a thin coat of shellac. Rent a caulking gun at a paint or hardware store and seal all joints around doors and window frames or where masonry meets wood. Remove old caulking wherever loose.

Clean out gutters and down spouts; remove rust from all metal surfaces with a wire brush, then prime with red lead paint. Nail down all loose boards; fix any leaks in roofs and gutters.

If your house has been painted before, and you are repeating the same color, one finishing coat should do the job. If you are changing color, an undercoating may be necessary. Many one-coat house paints are now available, and you should consult your paint dealer about these. Cheap paint is rarely a bargain on outside surfaces. A good paint, by a manufacturer of established reputation, will save you energy and problems while painting and provide a longer-lasting touch of beauty for your home.

Allow one week to 10 days between coats for best results. Make certain to cover shrubs, trees and porch floors with dropcloths. Check ladders to make certain that they are secure. Use a pot hook to hold your paint bucket; avoid trying to balance paint as you work.

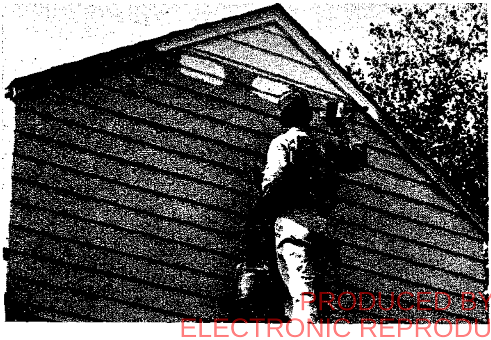
A spray gun paints screens smoothly.



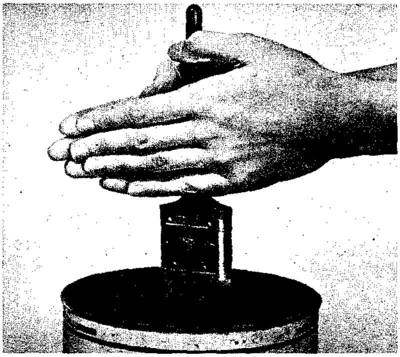
Special outdoor rollers can be used.

If you start on the sash, trim and doors, you won't have to rest your ladder against newly painted walls later. Keep insects and bugs out of wet paint by adding wintergreen or citronella to each can.

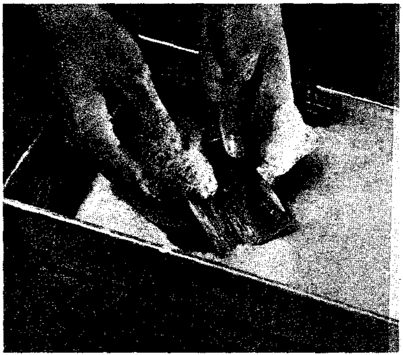
Start at highest point of house, and paint clapboard edges first, then area between.



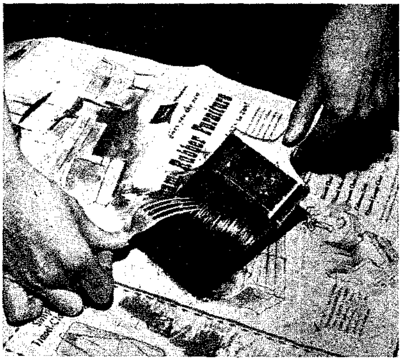
CARE OF BRUSHES



SOAK BRUSH in thinner; press against side of can to loosen paint. Rinse in clear thinner until paint disappears. Shake off excess liquid by twirling brush between palms, holding in empty can to avoid spattering. Pour off thinner for re-use when paint settles to bottom of the container.



SCRAPE ANY CAKED paint off with putty knife or wire brush. Then scrub bristles in lukewarm water and a mild soap solution, working suds carefully into the heel of the brush. Rinse repeatedly in clear water until brush is clean, and shake to rid brush of excess water for fast drying.



COMB BRISTLES straight with a metal comb (your paint store carries them), or use a table fork. Stroke lightly and carefully to avoid damaging brush. If you're painting again with brush, make a hole in handle, run wire through it, and suspend in can so bristles touch thinner.

IF YOU'RE not painting again soon, wrap the wet brush in heavy paper, aluminum foil or oil cloth, making certain that bristles lie straight. Then store by laying the brush flat on its side or hanging it by its handle, with bristles facing down, in a cool, dry place safe from moths.

COVERING YOUR WALLS

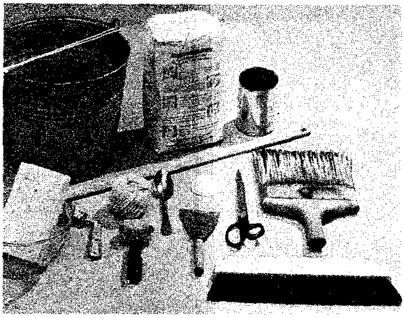
WALLPAPER OFFERS an easy, inexpensive way to create an original, colorful decor.

Pre-trimmed, pre-pasted wallpapers, ready-mixed pastes, wallpaper squares, wall fabrics, and an automatic paster are some of the latest shortcuts in this field.

First, measure wall areas, allowing for windows and doors. Your dealer can judge how much paper or fabric you will need. Ask him to trim selvages, to save you time.

Prepare walls by removing nails, plastering holes and cracks, and sizing them if walls have never been papered.

Use leftover wallpaper to decorate lampshades, bookjackets, screens, hatboxes and even old pieces of furniture.



YOU'LL SAVE TIME if you assemble all your wallpapering materials before you start. The Wallpaper Council lists these essentials: pail (with a string tied across to hold your brush), paste, paste brush, wall sizing, yardstick, bowl and sponge, razor-edged knife or scissors; chalk; string and spoon (to make a plumb line); seam roller, putty knife and smoothing brush. Mix paste slowly, to avoid lumps, until it reaches consistency of potato soup.

WALLPAPERING CAN BE FUN, if you work carefully as a team. Use a card table for the pasting. Coat one strip at a time and fold the paper over. Give special care to corners. Remember that woodwork lines aren't always straight, and edges of paper must be trimmed to fit. Run a scissor edge across top of woodwork, making crease in paper to guide trimming. To finish, roll the seam flat with seam roller in one hand, while the other is wiping off squeezed-out paste with sponge. Then relax with a cup of coffee.

FLOORS AND TILING

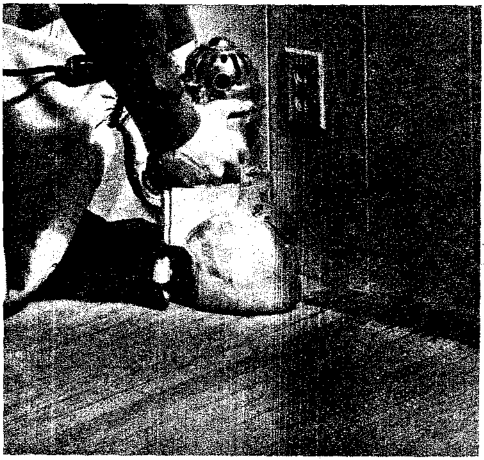
Using a rented sanding machine, move along floor with the grain of the wood.

FLOORS COME UNDER close scrutiny in the "do-it-yourself" movement. If you are blessed with solid wood floors which only need refinishing, the job can be accomplished by sanding carefully—using coarse, medium and fine sandpaper—then painting with a penetrating wood sealer and wax, or shellac or varnish, or with a product like Fabulon, which requires no sealer.

For unattractive floors which don't lend themselves to this treatment, floor tiles, made of linoleum, rubber, asphalt, cork and vinyl plastic, may be the answer.

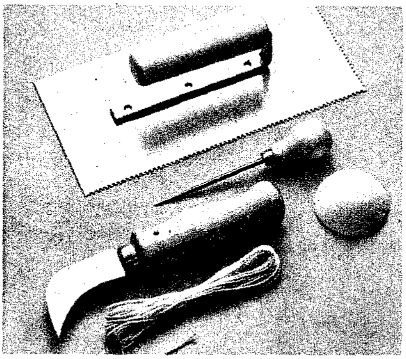
Especially made for the "do-it-yourself" market, these tiles are easy to install and offer a wide range of color and floor designs.

Photographs on the next page show some of the steps involved.

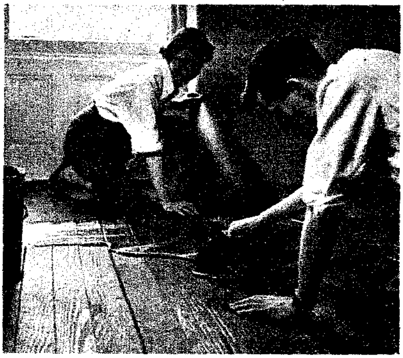


An edge sander works close to the wall.

Two coats of Fabulon completes the job.

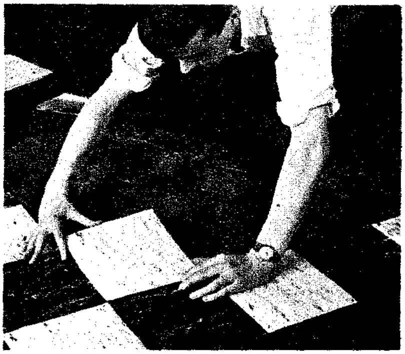


Equipment needed: notched trowel, chalk line and chalk, awl for scribing and rule.



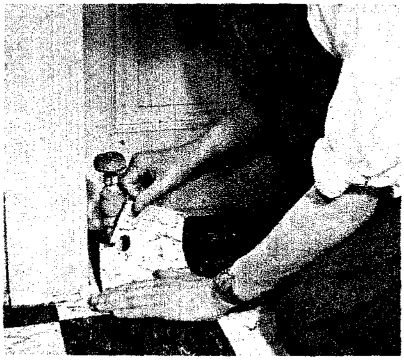
Drive in loose nails in floor, then glue strips of lining felt down as base for tiles.

Snap chalk lines to mark the center of the room on felt, to guide the tiling pattern.



After "dry run," starting at center for the design, spread paste and lay tiles down.

Cut the border tiles, usually a half-tile wide; measure the area from wall molding.



To fit tile around pipe, first make paper pattern of shape, then trace on tile, and cut.

THE MAN ON THE LEFT is covering a badly-marred wall with Honduras mahogany Plankweld, a U. S. Plywood pre-finished paneling. This packaged product needs only a hammer and saw to install, fastening with special clips and eliminating visible nails.

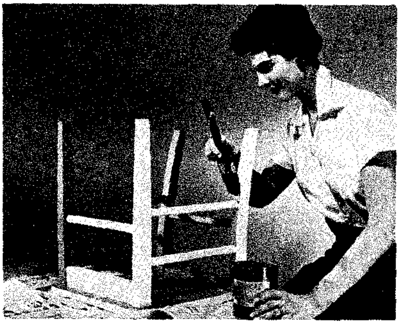
Today, home-owners can have rich paneling in birch, oak or walnut in their living room, den or basement playroom. Other wall treatments include Upson Panels, Panel Sheetrock, Masonite Presdwood, Marlite Planks, Bolta Wall-Tiles and Douglas Fir Plywood.

Wood paneling offers two major advantages—other than the natural beauty of the grain—to homeowners: it does not need painting, refinishing or staining in years to come, and is easy to keep clean.

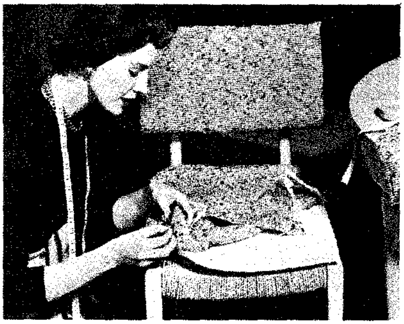
PLASTIC WALL TILES add a decorative touch to kitchen and bathroom, and are easy to wash.

Simple to install, these tiles require few tools—chalk and string for marking wall lines, putty knife and notched trowel for spreading cement, and a fine-toothed coping saw for cutting tiles to fit.

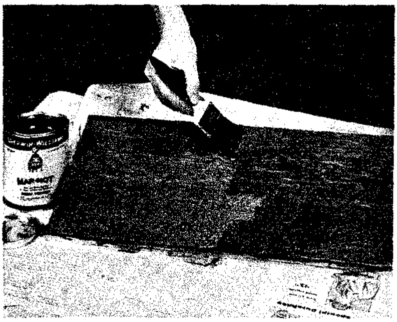
First, measure the wall and work out the tile arrangement according to directions. Then, trowel cement onto wall. Hold tiles along marked lines, and snap into place. Fingertips shouldn't touch cement.



BUYING UNFINISHED furniture and painting it yourself is fun—and economical, too! Remember that close-grained woods like pine, gum, maple and fir can be painted, while open-grained woods—oak, walnut, mahogany—are usually stained or varnished. Before painting, sandpaper carefully, remove dust, and brush on enamel undercoater. When dry, sand again lightly, wipe away dust, and apply enamel. Turn chairs and small tables over, and paint underside first. This makes work easier, gives practice for work on parts that will show.



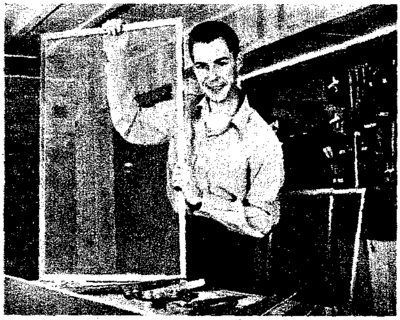
EXTREMELY EASY to work with, foam rubber can be cut to exact size and shape needed, for a dozen different uses. Department stores like Macy's in New York are showing home decorators how it can be made into sofa and chair-seat cushions; pads for bathinette, play pen or crib; throw pillows. Foam rubber, available in continuous lengths, can be taped or cemented to window seats, storage chests and low tables to provide extra seating space, and to cover piano benches and outdoor lounges for added comfort.



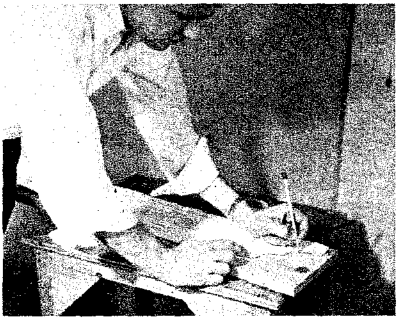
TO STAIN UNPAINTED furniture, such as open-grained bookshelves above, first clean surface carefully, removing fingerprints, dirt and smudges. Apply stain with brush or rag, and give it time to dry. For smooth finish, tint paste-wood filler with stain, and brush on with the grain after stain has dried 24 hours. When filler has set, rub coarse cloth across grain of wood to remove excess. Now flow on first coat of gloss varnish, guiding brush almost horizontally with the grain. Allow to dry thoroughly, sand lightly, apply second coat.

APPLYING THE OLD DECAL principle to plastic film, the manufacturers of Plastic Veneer and Transveneer have made it possible for "do-it-yourself" decorators to transform old furniture with beautiful wood and marble finishes. The simple steps involved require lacquering of furniture, cutting sheet to size and wetting to remove protective paper, brushing welding solution onto surface under transfer sheet, and pressing out bubbles and water. When the plastic film has dried, a coat of clear varnish or lacquer completes the job.

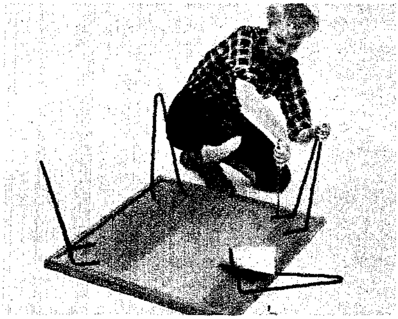
FORMICA, a laminated plastic, offers another way of dressing up the home. Available in over 100 colors and patterns, it can be used for table tops, kitchen and vanity counters, and for giving a custom look to remodeled old, and unpainted new, furniture. Installation involves only cutting the Formica sheet to size needed (make a paper pattern for accuracy), then applying cement to sheet and surface to be covered. After drying both for 40 minutes, drop sheet carefully into place and press with rolling pin for permanent contact.



ALUMINUM IS THE latest material to join the "do-it-yourself" movement. Window screens are simple to make with Reynolds Aluminum, requiring no bolts or tacks. The company has designed patterns and plans for this and 131 other items—including storm-window sashes, radiator covers, desks, towel rods, stair rails, dog houses, magazine racks and tea wagons—and have set up demonstrations in large department stores throughout the country to show how easily aluminum sheeting can be put to use in your home workshop.



THIS MAN is building his own furniture by using Easi-Bild construction patterns—the way women use dress designs—tracing them onto the lumber, cutting and assembling. Over 200 different patterns, ranging from 20 cents for a bookcase to $5 for a three-bedroom house are now available. Designed for the "do-it-yourself" market, with a special eye to using low-cost, easy-to-work-with materials, these patterns offer specific instructions which eliminate guesswork, waste or shortages—and help you compute costs in advance.



WROUGHT-IRON LEGS add a chic, modern touch to any piece of furniture. Every day, home-owners are finding them a wonderful way to dress up an old piece of furniture which has been gathering dust in the attic. For the busy handyman (and handywoman), the SayresCrest Company of Seattle has a Fabri Kit which contains everything you need for a dining room or coffee table—Philippine mahogany top, trimming, black steel legs and screws—complete in one package, ready for assembling with a screwdriver in 20 minutes.

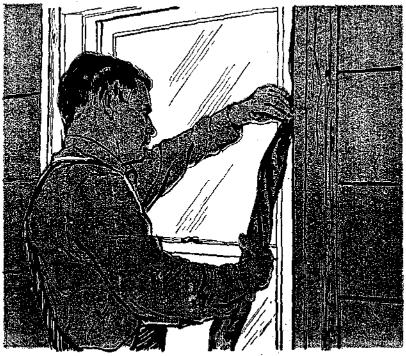
WEATHERPROOFING

IF YOUR HOUSE was constructed before 1930, chances are it is not insulated, or has only a minimum of weatherproofing.

In an experiment in two New Jersey homes—one fully insulated, the other only partially—the importance of weatherproofing was emphatically illustrated. Nearly 350 *more* gallons of fuel oil were consumed in heating the partly-insulated house for a six-month period.

Thus, weatherproofing costs are repaid through the years by fuel savings, while comfort is increased immeasurably.

This is a good time of year to seal up the holes and gaps through which cold air penetrates a house. With a good caulking compound, fill seams, cracks and joints outside the house. Choose a warm, dry day, above 55° F. Besides window and door frames, check the places where porch floor or sidewalk meets the house, and cement and wood join.



Weatherstripping is the next step. Inspect areas around and under windows for drafts; check spaces under doors which allow heat loss.

A new development in "Do-It-Yourself" weatherstripping is Adjusto-Seal, which combines plastic and wool pile in a flexible stripping which a scissors can cut. Marked at regular intervals for tacking with a hammer, it comes with the necessary tacks. Stripping for door bottoms, installed with a hammer and screwdriver, is also available.

Storm windows and doors protect the house in winter against cold air—and you can make these yourself, as discussed previously. You won't need both storm closures *and* weatherstripping, unless you live in an extremely cold climate.

Now check ventilation. Your house, new or old, should be ventilated under the roof. With pitched roofed houses, louvers (available, ready for installing, at lumber yards) should be used at each end of the attic, above the collar beams and insulation. They reduce moisture in the attic during the winter and vent heated air in the summer.

For most other roofs, small screened vents in the eaves between each pair of rafters will do the job.

Also, keep your heating unit in good repair; close fireplace damper when not in use; fill any gaps around radiator feed lines and pipes, along the baseboards and in wood flooring; and check roof for any repairing that might be needed.

Two University of Illinois researchers discovered that $240 spent to insulate a small home would cut initial cost of air-conditioning by $840 (a smaller cooling unit is needed) and daily operating expenses by nearly 60 per cent.

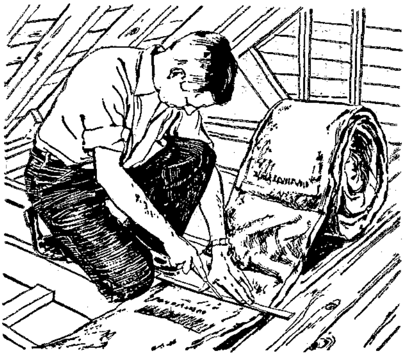
Where should insulation be used? Generally, in attics, walls, ceilings and floors over crawl space. Insulating materials come in a variety of shapes and ingredients. The home handyman may use roll blankets or batt blankets (in pad form); loose fill for hard-to-reach corners; insulating boards, or the reflective type, like aluminum foil. Most insulation provides adequate vapor barriers in its packaging, but before purchasing, verify this.

Usually, insulation materials can be stapled or nailed to walls and floors. The U.S. Bureau of Mines suggests that mineral products are preferable for home use because of their resistance to fire, short circuits, moisture, termites and decay.

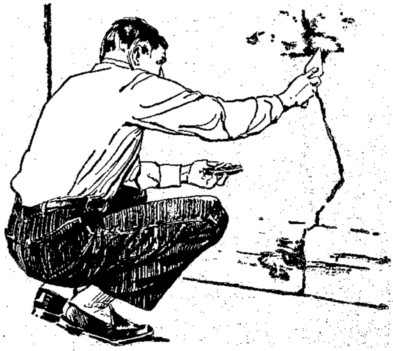
Trees, shrubs and hedges near the house provide another kind of insulation, as discussed in Coronet's article, "Let Nature Heat or Cool Your Home" (May 1952).

Good insulation must also prevent condensation of water vapor. Moisture is a house's worst enemy, and you should investigate ways of protecting your home against it.

In basements, dehumidifiers, floor and wall coverings, and waterproofing paints act as barriers against moist air. The U.S. Testing Company recently reported that a cement paint containing silicones allowed no seepage in tests of an 8-foot tower filled with water. Called Silitex S. F., it comes in many colors for basement use.

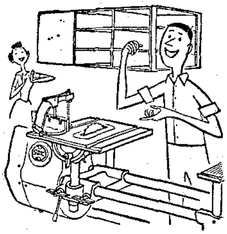


Insulation needs no maintenance or repair. If already built walls need protection, however, it is wiser to call in a professional.

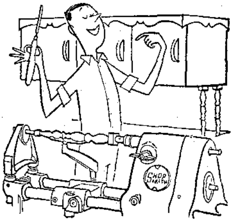


Typical Tom's Tremendous Talent

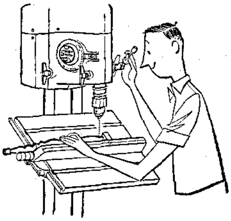
or "What any guy can do, given the NEW SHOPSMITH* !"



"Suddenly, I got talent!" cried Tom from behind his NEW SHOPSMITH. "My woodworking is the neighborhood rage. My joints, the envy of experts. My cabinets thrill my wife!"



"My wife tells everybody I can do everything. Darned if SHOPSMITH doesn't back her up. I can sand with it, drill with it, turn table legs and salad bowls. Safely, too. It's all enclosed!"



"Can't miss! There's an easy way to do everything—like dialing the right speed for any job. SHOPSMITH is a complete workshop ready to plug in. You can store it in a 2 x 6 foot corner."

See NEW SHOPSMITH* Mark 5—at leading hardware and department stores or any Montgomery Ward store. Complete 5-tool unit: saw, sander, lathe, vertical and horizontal drill press, with built-in ¾-hp. motor, and bench, **$269.50**

MAGNA ENGINEERING CORP.
Dept. 285-I, at factory nearest you:
® 12819 Coit Rd., Cleveland 8, Ohio, OR
Menlo Park, California

Rush free power tool book and 20-page SHOPSMITH catalog.
Name____________________
Address____________________
City________________State________

*SHOPSMITH is a registered trademark of the Magna Engineering Corporation.

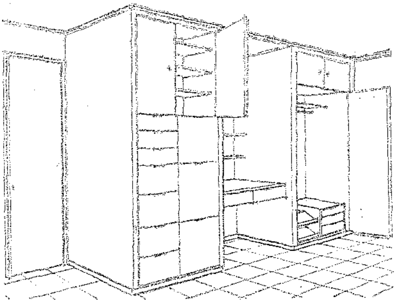
STORAGE SPACE

You accumulate so many things as life goes on—things to be stored, shelved, displayed or hidden. Unless you are blessed with countless closets, storage is where you build it.

But before you pick up the hammer, take a thorough inventory of your present needs, the spaces for possible additions and what your future needs might be. Look ahead to the day when the children grow older or increase in number.

As you take a survey, remember that the possibilities are endless, if you use a little imagination. The important thing to consider is that storage units should enhance the appearance of the house, and they should be uncluttered and readily accessible. A place for everything brings an incentive to neatness.

You can get some excellent plans for building storage units from local lumberyards, Easi-Bild patterns, or groups like the Douglas Fir Plywood Association, Tacoma, Washington, for a reasonable price.



The Pullman Couch Company, 32 East 68th Street, New York City, offers a free booklet, "Living in Close Quarters," with many practical suggestions for full use of space in a home.

Start anywhere in canvassing for hidden space. For example, shelving over doors and under windows, with sliding doors added, can house assorted odds and ends. Window seats can provide extra seating and also serve as storage bins for blankets, tools, paints, etc.

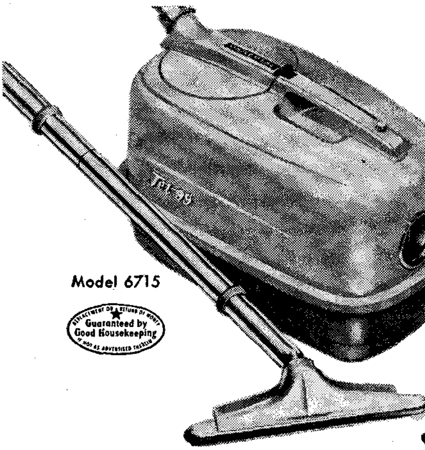
Bookshelves can be made quickly by laying a plank across two small piles of ordinary bricks, or glass and cinder blocks. You can paint the bricks gay colors, if you like. A good location for bookshelves would be around and between windows.

Room dividers provide decorative and extremely convenient catchalls. Extra shelves in the bathroom will relieve overflowing medicine chests and hold other supplies.

Doors, too, double as kitchen cabinets or magazine racks with the addition of narrow shelves. Check linen closets and kitchen closets; if present shelving is spaced too far apart, more lumber will eliminate wasted areas.

Perforated hardboard can be used inside doors for hanging everything from pots to clothing and umbrellas—and on walls, to provide a colorful and useful display.

By adding a clothes bar close to



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

By actual test
this new whisper-quiet cleaner works powerfully to get dirt *other cleaners miss!* Does so much *more* that *you* do so much less! Complete home cleaning center, with new Snap-Lock wands and Serva-tools. See your nearest dealer . . . write for name. **$89.95**

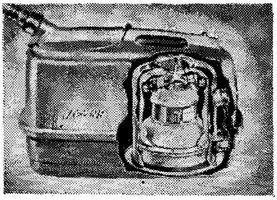
the new amazingly different

SUPER *Jet 99*

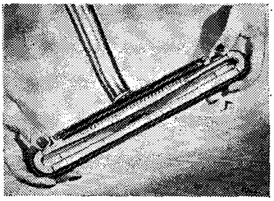
scientifically designed

to let you walk away from cleaning sooner!

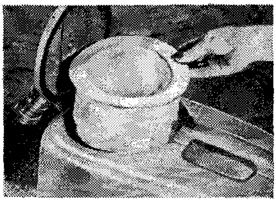
56% more power than the average of four other popular cleaners!



NEW SUPER JET SUCTION



THREAD-PICKING NOZZLE



EMPTIES IN 2 SECONDS

SPECIAL FALL OFFER!
New Chest-a-Seat in rich charcoal grey fabric; wrought iron armrests; tufted seat. Real $29.95 value at no added cost. *See your dealer!*

Distributed in Canada by Northern Electric Company, Limited.

UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

STORAGE SPACE

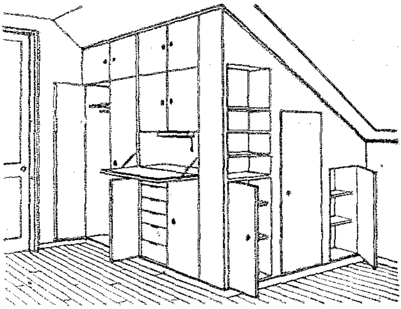
the ceiling, and perhaps lowering the present rod, you can double the space in your closet. Store seasonal clothing on top, of course.

For building storage space, the most popular woods are pine, plywood and hardboard. Western Pine woods take paint easily and can be nailed without splitting. Plywood is tough, lightweight and warp-resistant. Hardboard is durable and reasonable.

If you are cramped for space at present, take a good look at your living room and basement. One large storage unit can be built along one wall in either location for the phonograph, television set, record albums, books and magazines, a desk and additional bins for a hundred different uses.

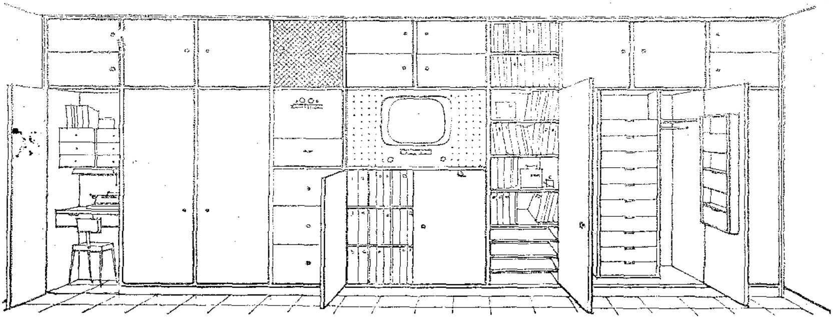
The space under a staircase in the attic or cellar can also hold an astounding amount of assorted gear. Plan it according to your needs.

Corner cupboards fit snugly into wasted areas, providing another outlet. In a child's room, a storage bin, attached to the side of a piece of furniture, can act as a receptacle for toys, games and other paraphernalia which children require.



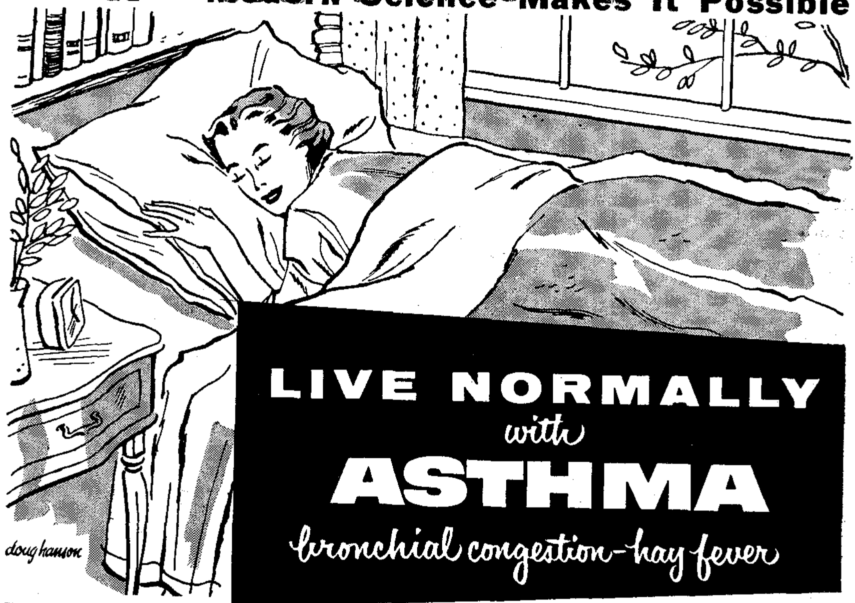
In seeking locations for extra storage space, don't overlook the garage. Planks laid across the top, above the car, can shelve trunks, seldom-used luggage, seasonal sports equipment and hundreds of other items. Storage bins can be built along walls of the garage, too.

When storing things into boxes, bins and suitcases, label each as to contents so you can find them easily when you need them later.



JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
SUC AT ONEONTA N. Y.

NOW – Modern Science Makes It Possible



LIVE NORMALLY *with* ASTHMA

bronchial congestion–hay fever

BREATHEASY means no longer do the difficulties of asthma require you to lead a "different" life. Thanks to modern science a simple BREATHEASY home treatment is available to give you positive, long-lasting results almost instantly.

BREATHEASY the asthma first aid kit, so simple and safe to use you can get it at leading drug stores anywhere without prescription, plays the leading role in this modern oral home therapy. This kit contains the patented BREATHEASY nebulizer and a compound which doctors recognize as one of the most effective formulas available for relief of asthma and bronchial spasms.

BREATHEASY chemists designed and developed the nebulizer that's proved to be the most effective means of getting the BREATHEASY formula directly to the source of trouble—deep into the lungs and bronchial tubes. That's the secret of the guaranteed BREATHEASY home treatment which offers you "normal living" at a minimum cost.

BREATHEASY complete oral home therapy kit with three months' supply of comforting medication is available for $12.50. Additional BREATHEASY formula costs only $1.50.

237920

This first aid kit for asthma must be more effective than any other product you have used or your money is refunded.

ASK FOR GENUINE

Breatheasy

AT YOUR DRUGSTORE—*or write Breatheasy, Seattle 9, Washington*

This common and annoying ailment is still a puzzle to medical science

What's With Warts?

by ANDREW HAMILTON

As a Hollywood TV actress, Jani Jason was particularly careful of her complexion. One morning in the mirror she noticed a small, brownish spot on her neck. She watched it for a week and noted with growing alarm that it turned into a small lump. Was this the beginning of cancer? She made an appointment to see her doctor.

"No, it's not cancer," he assured her after an examination. "It's a wart. I can take it off. But warts are like weeds—they're apt to grow back again. We don't know why."

He leaned back in his chair and went on: "As a matter of fact, while science has made seven-league strides in the treatment of many diseases, warts—like the common cold—are a real medical mystery."

For centuries, warts have been one of mankind's minor plagues. These small, benign skin tumors that appear on your hands, arms, legs, face and neck range in size from a pin head to a green pea. Warts can be annoying, ugly and sometimes painful, and, in these days of good grooming, most persons prefer to get rid of them.

Folklore is full of hundreds of wart "cures." Tom Sawyer's 19th-century, Middle-Western remedy was "spunk" water from a rotten tree stump. In North Africa, Arabs expose warts to moonlight, chanting, "O new moon, take from me my warts!" Germans believe you can cure warts by tying a knot in a piece of string above each growth and then burying the string. Some Swedes rub salt pork rind on their warts.

Warts may appear suddenly, and then flatten out and go away just as quickly. They have been known to disappear between the initial examination in a doctor's office and the date set for removal a week or ten days later. Sometimes they respond to treatment, sometimes they don't. Often when one wart is treated, all the others around it will vanish. Children and teen-agers are most frequently afflicted (especially the 16-20 age group), and women more often than men.

Warts usually occur singly or in small groups. But in rare instances,

ADLER
SC
SHRINK CONTROLLED
WE GUARANTEE THE SIZE
ADLER SHRINK CONTROL
90% ALL VIRGIN
10% CRIMPED NY
3% NYLON REINFORCEMENT
GUARANTEED ADJ
CHOICE OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

ACTIVE or passive

ΑΝΕΣΙΣ * won't be Greek to you in your

ADLER SC

size-guaranteed socks

OLYMPIC WHITE AND
7 SPORTS COLORS
Sizes 9 through 13

$1

At fine stores everywhere. Write for FREE descriptive literature and name of store near you featuring Adler SC Socks.

* comfort

America's first and only virgin wool sports-casual, *shrink-controlled socks

Gals, send a photo of your favorite muscle-bound male. He may be Mr. SC of 1955.

choice of olympic champions

90% Virgin Wool strengthened throughout with 10% NYLON for double-durable wear.

Shrink-Controlled, wash them any way you like, size remains the same or your money cheerfully refunded. Popular 10″ length, high-spliced heel, fashioned ankle.

The Adler Company, Dept. C-104
1603 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio
Please send me FREE descriptive literature on Adler socks and name of my nearby dealer.

Name..

Address......................................

City..................Zone....State............

such as a case reported several years ago to the New York Academy of Medicine, a person may suffer a general attack with thousands of warts covering all parts of his body. Normally, an untreated wart will go away in about three years; but a farmer in Missouri endured them for 28 years.

Contrary to a widely held belief, warts cannot be acquired from animals, only from other human beings. Nor is it true that warts are caused by frogs or toads. All this is part of the folklore of warts, with no basis in scientific fact.

Following some diseases—such as mumps or chicken pox—your body acquires an immunity that usually protects you from a recurrence during the rest of your life. With warts this is not so. About 50 per cent of those who have warts will suffer other infections later.

A mounting stack of research points to the fact that warts are caused by a virus. Little is known about the virus itself, however. Material from human warts, crushed and suspended in a fluid, shows various types of cell matter, which strongly indicates the presence of a virus. When seen through the enormous magnification of an electron microscope, virus-like crystals are observed. Science thinks that all five types of warts are caused by the same virus.

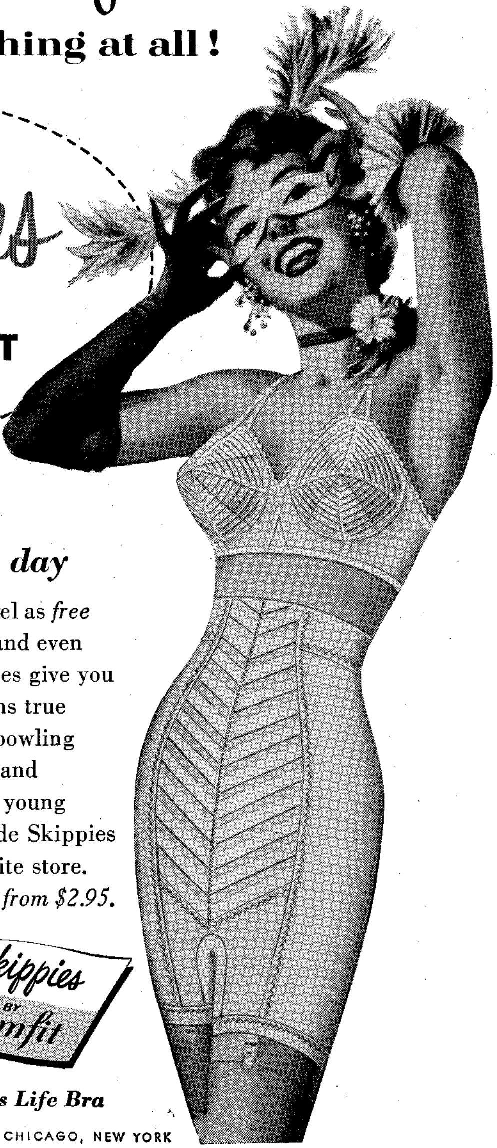
Warts are known to be infectious. Injections made from one person's warts will produce them in another. When a wart is scratched, a string of new ones may grow along the skin break. "Kissing warts" are those where a wart grows on the inner side of your forefinger and touches the middle finger. A second wart often appears on the middle finger at the exact point of contact.

This does not necessarily mean that you risk infection by shaking hands with someone who has warts on his fingers or palms. To catch warts in this fashion, his wart must have a raw surface which, in turn, must touch a fresh scratch or cut on your own hand.

However, warts do sometimes seem to break out in epidemic fashion. For example, in a TV factory in Chicago, many of the workers on an assembly line came down with warts. When they were provided with gloves, infection was checked. Certain professions, in which hands are cut, nicked or scratched, seem to have more warts than others. For example, warts are more frequently found on the hands of mechanics, plumbers, carpenters and farmers than upon clerks and salesmen.

THE SCANTY scientific information that exists about the nature of the wart virus is one stumbling block to a cure. Even more puzzling is the mysterious tendency of warts to disappear suddenly. This has led some doctors to be optimistic about the apparent success of a new wart remedy—only to find out later that the cure it seemed to produce would probably have taken place without any treatment whatsoever.

For example, several years ago an arsenic compound known as sulfarsphenamine was used against warts. Following injections of this drug, warts in about 53 per cent of the cases disappeared. But in a study made of this technique, a control group of patients was injected with colored water and 48



Nothing as comfortable

...even nothing at all!

Skippies

by FORMFIT

the new-day girdle for a new day

It's true! With Skippies you feel as *free* as you do going girdle-less—and even more comfortable. For Skippies give you the kind of support that means true comfort. Go dancing, skiing, bowling—Skippies keep you *looking* and *feeling* your best. Learn why young moderns of all ages have made Skippies their very own. At your favorite store. *Skippies Girdles and Panties from $2.95. Foundations from $5.95.*

skippies BY Formfit

Made by the manufacturers of the famous Life Bra

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

per cent of the warts also disappeared!

If you are troubled with warts and want them removed, what should you do?

Here's some advice from one outstanding specialist:

1. Don't try to treat yourself. No irritating or caustic home remedies should be applied. They may result in other skin infections or unnecessary scarring.

2. If small scars are not important, your doctor may anesthetize your warts and remove them surgically, or with an electric needle. With such treatment, warts return in about five per cent of the cases.

3. If the wart is on your face, treatment that will not leave a scar would certainly be preferable. For example, a doctor may freeze the wart with liquid nitrogen, forming a blister under it and causing it to peel off. In about 30 per cent of the cases treated in this way, the wart may not completely disappear or may return.

4. Other treatments include x-rays, local applications and occasionally medication by mouth or injection. In some particularly stubborn cases, a doctor may have to try a combination of several of these treatments.

To sum up: warts are one of mankind's most common afflictions—but science knows less about their cause and cure than about many other ailments.

"I Earned $211.42 Last Christmas!

*. . . and a beautiful Christmas prize, too!"***

Here's a proven way to earn the extra money you'll need this Christmas—and all during the year. As a Coronet Representative, you are authorized to take subscription orders for *all* magazines at attractive, money-saving gift rates—and on each order, you keep a substantial cash commission!

Imagine! You'll be offering friends, relatives—your entire community—the chance to save Christmas dollars on their gifts—and at the same time, you'll earn big cash profits. No experience is necessary to become a successful subscription representative.

✓✓By starting now, at the beginning of this profit-packed Christmas season, you can also win valuable prizes in the Coronet Agency Contest. Hundreds of prizes—worth as much as $300—are won by folks just like yourself. All these prizes are in *addition* to your cash commissions!

Don't delay! Send for your FREE sales material today. Write: J. Foster, Coronet, Dept. 270, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

**Mrs. Margaret Jordan of Indiana

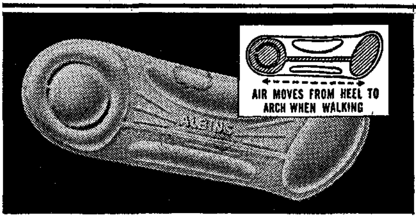
SHOP-BY-MAIL SERVICE

NEW MIRACLE TUBELESS HEARING AID REVEALED

- Costly B-Battery Eliminated
- All Battery Costs Slashed 80%
- Powered by Three Transistors
- Vacuum Tubes Banished Forever

FREE BOOK! Write today for authoritative illustrated book describing this new Atomic Age miracle invention, the Transistor, and what it means to the hard of hearing. No obligation whatsoever! A postcard will do.

Beltone HEARING AID CO.
2900 West 36th Street, Dept. CPI
Chicago 32, Illinois



WALK ON AIR

Here's quick relief for anyone suffering from calluses, blisters, spur or bruished heels, or general foot fatigue. Albin Air Cush'n Innersoles give your feet immediate comfort. Just place in your shoes and walk. Air moves thru a small channel gently massaging feet. Ordorless, non-absorbent, almost weightless. Order by men's or women's shoe size. Only $2.95 a pair. No COD's. please—money back if not delighted. **Albin of California, 1403-13 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.**

ACCOUNTANT

BECOME AN EXPERT

SEND FOR

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $4,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A.'s examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and sample lesson.

LASALLE Extension University, 323 Pure Oil Bldg.
A Correspondence Institution Chicago 1, Ill.

Is Your ENGLISH HOLDING YOU BACK?

New CAREER INSTITUTE method enables you to stop making mistakes in English, build up your vocabulary, speed up your reading, improve your writing, acquire the "secrets" of fluent conversation. Good English pays off in unexpected ways because words are the tools of thought. The more you learn about words and how to use them to express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes.

FREE BOOKLET—The improvement of your English — and your thinking — can lead quickly to amazing personal achievements. Thousands of men and women use the low-cost CAREER INSTITUTE method. Takes only 15 minutes a day at home. For FREE 32-page booklet send card or letter. No salesman will call—no obligation.

CAREER INSTITUTE
Dept. D-4110 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Ill.

IF YOU OWN A STORE, BUSINESS, FARM, RANCH or INCOME PROPERTY

. . . here is a golden opportunity to sell for far more money than you ever dreamed possible! You can contact hundreds of buyers who are eager to buy in your area now. Our lists show buyers ready to invest from $3,000 to over $1,000,000! Learn, absolutely free, how to reach these waiting buyers. Write National Business & Property Exchange, Dept. CPI, 5400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California, and state what you have to sell.

NATIONAL BUSINESS & PROPERTY EXCHANGE

Now You Can Do Your Own INVISIBLE REWEAVING AND SAVE MONEY

BEFORE
AFTER

If you can sew, you can reweave! Make moth holes, burns, tears, etc. disappear almost like magic. So easy—with amazing professional Reweaving Needle praised by McCall's Needlework Magazine. Simplified, illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions included free. WE GUARANTEE YOU MUST BE ABLE TO DO PROFESSIONAL LOOKING REWEAVING AFTER FEW HOURS PRACTICE—OR MONEY BACK. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. Save more than purchase price on first reweaving you do for self. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s but remember, full refund if not delighted. Send $2.98 (formerly sold at much higher price) check or money order for this amazing offer today!

Reweaving Institute of America
Dept. C1—320 Pure Oil Bldg., Chicago 1

AN UNUSUAL ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT REDUCING

New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This new method removes excess fat with a diet planned by a physician.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11" x 9" x 6" and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.

Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4" off abdomen and 3" off hips; the other 2½" from abdomen and 3" from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2"; Hips 3"; Upper Abdomen 1"; Upper Thigh 2"; Knee 1½"; Calf 1". She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

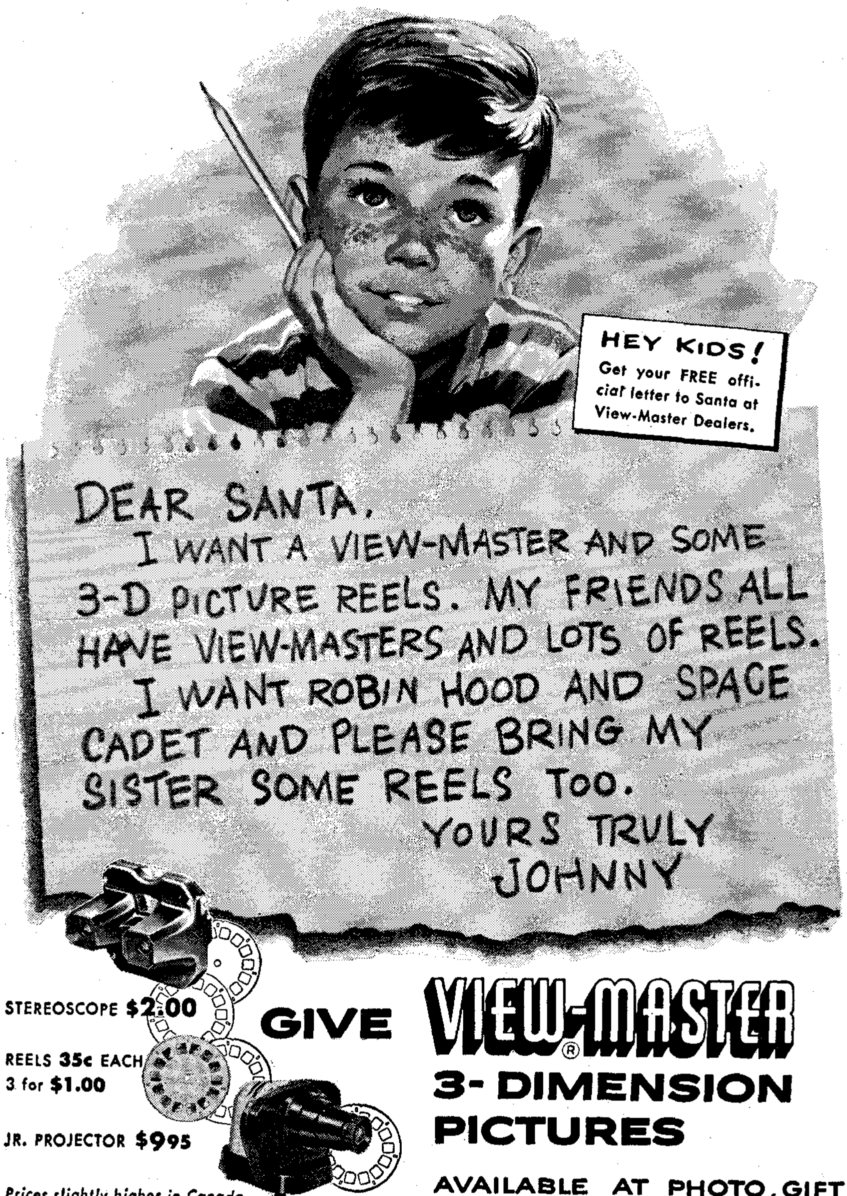
"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE: Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-2: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 9000, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, WE 9-0760, 66 East Jackson Blvd.; LOS ANGELES, BRadshaw 2-1161, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1118 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



HEY KIDS!
Get your FREE official letter to Santa at View-Master Dealers.

DEAR SANTA,
I WANT A VIEW-MASTER AND SOME 3-D PICTURE REELS. MY FRIENDS ALL HAVE VIEW-MASTERS AND LOTS OF REELS.
I WANT ROBIN HOOD AND SPACE CADET AND PLEASE BRING MY SISTER SOME REELS TOO.
YOURS TRULY
JOHNNY

STEREOSCOPE **$2.00**

REELS **35¢** EACH
3 for **$1.00**

JR. PROJECTOR **$9.95**

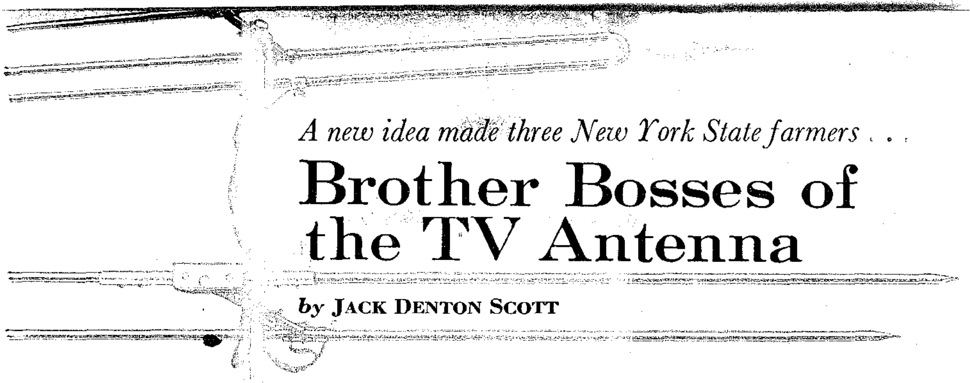
Prices slightly higher in Canada

GIVE VIEW-MASTER®

3-DIMENSION PICTURES

AVAILABLE AT PHOTO, GIFT AND DEPARTMENT STORES

® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon
MAKERS OF THE VIEW-MASTER PERSONAL STEREO CAMERA AND "STEREO-MATIC 500" 3-D PROJECTOR



A new idea made three New York State farmers . . .

Brother Bosses of the TV Antenna

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

SIX YEARS AGO, two farmers entered an old barn on the outskirts of Ellenville, New York, sat down at a bench, skillfully applied tools to a long slender stem of aluminum, and came up with a magic wand that has brought television into the homes of thousands of Americans who might otherwise not have enjoyed it.

The farmers were Joseph and Louis Resnick; they and another brother are sole owners today of Channel Master Corporation, America's largest manufacturer of TV antennas. Of the three brothers, Joseph, broad of shoulder, with thick black hair and a quick smile, at 30 is chairman of the board; 42-year-old Louis, a bespectacled man of great energy, is vice president and secretary; while Harry, 35, whose features are usually cast in serious mien, is president.

Until 1947, the Resnicks were full-time farmers and part-time inventors. Harry had a small, sideline sauerkraut business which converted homegrown cabbage into a canned product. But usually when they weren't astride their tractors, the brothers could be found experimenting with gadgets in the old barn at the rear of the family property. All this was just a preliminary to the TV antenna business.

With $7,000 garnered from the sale of the Resnick farm products and $2,500 borrowed from neighbors, plus determination and a little technical knowledge of radio and television, the Resnicks parlayed their enterprise into sales of $75,000 the first year—and to more than $12,000,000 in 1953!

The whole thing probably started on a summer day in 1942 when Joe Resnick stormed out of a classroom at Ellenville high school. Fed up with school routine and working on the family farm nights and weekends, he quit and went to New York. Interested in things mechanical, he enrolled in a radio school. He absorbed knowledge, then tried to join the Army but was rejected on physical grounds. Finally he went into the merchant marine as a ship's radio operator.

In 1944, he came ashore, got a job with DuMont in New Jersey and soon became a television-antenna installer. At that time, antennas seemed to be a jumble of rods and hardware which had to be put together at the installation scene—a method which didn't seem practical to Joseph Resnick. So he took a week off and went back to the old barn in Ellenville, where earlier inventions had been born. Using a drawing from a radio-amateur's handbook as a guide, he created the first Resnick antenna.

Returning to New Jersey, he formed the Oak Ridge Antenna Company. But when business failed to develop, he went back again to Ellenville to work on some new ideas. Ellenville is in a fringe TV area—so far from New York City stations that only a very weak signal can be received. Joe believed that antennas of greater sensitivity were needed in these fringe regions. But no one had done anything about it.

He knew, through installation experience, that there was no completely preassembled antenna on the market. So he solved the problem of pivoting various elements on fixed rivets and how to slide one tube into another and lock the two together. With these ideas in mind, he approached brother Louis who was working in the cabbage patch.

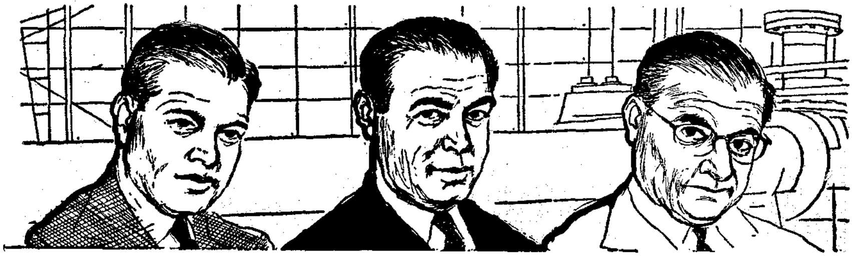
"Lou," he said, "how about selling some of that cabbage and coming into business with me? I think a TV antenna can be preassembled and put into a package. Also, you know we get poor reception up here, 85 miles from New York. A supersensitive antenna should take care of that."

Lou turned to the man standing beside him, a visiting grocer from next-door: "What do you think?"

"I think it's a great idea!" the grocer said, thereby becoming one of Joe Resnick's best friends. Lou put up everything he had: $7,000. The grocer and other neighbors added $2,500. They called the company the Channel Master Corporation and, after taking out the first patent ever issued for a preassembled antenna, they were in business.

Practically overnight, television servicemen became their best customers. And soon, the entire TV world started to copy the preassembled kit. But Joe had been there first and his sales soared.

Next, he went to work on the sensitive antenna—one that would



JOSEPH **HARRY** **LOUIS**

bring in the weakest signal strong and clear. The first man he hired was a 23-year-old engineer named Alex Carthey, at $50 a week. Today, Carthey is chief engineer in charge of production and mechanical engineering in the world's largest antenna company.

When brother Harry decided to join Lou and Joe, it made Channel Master a family project. The brothers moved from the old barn and rented a building for $40 a month. Soon, Joe and Harold Harris, now Vice-President of Sales and Engineering, designed an antenna that brought in strong reception, but still they weren't satisfied.

"The deeper I got into the business," Joe recalls, "the more I realized how little I knew. But there were engineers and specialists who could be hired."

The result was a laboratory staffed by top electronic technicians, working two shifts a day, to improve current types of antennas and to develop new ones. A testing range was installed nearby to analyze experimental antennas, using the laboratory's own transmitter to beam low-power signals.

In order to meet competition, the Resnick brothers again established a first by granting wholesalers exclusive distribution rights. This meant that in any specified area only one or two distributors could handle Channel Master products. The distributors then sold to dealers who actually installed the antennas.

Unlike many local boys who make good, the Resnicks didn't move their location once success came, but concentrated all their activity in and around Ellenville, their home town. Slowly they added salesmen and technicians to the staff. At the end of the second year, they had more than tripled that first-year record.

A year later, Joe Resnick, always on the search for something new, read that Dr. Yuen T. Lo had written a doctoral thesis on antennas. He called in his chief antenna engineer, Harry Greenberg, who wired the doctor. Within 48 hours, the three of them were working on a design for a super-antenna.

Some 100,000 measurements, two years of research and more than $100,000 later, they had created an amazing antenna called "The Champion." It is both a VHF (very-high-frequency) and UHF (ultra-high-frequency) tri-pole creation with the power of three ordinary antennas, and provides "snow-free" pictures for TV in fringe areas.

While Dr. Lo was creating the Champion, the Resnicks were planning a new factory. They selected a 90-acre site on the outskirts of Ellenville and constructed a $1,500,000 plant, where 1,000 employees are now kept busy. The Resnicks have lured high-caliber personnel with such inducements as top salaries, fine working conditions and a liberal, profit-sharing retirement plan that costs the worker nothing.

Since aluminum tubing is the most important raw material used in manufacturing antennas, the Resnicks felt that they should not be forced to depend on outside suppliers. "So we put up a mill," Joe Resnick says. "It cost $500,000 and was worth it."

And Harry Resnick adds: "If we turn out a bad tube now, we've got no one to blame but ourselves. Result? We never turn out a bad one."

This year, some 60,000 TV servicemen across the country benefited from Channel Master lectures. "Early in the game," Lou says, "we realized that the serviceman was one of our best boosters. With our preassembled antenna, he could cut unprofitable working time on the roof from an hour to three minutes. So we decided to teach him all we could about TV, its installation, reception and what made it tick."

In addition to such indoctrination, Channel Master engineers travel around the country, testing antennas under the most diverse conditions. When a Resnick antenna is sold in any part of the U. S., the serviceman has complete, advance information on its probable performance.

The Resnick brothers are optimistic about the future. Many of the new local-area transmitters being installed are of the Ultra-High-Frequency type, which means in most cases that special antennas must be designed to receive the higher frequencies. And new designs for antennas to meet any need are now on Channel Master's drafting tables.

The Resnicks have a word for you about the years ahead. On technical obsolescence: "Antennas being made today are better than those of three years ago. They are more powerful, can bring in better pictures at greater distances. Set owners can improve reception by using up-to-date antennas."

Color TV: "Your present antenna is all right for color reception. However, if you do have a color set in your home, ask the serviceman to check the antenna to determine if it is operating at maximum efficiency. An antenna which provides an acceptable black-and-white picture may not, in some cases, produce a clear color picture."

Channel Master bears up well under competition. Last year, some 7,500,000 pounds of aluminum, converted into nearly 3,000,000 preassembled antenna units with a retail sales tag of $36,000,000, made the company the largest organization of its kind in the world. And yet, there is no magic formula to explain the Resnicks' amazing success. Not one of the brothers had more than a high school education: they possessed little technical or business knowledge, hardly any capital.

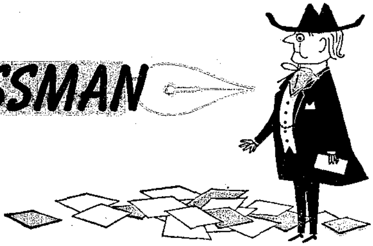
Joe Resnick likes to explain it this way: "We were in the right place, at the right time, with the right idea. In America, that's a hard combination to beat!"

What's the Meaning? III

(Answers to quiz on page 41)

1. The wide open spaces; 2. Condescending; 3. Starting off with a bang; 4. Wolf in sheep's clothing; 5. Five degrees below zero; 6. Tennessee; 7. Tooth decay; 8. A couple of smart operators; 9. Outnumbered three to one; 10. Repaired; 11. A play on words; 12. Teetotaling; 13. A new slant on things; 14. Tennis, anyone? 15. Cash and carry; 16. Space ship; 17. Just an old fashioned girl; 18. Installment plan; 19. After you, I come first; 20. Shortnin' Bread.

DEAR MR. CONGRESSMAN



Congressman Jacob Javits
Congress House
Washington, D. C.

What about potatoes?

*Greta S*________

Congressman Frank J. Becker
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Becker:

What special privileges do congressmen have?

*Charles B*________

Congressman Adam C. Powell, Jr.
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Powell:

A friend told me that he sent my name to the FBI to put on their submersive list.

When do I start getting benefits?

*Peter N*________

Congressman Frank J. Becker
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Becker:

Don't vote on anything more. You already done enough damage.

*Andrei Y*________

Congressman Adam C. Powell, Jr.
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Powell:

I would like some information about the United Nations. Who united them and when?

*Emil D*________

Congressman Jacob Javits
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Honorable Congressman Javits:

What about the U. N.? Is this like the Elks and how can I join?

Respectfully, *Daniel N*________

Congressman Frank J. Becker
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Becker:

What is a Congressman at large? Could this be dangerous?

*Louisa L*________

Congressman J. A. Blatnik
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Dear Congressman Blatnik:

What are you doing about everything?

*Sylvan W*________

Congressman Jacob Javits
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.
Most Representative Congressman Javits:

I am here in America on a visitor's permit. Please make it possible for me to stay alltime.

I feel more like I do now than when I came.

*Generoso P*________

—JULIET LOWELL, *Dear Mr. Congressman*, (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)

When the basketball team plays, there's nobody home in...

INDIANA'S Town of Champions

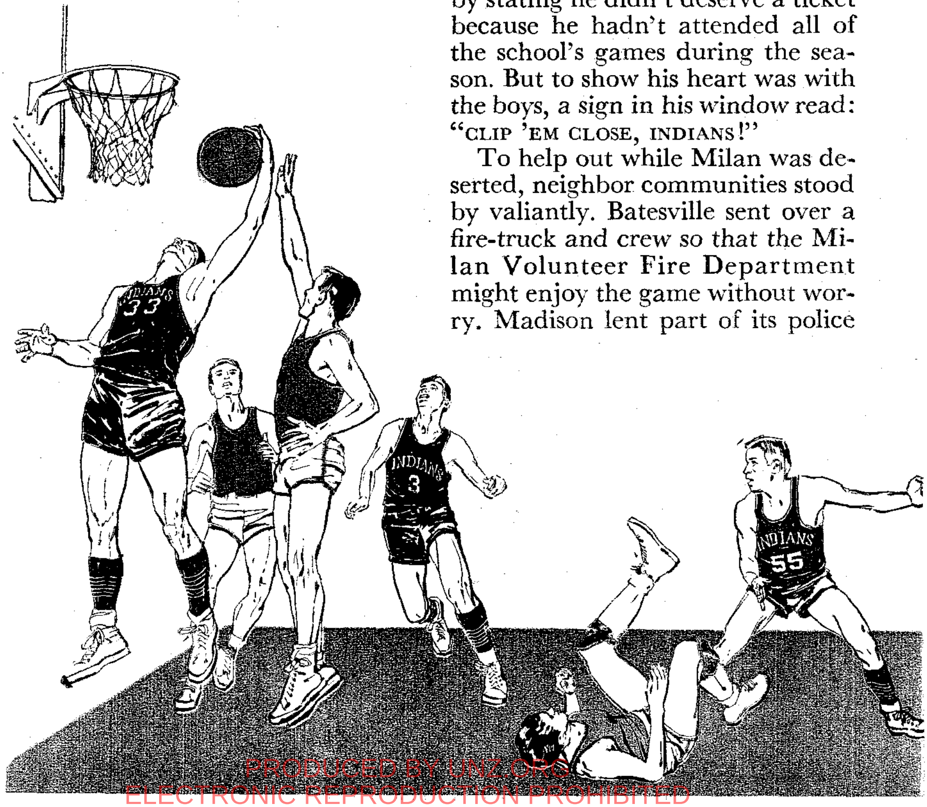
by Edith Roberts

THE DAY the Milan High School basketball team played in the state championship finals, the little Indiana whistle-stop became a ghost town. Every man, woman and child in Milan (pop. 1,200) who was fit to travel had made the pilgrimage to Indianapolis to cheer the boys on to victory.

The extraordinary support and enthusiasm of the townsfolk, which had carried an obscure high school squad to the final round of the championship in a conference of 751 schools, stood solidly behind the Milan Indians on that memorable Saturday.

By noon there was no one left in town but a few dogs, the postmaster and barber Russel (Rabbit) Hunter, who explained his odd behavior by stating he didn't deserve a ticket because he hadn't attended all of the school's games during the season. But to show his heart was with the boys, a sign in his window read: "CLIP 'EM CLOSE, INDIANS!"

To help out while Milan was deserted, neighbor communities stood by valiantly. Batesville sent over a fire-truck and crew so that the Milan Volunteer Fire Department might enjoy the game without worry. Madison lent part of its police



force in order that town marshal Roy LaFollette could root for the Indians without fear that burglars might be busy back home.

Indianapolis, where the big basketball final was being played, had become accustomed to the delirious descent of the Milan motorcade. "Seems like they hardly go home but they're back again," commented Indianapolis motor patrolman Pat Stark. But he said it good-naturedly, for Milan was the popular choice to win.

He vowed that if its Miracle Men won the championship, he'd escort them against traffic around the city's famous Circle. And when they won the 1954 championship by beating the Central High School of Muncie, 32-30, he carried out his promise.

What Milan did in support of its Indians before the game was mild compared to what it did afterwards. Anyone seeing the 500 cars full of cheering fans escorting them home from Indianapolis would certainly have recognized it as a triumphal procession. But then, Milan's feat in reaching the finals was in itself something of a miracle. The escort was 13 miles long, and an estimated 40,000 people managed to cram themselves into a town normally holding 1,200

"*Menus?*" cried restaurant-owner Frank Arkenberg incredulously. "Say, when our team wins, you're lucky if you get anything to *eat* here, let alone a menu!"

"Is this *heaven?*" Pete Nocks at the filling-station kept shouting after the victory, spilling half the gas he was pumping.

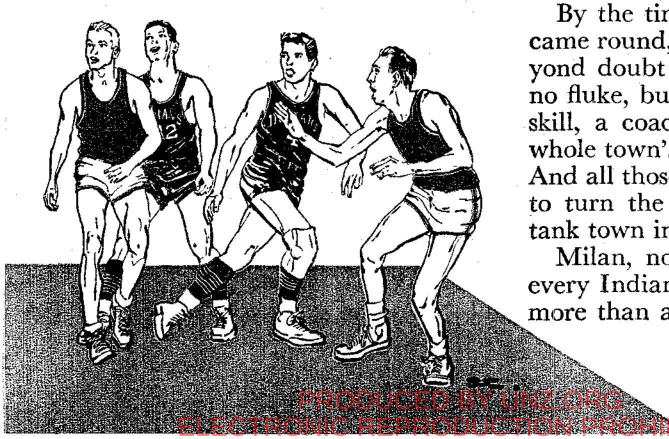
Some practical soul calculated that the cost of attending the tournament, plus the loss due to closing of business, had cost Milan at least $50,000 each Saturday it closed up. But someone immediately countered with: "Who cares? We won, didn't we?"

Win or lose (and it has been mostly win), Milan has been setting basketball records the like of which no community of equal size has ever matched in this basketball-crazy state.

The Milan High School has an enrollment of only 83 girls and 84 boys, which is infinitesimal compared to the hundreds of larger schools in Indiana. Yet in two successive years, this virtually unknown team reached the final tourney, winning the championship in 1954 with a victory that Hoosiers will talk about for years.

By the time the second triumph came round, Milan had proved beyond doubt that its brilliance was no fluke, but the result of a team's skill, a coach's inspiration, and a whole town's faith and enthusiasm. And all those qualities were needed to turn the kids from an obscure tank town into state champions.

Milan, now a familiar name to every Indiana basketball fan, is no more than a dot on the map. The



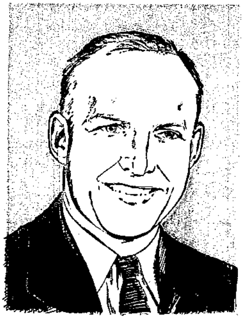
tiny town straddles the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, its stores and houses bunched round the main street.

Every storekeeper and householder in Milan works or roots for the Indians in some way. Drop into Frank Arkenberg's restaurant, or Emmett Lawless' drugstore, or Louis Kirschner's dry-goods emporium, and the chances are they will be discussing the basketball squad.

The same holds good for Bob Peak's law office or Red Smith's insurance agency or Chris Volz's garage. It was Volz who sent the team to the regional games in Pontiacs, to the semi-finals in Buicks, and to the state championship finals in Cadillacs.

Over on a side street lives Mrs. Anna Cross, who traditionally washes the Indians' uniforms and prays for the boys as she hangs up their jerseys. Out yonder is the Milan Furniture Company, the town's modest industry, whose general manager, Bill Thompson, had enough "LET'S GO, INDIANS!" placards printed to deck out everything on wheels in Ripley County. Up on a shady hillside stands the yellow-brick schoolhouse, no different from thousands of others all over America.

This is Milan, Indiana, the home of the champions, and it looks very much like any other country town its size. What made Milan great in the sporting sense is something you can't see. But it's there just the same, and you can find out what it is if you stay around and get acquainted.


COACH WOOD

Everyone is friendly and eager to talk, especially if it's about basketball and how the Indians got to be Champs. The townsfolk will tell you it was the kids and the coach. The coach will assure you it was the team and the town. The boys will declare it was the coach and fans. It was all of these, fired by an abiding faith and mutual confidence.

It all started two years ago with the new coach who came to Milan, one of the most remarkable figures in basketball today. No one believed young Marvin Wood was remarkable then, except perhaps in a derogatory sense—for he had taken a decided step down when he left well-known French Lick to coach unknown Milan.

"Woody" himself admits it was a kind of self-imposed demotion; but he says that when he came to Milan to look over the "material" he'd have to work with and found it averaging a good six feet, clear-eyed, wonderfully nourished and healthy, with a history of playing "barn-door" basketball all its young life, he had such a strong hunch that this could be turned into a victorious team that he couldn't resist playing that hunch.

Marv Wood, who is only 26 years old, had been trained under the veteran Tony Hinkle, coach at Butler University and now president of the American Basketball Coaches Association; and was wise enough about basketball to know that it required more than faith to make a winner. So, with characteristic thoroughness, he set about developing what sports writers have now made famous as "Woody's cat-and-mouse technique."

Disgruntled losers have been known to call it a "stall," but it is really a highly controlled slow-motion game. To see Milan's fine physical specimens carry this mental exercise in restraint and judgment to its utmost possibilities is a revelation in will power and nerve.

"We don't freeze the ball," explains Coach Wood. "We take our time and work it in for good shots. This type of game gives the boys a chance to *think*, and thinking enables them to take advantage of the breaks. It's as simple as that. But it pays off."

With this last, both his friends and his opponents agree. They'll be telling in Indiana for years to come how during the final quarter of the 1954 championship game, with Muncie Central High School leading by two points, Milan actually retained the ball for 4 minutes and 14 seconds without even attempting to shoot. Later, with only 18 seconds left to play, the crowd in pandemonium and the score tied, Milan calmly called time!

Two years of patient, incessant, endless drilling on the part of Coach Wood to be deliberate, to think, to look for the break, and then—and only then—to act, were about to pay off. With three seconds left to go, Bobby Plump of Milan, as coolly as if he were practice-shooting in his own backyard, took aim and dropped in the winning basket.

"Marv's technique," says Willard Green, Milan Superintendent of Schools, "certainly turns out some fine basketball players. And we think it contains all the elements for turning out fine men as well."

A few minutes after his dramatic final shot, Bobby Plump was singled out for the tourney's greatest individual honor—the Arthur H. Trester Award—given each year by the Indiana High School Athletic Association to the player with "the best scholastic record and mental attitude." It was the first time that this trophy had ever gone to a player on the championship team.

Bobby won it, but it might with equal justice have been awarded to the team as a whole, for the majority of the Indians are leaders and honor students. As for the team's "mental attitude," attorney Bob Peak says, "Throughout the season I noticed that a boy would forsake a chance to shine, and pass the ball to a player in a little better position. That's teamwork!"

WHEN WOOD CAME to Milan with his "hunch," nobody else in the town shared it. The local citizens warmly supported their boys, of course, as they had always done; but they felt their team, which had done no more in 40 years than win an occasional sectional game, had as much chance of flying to the moon as of winning a championship.

But Marv Wood began urging "heads-up" ball and firmly inculcating the conviction that defeat is never inevitable. Practice and drill were incessant, while the townsfolk watched and cheered.

A month before his first 1953 sectional tourney, the coach startled the team by drawing up a program showing how Milan could go all the way to the finals. Everyone thought he was crazy. When subsequent events proved him right, team and town got behind him.

In 1954 they knew they could win—which is one reason why they did. The solid backing of Milan's citizenry was behind the team, and every player knew it.

When the season ended, the coach folded away his lucky green necktie till next year. People began to speak again of secondary things, like politics and the weather. The boys themselves settled down to books, home life and chores.

Back to Pierceville, a stone's throw from Milan, where there are 100 inhabitants and 100 fans, trouped three of the Champs—Gene White, Plump, and Rog Schroder. Nor were they above joining in the games at the homemade basketball court behind the Schroder residence.

"We've got lights," explained Rog proudly, "and we play every night. Our dads play, too, and our mothers are real fans. The little kids use the court afternoons."

A visiting reporter who had come to Milan to see what it had taken to make a championship team, reached this conclusion: "It all adds up to a few sweating, panting boys in the driveway, the backyard or a vacant lot somewhere in Indiana. That's where champions start—and that's where they plan to stay."

Doubly Blest

(Answers to brain twister on page 74)

JIM AND BOB are little boys in the second grade and are evidently identical in looks (2). The Merrits are not identical (5). The Morgan children must be in their teens at least, as Mr. Morgan died fifteen years ago. The Stearns and Stuart twins also are old enough for dates and dances (4). Jim and Bob are the Nelson twins.

Frank and Jean have a new baby brother (6). The Stearns have no other children but the twins (4). Mrs. Morgan has no young children as her husband died 15 years ago. The Merrits' youngest boy is in the second grade (2). Frank and Jean are the Stuart twins.

There are two sets of twins in one of the families. Ruth and Mary are siblings (children of the same parents) (3), but Ruth and Mary belong to different pairs of twins. Therefore the four girls, (Ruth and Naomi, Martha and Mary) belong in the same family. Martha and Mary are identical (7) whereas the Merrit twins are not identical, and the Stearns have only one pair. Mrs. Morgan is the mother of the four girls.

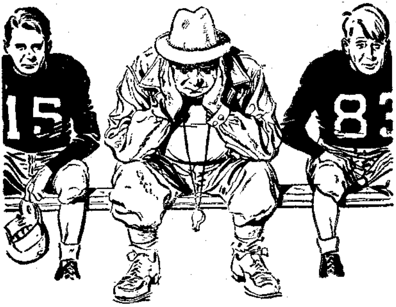
Henry and Harold are Cub Scouts (8) and therefore too young to be the Stearns twins. They are the Merrit twins.

The Stearns' twins are Charles and Leslie.

The Stearns twins "date" the Stuart twins, so they are evidently not all boys. Leslie and Jean are names which are given to either boys or girls, and "fraternal" twins are not necessarily of the same sex. Therefore, it is apparent that Frank and Jean and Charles and Leslie are two sets of brother-and-sister twins.

THE ONLY HOPE

by **Herman Hickman**



IN THE 1950 PRINCETON game during my third season as head football coach at Yale, we knew that the man we had to stop was Dick Kazmaier, the great All-American tailback. So I had Chuck Masters, our linebacker who called the defensive alignments, well instructed.

We had what we called our 61 defense all set to stop Kazmaier. Our left end was to let nothing go around him, playing all the way to the sideline, if necessary. Our left tackle was to loop-charge into their wingback to a position where he couldn't possibly be blocked in. Both of our guards were instructed to angle-charge to their left, where they couldn't be cut off. Our right tackle and right end were supposed to converge to their left. We knew that neither Kazmaier nor anyone else could make an end run or an off-tackle play against this defense.

Well, the first time Chuck Masters called 61, Kazmaier went 70 yards for a touchdown on an end run. Masters came back to the bench while we had the ball momentarily and said, "Well, Coach, what do we do next?"

With perfect poise, I said: "They are getting ready to run a reverse play. Throw 62 at them. Sixty-two will stop them cold."

Sixty-two is the exact reciprocal of 61. Well, the very first time Masters called 62, Kleinsasser went 50 yards for a touchdown on a reverse play.

Masters came back to the bench again while we had the ball for a few plays.

"Herman," he said (he had quit calling me "Coach" by then), "what do we do next?"

I said, with not so much poise this time, "Throw 63 at them. Sixty-three will stop them cold."

Well, 63 is our tight or converging type of defense. I knew that no team could run between tackle and tackle against this particular defense.

However, the very first time Masters called 63, Davison, Princeton fullback, ran 84 yards for a touchdown right up the middle.

By that time I was trying to dig a hole and get under the bench, but Masters found me and said, "What in God's name are we going to do next?"

I said, "Listen, Chuck, come over here next to me. Listen closely and repeat after me, 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven . . .' "

From *The Herman Hickman Reader*, by HERMAN HICKMAN. Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Herman Hickman.

Paul W. Litchfield used his company's land to help ambitious youngsters realize their dreams

Farmers by Goodyear

by **JOSEPH STOCKER**

WHEN HE ARRIVED in Arizona, Carlon Hinton was as broke as a sailor after shore leave. His immediate prospects were not exactly dazzling, either. He was going to work as a farm hand at $65 a month.

That was in March, 1940. Today, at 35, Carlon Hinton is worth $80,000. He tills 120 rich Arizona acres, milks a herd of 45 cows, lives in a $20,000 home and drives a station wagon.

He also has a pretty wife named Verna, who—like practically no other wife of a successful man—credits a considerable part of her husband's success to someone else. With gratitude, affection and the unhesitating concurrence of her husband, she describes that other person as being "quite a bit like Cinderella's godmother."

The comparison is pat, if a trifle incongruous. For the godmother is really a godfather. His name is Paul W. Litchfield, and, as chairman of the board of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, he is one of the world's foremost industrialists.

Litchfield's main job is making tires and related items. But his sideline is making independent farmers out of young men with ambition who, on their own, might never have succeeded for lack of another essential ingredient: opportunity. Litchfield gave them their opportunity by means of a unique enterprise which he calls his Apprentice Farmer Project.

Along the fringe of the Arizona desert, he divided 2,800 acres of

Goodyear-owned land into farms of 80 acres each. Then he invited boys from all over the country to come and learn how to run them. They would earn as they learned, until by gradual stages they worked their way to the reward he held out—full ownership of the 35 farms.

The idea for this project came to Paul Litchfield in 1936 as America was struggling to whip the Depression. He was worried about the survival of our free democratic capitalism. He felt that a dangerous trend had set in—the concentration of too much capital in the hands of big business. And he saw another dangerous trend developing—the concentration of too much capital in the hands of government.

America's future security, he believed, depended on getting some of that capital back into the hands of individuals, particularly independent farmers whom he considered to be the backbone of our nation.

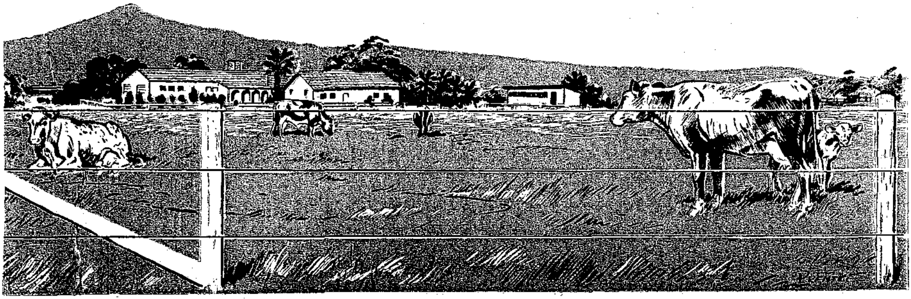
Two things happened which induced him to act. The first was the Dust Bowl farmers, forced to abandon their land and wander rootlessly across the country as migrant workers. "I wanted," says Litchfield, "to help reverse that process."

Then came the annual competition to choose the outstanding member of the Future Farmers of America. Litchfield served as one of the judges. He was tremendously impressed by the work that the youngsters were doing, and he began asking questions: "How many actually want to operate farms of their own? And how many will get them?"

The answers were not encouraging. Nearly all aspired to it. But just a few—mainly those whose families already owned farms—would realize their ambition. The rest would drift, frustrated, into something else.

In Litchfield's mind a plan took form. Goodyear owned 17,000 acres of fertile farm land in Arizona's Salt River Valley. The company had acquired the land during World War I to grow long-staple cotton for tire casings. After the war, Goodyear Farms—as the project was called—continued to operate for agricultural experimentation and as a purely commercial farm.

In a corner of the tract, however, were 2,800 acres which the company did not need. Litchfield decided to create a community of land-owning farmers there, and in



so doing lay down a pattern of farm colonization which anybody else—private corporation or government agency—might follow. And, with it all, he would help prove something he knew in his heart was still true: that capital and labor, left free to work together, could keep America strong.

Farm colonization schemes were old hat, of course, and most of them had failed. Litchfield thought he knew why—too little know-how, capital and incentive. Furthermore, they were based on the spurious premise of something-for-nothing. Paul Litchfield resolved to avoid these pitfalls.

WHEN THE Apprentice Farmer Project was ready, Litchfield sent the word out through FFA chapters and vocational agriculture teachers. Only two major specifications were laid down: each applicant must want to be a farmer more than anything else in the world, and he must be without means of attaining his goal.

The initial group of ten apprentices—most of them from poor families—arrived in 1937. Others followed. They came from 15 states and one foreign country—England; and went on the payroll of Goodyear Farms as laborers, tending stock, plowing and fencing the land.

Much of the acreage set aside for them was raw, forbidding desert. Toiling in the hot Arizona sun, they cleared away cactus, helped drill irrigation wells and fill in deep washes. They lived in cabins and ate in a mess hall. They were pioneers in the truest sense, pioneering the land *and* an idea.

Meanwhile the apprentices were schooled in everything they needed to know to become successful farmers. After a month, each was allowed to buy one cow on the installment plan. When half that debt was retired he could buy another cow, and so on until he had eight. He milked his cows in his spare time and sold the milk, paying interest on his indebtedness and a fee to pasture his cows.

"That pasturage fee hurt," says one of the young farmers. "But it made us see that the best way to avoid paying it was to own our own pastures."

When an apprentice was ready, the company let him select one of the 80-acre farms. He farmed it first as a sharecropper, then graduated to leaseholder. He paid so much per acre for the use of the land, plus an additional sum for water, hoping that with luck, good weather and plenty of sweat he could earn it back, and make a bit of profit to boot.

Once he became a lessee, Goodyear supplied the financing for him to acquire tools and machinery—at the prevailing rate of interest—and built a spare, frame house for him, so he could start raising a family as well as crops. It was located in most cases at a corner of his farm, adjoining the houses of three other lessees. That way each had neighbors, and they could share machinery, tools and labor.

Two apprentices, taking the cue, purchased a tractor jointly; two others a butane tank. The spirit of mutual self-help quickly caught on and the fledgling farmers organized a co-operative to buy machinery they could not afford individually and to market produce better than they could individually. What to call the co-op?

"Well," one apprentice thought aloud, "every time a new fellow comes on the project, we add a man, don't we?"

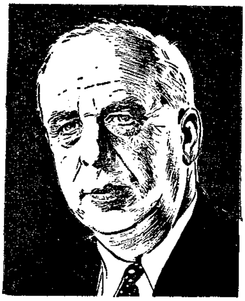
It became the Adaman Farms Co-operative. That was followed by the Adaman Mutual Water Company, which took over the irrigation wells owned by Goodyear—and the obligation of paying for them.

As soon as an apprentice acquired assets approximating 25 per cent of the value of his farm, he could start buying the farm on a 15-year contract. This was his last stage. When it was over, he was on his own.

From the very beginning, apprentices were under no obligation to Goodyear except to pay their debts and conform to the best farming techniques. Should a young farmer get into financial difficulties, Goodyear's top hands stood ready to do whatever they could (short of cancelling his debts).

An apprentice was always free to quit at any time, pocket his earnings and start up again somewhere else. Some found the going too tough, the weather too hot, or discovered that they were not so anxious to be farmers as they thought.

Hard luck might have eliminated Carlon Hinton if he had not had the fortitude to overcome it. Hinton's bad luck hit him in the form of appendicitis. While he was in the hospital, he lost his pick-up truck to the finance company. He borrowed money from Goodyear for his doctor bills (to be repaid at the rate of $40 a month from his $65 wage as a laborer). Then he borrowed another $40 to marry Verna and bring her to Arizona from their home town in Utah.


PAUL W. LITCHFIELD

With all that debt to weigh him down before he had fairly begun, the Goodyear people would not have bet a busted hoe handle on Hinton's chances of sticking it out. But he stuck. Verna pitched in to help with the farm work. By 1943 Hinton had a purchase contract for his 80 acres and, in addition, bought another 40.

Besides his station wagon, he now owns a truck, two tractors and a half-interest in a huge cotton-picking machine. The Hintons also have been successful on another score: they have five children.

Actually, World War II caused the greatest turnover among apprentices. Although Goodyear held their farms for those who were drafted, a number decided not to come back. And so new apprentices moved in to take their places.

One who returned was Jack Rogers, a strapping Mississippian who had stopped three Japanese bullets on Okinawa. When he showed up in 1946 to reclaim his farm, he told Litchfield, "I want to become one of the biggest farmers in Arizona."

He wasted no time. With a grubstake made in the postwar cotton boom, he paid off his contract years ahead of schedule, bought 40 acres from a Goodyear neighbor and another 320 acres adjoining the project. Then he acquired three farms totaling 800 acres near Willcox, in southeastern Arizona.

Jack Rogers today estimates his aggregate holdings at about $300,000. His payroll includes 20 full-time employees, and he has incorporated his flourishing operation under the name of T-Bone Ranches. If he is not yet one of the biggest farmers in Arizona, he seems to be heading in that direction.

All told, twelve apprentices have paid off their purchase contracts. (One—Ralph Hunt—was paid up within three years after he received his contract.) Sixteen farms are still operating under the purchase agreements, and seven are on lease. No new apprentices have moved onto the project since 1948.

In 17 years, Litchfield's apprentices have increased the value of the farms from about a quarter-million dollars to nearly a million and a half. They are operating no less than eight grade-A dairies and two grade-B dairies. The largest herd is 130 head. Five have built new homes. All are married and they have a total of 99 children.

"It's their best crop," says Litchfield.

Good neighborliness is a strong point among the farmers. When one falls ill, his neighbor does his plowing for him. If his wife is having a baby, the lady across the road comes over to do the washing.

Recently, the two-year-old daughter of an apprentice was stricken with leukemia. From the hospital the worried farmer telephoned headquarters to ask for blood donors.

Goodyear made just three calls and rounded up seven volunteers. "And," grinned a Goodyear official, "we were apologizing to everybody else for a week because we didn't call them."

Litchfield, now 79, is enormously proud of his crop of capitalists. To this practical, 20th-century counterpart of Cinderella's godmother, his apprentice farmers are proof that the American formula—opportunity plus incentive plus hard work add up to success—can function in good times and bad, in war and in peace.

"I feel that if I've ever done anything worthwhile during my life," says the world's biggest tire-and-rubber manufacturer, "this is one of the best things I've done."

The apprentices are inclined to put it a little more emphatically. Said one of them, "The only thing wrong with Paul Litchfield is that there aren't enough like him!"

Driven to It

I KNOW a town that's so small the speed cops have to hide behind each other.
—BOB HOPE

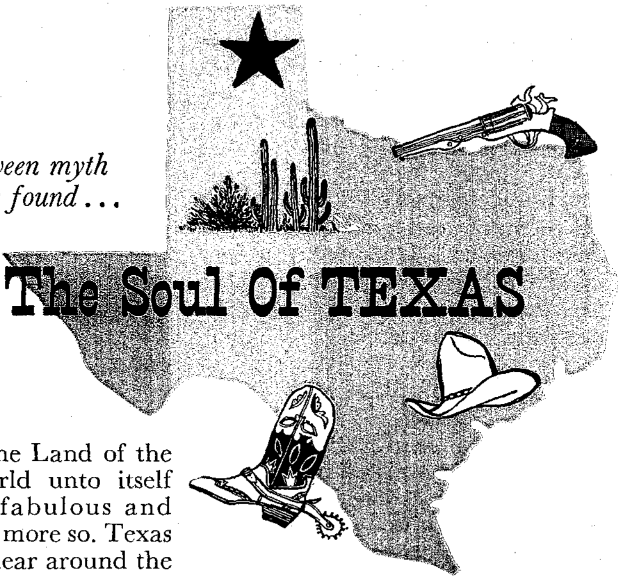
BE A CAREFUL driver. You know the kind of insurance forms you'll have to fill in if you're not.
—FRANCES RODMAN (*Quote*)

HERE'S A SIMPLE WAY to identify the owner of a car. He's the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.
—VAUGHN MONROE

by **EUGENE MILLER**

The difference between myth and fact can only be found . . .

Deep In The Soul Of TEXAS



TEXAS IS CALLED the Land of the Big Rich, a world unto itself whose fables are fabulous and whose facts are even more so. Texas legends have gone clear around the world. To the Ethiopian native as well as the Australian sheepherder, Texas is a never-never-land of fantastic size, wealth and people.

The typical Texan is envisioned as a tall, rangy cowboy of the Gary Cooper stamp, who feels naked without a pair of $100 boots on his feet and an equally expensive ten-gallon hat on his head. His female counterpart, so the legend goes, is a long-legged gal of the Ann Sheridan species, who looks as smart in her cowboy togs as she does wearing a Jacques Fath original, with a $50,000 mink on her shoulder.

Even without the distinctive clothes, the story-book Texan is easy to spot. He's a dead give-away everytime he opens his mouth or pocketbook. When it comes to talking, there's no stopping him when he's bragging about his favorite subject, which, of course, is Texas. And no such discourse would be complete without the repeated use of such adjectives as "best," "biggest" and "nothing like it anywhere."

As for his pocketbook, it's fat as a steer. For the legendary Texan is a wheeler-dealer oilman who counts his millions by the dozens, and spends his wealth with a lavish hand. He pours his money into splashy parties, million-dollar mansions and block-long cars. And when he's not driving his air-conditioned Cadillac, he's probably piloting his own DC-3 up to New York for a weekend of nightclubbing.

This story-book Texan also has a reputation of being a rough-tough brawler, who subsists on sizable quantities of beefsteak and bourbon. His only short suits are education and culture, and the only reason he takes a back seat there is because he's too busy making and spending his millions.

These lush legends of Texans and their State have been told, retold and embellished until they have become part of the gospel of the Great Republic. The only trouble is—they aren't true!

What is the truth—the difference between fact and fiction? How can the "outsider" be made to understand what Texans are really like? The only way is to strip away the glamour and myth and see where the facts begin.

Take, for example, the picture of a Texan as a long, lean cowboy. The long and lean part ring true, but today's Texan is no cowboy. In fact, most Texans live in the cities now, and even those on the ranch usually prefer jeeps to horses.

The cowboy legend, however, is going out slowly. Texans have a warm spot in their hearts for the State's heroic cowboy figures and strive hard to perpetuate this colorful breed. One evidence of this is the dozens of honorary posse groups that exist to keep alive the riding and shooting skills of the old-timers. Also, the big hats, handmade boots and fancy-buckled belts are still in evidence, especially in West Texas. Even the most sophisticated Texan probably owns a wardrobe of cowboy clothes, if only for kicks.

Western clothes aside, the typical Texan is a mediocre to average dresser. The fly in the ointment is the weather. A Texas summer day would wilt even a $250 suit. And in some parts of the State, where high temperatures and humidity last more than half the year, it's no wonder dress tends to be informal. As a result, in summertime it's not unusual to see many Texans show up for work without coats, or wearing sports shirts

While Texas men don't rate tops on the fashion ladder, Texas women do better. The average Texas woman keeps in fashion pretty well. Dallas women, with an assist from the fashion stores there, don't have to play second fiddle to anyone when it comes to modish dress.

LEAVING THE REALM of appearance and dress, let's look at the legend of the boasting Texan. This is one that holds up. Texans love to boast about their State. The thing to understand here is that Texans actually believe their State stands head and shoulders above the other 47 and don't see any reason to hide this information. And the truth is that much of their boasting is based on a very hard core of fact.

The boasting revolves about three things: the State's vast geography, unique history and spectacular mineral wealth. For example, Texas is so big that it's hard for an "outsider" to envision its size. Actually, all of New England could be poured within its borders and there would be enough room left over to sandwich in another half-dozen States. Not only is Texas big, but its scenery is diverse. The Panhandle is a huge canvas of treeless plain. West Texas is a sea of deserts and dunes, while East Texas is black soil and pine trees. The Gulf Coast is bayou-dotted flat lands, while further south, the Lower Rio Grande Valley is a garden of green plants and orange blossoms.

The State also has every type of weather in the book. Within its borders you can find the hottest, coldest, wettest and driest weather. A rancher can freeze in the Panhandle while a secretary suns herself on a Corpus Christi beach. In Brewster County, farmers rarely see rain; in Orange County, the downpour totals 50.41 inches a year.

Not only does Texas have more than a fair share of hurricanes, floods, tornadoes and droughts, but it has a specialty of its own, "the blue norther," which can shove a thermometer down 40 degrees in a few hours' time.

Texas history has the unique touch, too. For one thing, six flags have flown over the State. For another, Texas was a Republic before it joined the Union, and when it did come in, its officials were smart enough to retain rights to all public lands—a foresight that has meant billions of dollars in income to the State.

And if history and geography aren't enough to impress Texans with the stature of their State, the State's mineral resources can always do the trick. Texas has far more mineral wealth than any other State. Oil is its principal mineral and Texas produces a billion barrels a year—almost half the country's supply and a $2.7-billion crop.

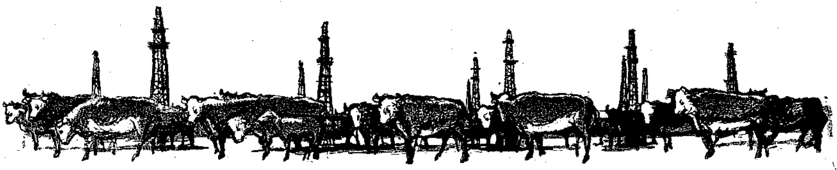
But oil isn't Texas's only stock in trade. It is the country's largest producer of natural gas and sulphur, and is loaded with such raw materials as limestone, salt and lignite. It likewise has a treasure house in its iron, copper and mercury deposits, and right now Geiger counters are clicking throughout the State as geologists hunt uranium.

This wealth of raw materials has brought industries in by droves. This, in turn, has kept the State's economy booming—one reason Texans have little or no worries about depressions or recessions. Interestingly enough, though Texas is tremendously wealthy, the typical Texan is not as rich as legend would make one believe. The average family man makes $2,800 a year, slightly below the national average. Only three per cent make over $10,000 a year.

The myth that all Texans are wealthy stems from several factors. For one thing, even on $2,800 a year, a Texan can live reasonably well. His money probably goes further than it would elsewhere; he probably owns a home, a car and land he can move around in. The other fact is that in the three-per-cent figure are included some of the country's wealthiest citizens.

Texas is loaded with millionaires. Houston alone has an estimated 132, and Dallas isn't far behind. And a Texas millionaire usually does much better than just make the qualifying one million dollars. Most of them are in the $10-million and up category.

And again, legend to the contrary, all the money isn't in oil. True, many of the wealthiest Tex-



ans are oilmen. But plenty of other fortunes—particularly the older ones—have been piled up in lumber, cotton and cattle. And many recent fortunes have been made in insurance and in real estate.

Though oil isn't the lodestone for all Texas wealth, most Texans dream about the day they can strike it rich in oil. Everyone, from the $35-a-week clerk to the top millionaire, begins breathing heavily when the talk turns to oil. For the oil business is set up so both can take a fling. The clerk may get in by risking $100 on buying a tiny piece of royalty interest; the millionaire perhaps by plunging $100,000 into drilling a wildcat well. If oil is hit, both are in the chips.

"THE UNKNOWN LIFE OF ALY KHAN"
An intimate portrait in text and pictures of the man who is Prince to many Moslems and Prince Charming to many girls. In November Coronet.

Oil is also responsible for Texans' reputation as being free-wheeling and unorthodox in business dealings. The way some Texans do business would shake Boston financiers to their roots. Multi-million-dollar deals have been scribbled on a tablecloth and formalized by a handshake. In fact, some of the biggest oil deals have been put together over a cup of coffee in the Esperson Building drugstore in Houston, which serves as an informal business mecca for oilmen.

With such a large crop of millionaires, it's not surprising to find a sizable number of high-stepping spenders in Texas. And these are the Texans who make the newspaper headlines and help create the legend of the fantastic spenders.

But these splashy spenders handle their fortunes no differently than the high-flying Pittsburgh iron and steel barons and New York railroad tycoons did 75 years ago. The big difference is that Texas seems to be the only place in the country where this sort of big money is still floating around.

The big spenders represent only a very small percentage of Texas's Big Rich. By and large, Texas tycoons are a shy, retiring lot who probably spend less on fancy trips, clothes and yachts than millionaires anywhere else. In fact, many of the State's wealthiest figures are unknown even to Texans.

On the other hand, it is true that Texans do put great store in big automobiles. The sizable number of Cadillacs you see in Texas is evidence of this. However, the emphasis on big cars is not so much from the flashy standpoint as it is from the practical. In a vast, sprawling State like Texas, a heavy, fast car makes traveling an easier chore. For the same reason, Texans dote on private planes. Many businessmen often have to get across the State—a matter of 800 to 1,000 miles—in a day. The only way they can do this is by taking to the air.

Even more than cars, Texans splurge on their homes. The rich have big homes and the poor have the biggest they can afford. The reason Texans are so home-minded is that they are basically stay-at-homes. A Texan would rather entertain friends at home, or cook barbecue in the backyard for his family, than go traipsing off to

New York, Paris or anywhere else.

This picture of a Texan as a home-loving man doesn't jibe with the legendary figure of the brawling, two-fisted drinking Texan. However, the days of the fast-shooting gunmen and the iron-fisted oilmen who used to be law unto themselves have long disappeared. That doesn't mean that Texas is lily-white and viceless. Law officers still have to worry with plenty of gambling, dope-peddling, prostitution, burglaries and murders. However, in Texas, crime is purely a local affair. The big mobs and syndicates that operate in New York, Chicago and on the West Coast haven't tried to move into Texas, and chances are they won't. While Texans can apparently stomach their own criminals, they give every indication of fighting to the death to keep any "foreign" mobsters out.

As for drinking, there's a goodly number of Texans who can still drink their bourbon straight and by the bottleful. But the nation's distilleries would go broke if they counted heavily on Texas consumption. For one thing, some 40 per cent of adult Texans are teetotalers. For another, more than half the State's 254 counties are "dry."

Likewise, the story-book Texan's love of beefsteak is a little deceiving. It's true that Texans are big beef-eaters, but their craving for good meat isn't any different than that of Americans anywhere. And the joker is that most of the beef Texans eat is not Texas beef but the same Kansas City beef sold everywhere else in the country.

Once we erase as myth the picture of a Texan as a brawler and drinker, the question arises: which adjectives really describe the Texan's personality? Probably some of the best would be generous, democratic and God-fearing. Texans for the most part are big givers. Houston, for example, ranks 14th in population, but in amount of money given to charitable foundations is outranked only by New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

Democratic manners show up in both business and social life. Most visitors are surprised at the ease with which they can get in to see the State's wealthy. And socially, Texas society is not as carefully delineated into various strata as elsewhere. What society life there is flowers about the country clubs, which come in all sizes and pocketbook ranges. Everybody seems to get along with minimum snobbery and maximum harmony.

THE FACT THAT TEXANS are religious people surprises many "outsiders." The truth is, three out of every five Texans are church members. While Baptists are the chief religious group, and Methodists second, big and beautiful churches of all denominations dot the skyline.

Another interesting facet of a Texan's personality is his yen for the military life. A high percentage of Army, Navy and Air Force career officers are Texans, while Texas A. and M. College, with the largest Army ROTC unit in the country, is second only to West Point in turning out regular Army officers.

Politically speaking, Texans are conservatives. Part of this stems from the fact Texas includes some of the last remnants of the rugged individualists who once abounded in this country. Texans generally want to be left alone to "wheel and deal" as they choose, with a minimum of interference and restrictions.

In separating the fact from fiction, it's also important to expose as a hoax the legend of Texas cultural and educational inferiority. It is accurate to say that Texans got off to a slow start in both fields, but today they are making giant strides in both directions, and if enthusiasm and money can do the trick, Texans soon won't have to take off their hats to anyone.

Texans have already done well in music. Fourteen cities have their own orchestras. Tops among them is Houston's 85-piece symphony, which has a $400,000-a-year budget and a brilliant new conductor in Ferenc Fricsay, formerly with the Berlin Radio in American Sector Symphony. Texans are also warming up to opera and the ballet. The Metropolitan Opera and Ballet Russe take note of this by usually making a point to include Texas in their tours. And when the Met is in Dallas, 50- to 100-car caravans head there from small towns 100 to 200 miles away, just to see the opera.

In the field of the drama Texans have pioneered in the theater-in-the-round movement, and three theaters, Margo Jones' Theater 54 in Dallas, and the Playhouse and Alley Theaters in Houston, have won national reputations.

Art is coming to the fore, too. Fort Worth, Dallas and Houston are all in the process of building up impressive museums. Not long ago, Houston's Allied Arts Festival brought down $200,000 worth of old masters for public showing. In the literary field, critics have commented enthusiastically on the fresh new spirit of Texas writers. Some of the State's top authors include Garland Roark, Frank Dobie, Warren Leslie, Tom Lea and Stanley Walker.

Texans don't take a back seat in education, either. One reason is the tremendous contributions schools get from Texas's Big Rich. Many of the biggest givers—men like Jesse Jones and Hugh Roy Cullen—didn't have the chance themselves to finish even public school. Yet their gifts attest to the fact they value the fruits of education highly.

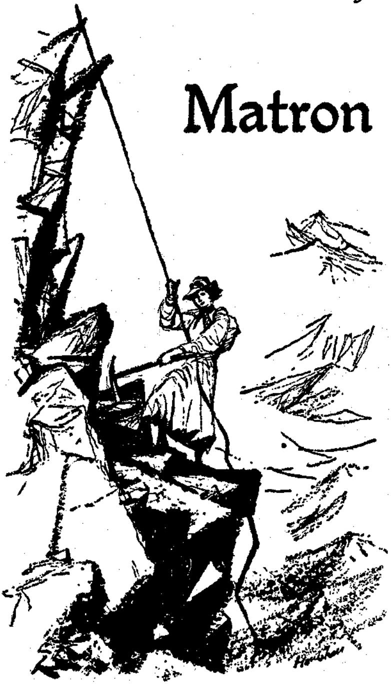
Having completed the bill of particulars, comparing fiction with fact, there's one obvious conclusion that can be drawn. Texans basically are no different than the other 155,000,000 Americans. What differences there are stem from the unique size, wealth and history of the State, which gives Texans a completely different frame of reference than that of Americans living elsewhere.

John Ben Shepperd, Texas' brilliant young attorney general, once said a real Texan was a "laughing, bragging, God-fearing, hardworking character, with a terrific sense of humor and a vision of greatness which is a natural reflection of his dominion over the vast, valuable and sometimes cantankerous expanse of Texas."

Many Texans say amen to this. But I think a Chicago friend of mine summed it up best after making a visit to Texas. "Frankly," he told me upon leaving, "when you invited me down here, I had no idea Texans would turn out to be like people anywhere—only more so!"

Almost 50 years ago, a plain middle-aged woman challenged the Himalayas and won

Matron of the Mountain



by **ALFRED KAY**

FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN was wearing, appropriately for her day, a large and cumbersome round bonnet secured by pins to her ample hair. The collar of her blouse was high, held tight by a silken scarf. Her skirt was full, with no suggestion of the limbs beneath—"limbs" being the proper word for her era.

Hers was the accepted costume for a picnic beside a quiet river. But this day in March, 1906, Fanny Workman was on no picnic. Her feet moved purposefully through snow and her head was bowed against the bitter winds of a Himalayan mountain ridge.

A blouse and bonnet among the highest mountains of the world seems ridiculous, but only through the perspective of years. Actually, Mrs. Workman's assault on 23,300-foot Pinnacle Peak was one of the greatest mountaineering exploits of all time.

Mrs. Workman was a plain, matronly woman; her face was round, her jaw set in the same square lines as her body. Her mouth, which pulled down slightly at the corners, gave her an austere look.

Nor was the lady young, and this fact makes her accomplishments even the more astounding. For in climbing among the world's most lofty peaks, the pulse rate increases rapidly and the strain on the lungs is immense. When Mrs. Workman reached altitudes no woman, and few men, had reached before, she was white-haired, 47, and a mother!

Fanny Bullock was born in Worcester in 1859, the daughter of a Massachusetts governor. Her early education was of a genteel sort, designed to make her more at ease in a drawing room than on the end of a climbing rope. Her life changed when she married Dr. William Hunter Workman, also a native of Worcester. To outward appearances Dr. Workman was a staid, successful physician. Yet, like Sherlock Holmes' Dr. Watson, he was all too willing to close his office whenever there was a prospect of adventure. The pretext he used was ill health—though he made difficult mountain ascents at 56 and lived to the age of 91.

The Workmans paid their initial visit to the Himalayas in 1899, following the lure of unmapped lands. One day they saw through a rift in the clouds the Nun Kun range, an offshoot of the main Himalayan spine. No climber had ever set foot on its ridges.

They did not then have adequate supplies or equipment for an assault on the Nun Kun, but the looks they gave each other were firm promises to return. And this they did, accompanied by two Italian mountain guides and six porters, as well as a large group of native bearers.

The approach to Nun Kun was through a fairly well-known region, but it took three hours for all supplies and people to cross the river. Natives deserted in the night, taking needed supplies; others became ill at higher altitudes. Yet Fanny Workman kept on at a firm, unvaried pace.

Reaching the base of the range, without hesitation they chose the mountain they would climb—Pinnacle Peak, a steep and massive slab of mist-covered rock and ice.

The remaining native bearers could not be induced to go higher and complained of racking coughs and headaches. The Workmans and their Italian guides and porters pushed on and set up camp at an altitude of 21,600 feet, higher than anybody had ever bivouacked before.

For three sleepless nights they remained there, enveloped in a thick mist that brought intense heat by day and temperatures of as much as 32 degrees below freezing at night. Day and night, icicles blown from a nearby glacier swept down the slopes, sharp as spears.

But all survived, and on the fourth day started the final assault. It was a climb over pitches of glazed ice that fell away 3,000 feet, over rocks that slanted downward like tiles on a roof. Two tense hours later, after circling avalanches and crevasses, Fanny Workman reached the summit of Pinnacle Peak.

Since then, other mountaineers have gone higher, but with detailed maps, careful reconnaissance and such equipment as oxygen masks and aluminum ladders. Now, they have at last climbed mighty Everest, highest mountain in the world. But 48 years ago a lady came within 5,700 feet of that altitude—a lady in a bonnet and a silken scarf.

Looks Deceive

HARRY HANSEN, the book critic, was showing the New York sights, from the top of the Empire State Building, to a Nebraska farm girl.

"Down there," Harry pointed, "—J. P. Morgan's house—the Chrysler Building—Radio City and Central Park. There's the Great White Way and yonder the Queen Mary heads toward the open sea.

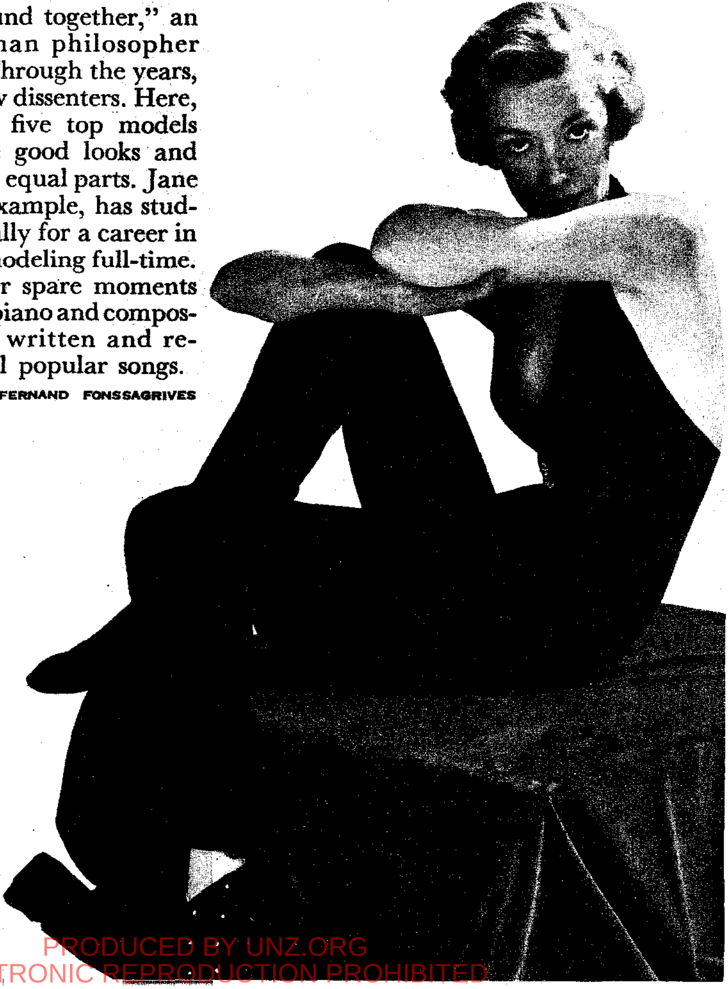
The lass observed all, then remarked, "I guess all towns look pretty much alike, don't they?" —BENNETT CERF

Picture Story

Beauty and Brains

"BEAUTY AND WISDOM are seldom found together," an ancient Roman philosopher once wrote. Through the years, he has had few dissenters. Here, however, are five top models who combine good looks and intelligence in equal parts. Jane Gilbert, for example, has studied methodically for a career in music while modeling full-time. She crams her spare moments—practicing piano and composing. She has written and recorded several popular songs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FERNAND FONSSAGRIVES



At class, Dorothy weaves on her loom.

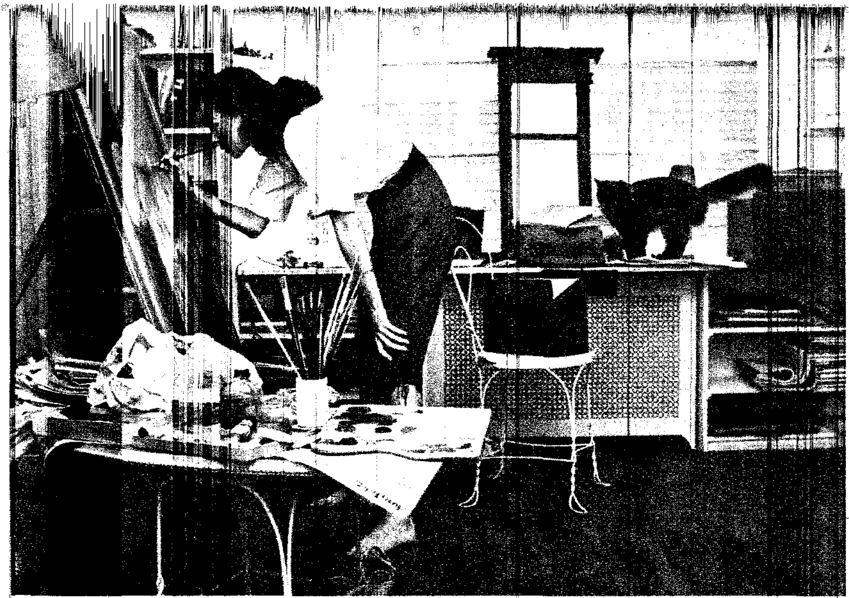
"A model must have a sense of humor."

DOROTHY TIVIS and Jane Gilbert hail from the same home town, Fargo, North Dakota. There, Dorothy's life was, if anything, versatile ("Whenever I became discouraged, Mother would say, 'Change; try everything.' "). She taught puppetry, directed city recreation programs, covered society and police beats for a newspaper and stumped for Democratic candidates. In New York, working in United Press' foreign news division, she was spotted on a train platform by a fashion editor, who offered her a modeling job—and a new career began. After 10 years of high fashion modeling, Dorothy is preparing for a different future. "I'm really very lazy," she smiles with characteristic openness, but her schedule refutes it. She attends textile-design classes, weaving her own patterns at home in spare moments. She also does some interior decorating, and designs sportswear and lingerie—and goes off fishing whenever she can.

She attends class four nights a week.

Victoria von Hagen spends every moment away from photographers' lights studying mathematics and reading French ("So much important work in mathematics is done in France."). She also runs an apartment for her husband and three Siamese cats. Serious and earnest, she says, "I picked up my scientific interests from my explorer-father, and these led to mathematics—the key to everything in science." Vicki started modeling because "for the time spent, the remuneration was best," and found she enjoyed it: "I like to play different parts—and a model must be an accomplished actress."

Vicki, holding model of a geometric form, says: "Math gave me discipline."



Hobbies: painting and cooking specialties ("Chicken Royal") in all-pink studio.

Work: "I want to make writing my life."

ROYAL WHITAKER began modeling to pay for her dancing lessons while she was a protégée of the Ballet Russe. A riding injury called a stop to ballet, and she turned to full-time modeling. But she is serious about writing, and has completed a book of blank verse ("It's the story of a love affair."), an outline for a novel, six short stories ("But they aren't ready yet; I keep polishing them.") and a ballet synopsis. She wants to cover "all aspects of writing, including children's stories." Royal admires Hemingway because "he writes exactly the way he talks—and that's the way I write." On her exotic (and high-income-earning) looks, she is quite positive: "I'm not pretty. I always like to look nice—clean, well-groomed, healthy and sort of fun."

Maggie on nursing: "I like people."

MAGGIE PIERCE came to New York from Michigan, studied at Bellevue Hospital and in three years became a registered nurse. While Maggie was working in a hospital, a friend suggested that she try modeling. She walked into an agency—and into a photographer's studio. Now equipped with two careers, Maggie finds compensation in both. She still devotes several days a month to nursing; surgery particularly fascinates her. "When I'm a model," she says, "everything is gay and lovely; when I'm a nurse, I can give some of that gaiety and warmth to people who need it."

Junior models always laugh or smile in photos—easy for a light-hearted girl.

Dr. Felix Joel Underwood turned his disease-ridden State into a model of public health

Mississippi's Medical Giant

by **ALLEN RANKIN**

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO a country doctor named Felix Joel Underwood rebelled against the fact that his native Mississippi was a swampy, mosquito-clouded, pestilence area—the unhealthiest State in the Union. At 38, he determined to do all he could to change matters. At a financial sacrifice, he dropped his private practice and became a full-time public-health servant.

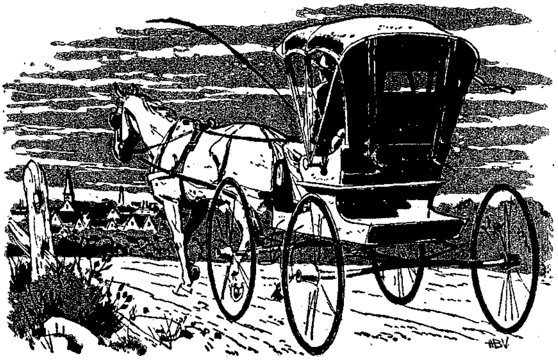
Today, thanks largely to his decision, Mississippi is a model of fine medical practices. Though still one of the poorest of States financially, it has become a national pace-setter in the field of public health.

The man behind this near miracle is, at 71, still a dark-haired, handsome and vital figure who looks more like a senator than like a one-time horse-and-buggy doctor. In his three decades as Public Health Officer of his State, he has become a spectacular example of how much one individual—when backed by cooperative governors and legislatures—can accomplish for his people. Last year, he received the coveted Lasker Award which the American Public Health Association presents only to its most distinguished leaders.

"Good Lord, Doc!" a recent governor exclaimed to Underwood, "do you mean to tell me this State didn't have but one death from typhoid fever this year? It's unbelievable!"

And so it was, considering the depths from which the State had risen. Today, typhoid has all but reached the vanishing point. Malaria has become so rare that the State offers a $10 prize to any doctor who can find a case within its boundaries! It's the same story with a dozen other one-time killers that Underwood and his 800 health workers have defeated.

A less ambitious man than Underwood could have rested on his



laurels by 1921. For 12 years, he had been a classic "country doctor" in his native Monroe County. He was happily married to pretty Beatrice Tapscott. And finally, he was remarkably successful, making $8,000 a year—a fortune for those days.

But he was depressed by the primitive conditions that handicapped him and other M.D.s: the critical doctor shortage; the near non-existence of good hospitals; the endless lists of diseases that plagued half the population.

"I want to *prevent* diseases, not try to cure them after they happen," he told his wife.

So he took the county health officer's job at a drastic cut in pay. In four years he was public-health chief of his State, serving 1,850,000 fellow Mississippians.

It was with personal vengeance that he struck his first great blow in their behalf. As a boy of ten, Felix had seen his mother die needlessly from blood poisoning contracted in childbirth. He was determined that other women would not so needlessly die.

In 1921, there were 6,000 midwives in Mississippi, most of them ignorant of their art and many of them diseased. Today, only 1,800 midwives remain, and these meet high standards. All serious maternity cases must be handled by physicians.

While settling this personal score, Underwood faced up to the nightmare that was Mississippi medicine in general. A frightening doctor shortage allowed only one physician for every 2,500 people. But how could young doctors, educated elsewhere, be expected to return to this land, almost barren of hospitals and medical equipment?

"This is the twentieth century!" Underwood roared. "We must have more regard for human life!"

His State Legislature answered—with money for hospitals. Soon there will not be a muddy byway anywhere in Mississippi that is not within easy range of good medical care. Meanwhile, Mississippi's "Come Home, Doc" program, led by Underwood, is second to none in the nation.

"A 10-DAY DIET TO LOSE 10 POUNDS"

A physician reveals a safe and easy way to lose a pound a day and enjoy your meals as you do it. In November Coronet.

A few years ago, the village of Purvis blinked at its good fortune. Why had bright young Dr. Lloyd Z. Broadus chosen to return to his hometown to practice? He happened to be the first of a phalanx of new doctors now being trained under Mississippi's pace-setting "Get out in the country where you're needed" plan. The State will now lend up to $5,000 to its most promising would-be doctors—this to attend any medical school of their choice. In return, students must agree to practice for their first two years in an approved community of 5,000 people or less.

For every year they stay in the "backwoods," they wipe out $1,000 of their loan. Thus, if they stick it out for five years, their medical education is free.

"But," Underwood argues, "the best way to keep good doctors at home is to fix it so they won't have to leave in the first place." That is why he helped promote and plan Mississippi's own four-year medical school. This, plus a 350-bed training hospital, is now being built in the state capital, Jackson.

When Underwood, years ago, began agitating for full-time county health programs, only eight of the State's 82 counties had such protection. "Clinics" were mostly tin-roofed shacks. One was a jail too shabby to hold prisoners anymore. Today all clinics are adequate, and 50 of them are bright, spacious, modern buildings.

Years ago, Underwood wrenched state medicine out of the grasp of political favor-seekers and givers. Through his urging, legislation was enacted which placed it under a member board, nominated by the State Medical Association and the State Dental Association and appointed by the governor on a staggered term basis, so that no one governor appoints a majority of the board during his term. He clapped his department under a rigid merit system so that jobs can be obtained only through competitive examinations. This freedom from politics has been a master key to Underwood's success in health pioneering.

Another is his pet theory: "Never force people to do anything you can persuade or educate them to do." In 1929, Health Chief Underwood was the first victim to be felled by an outbreak of undulant fever that struck Jackson. The outbreak, caused by unpasteurized milk, grew widespread. The mayor was anxious to pass an ordinance forbidding the sale of raw milk. But from his hospital bed, Underwood advised: "No, wait. Let's see if we can educate the people into avoiding raw milk."

To undertake this without the law on his side was a dangerous thing to do at the time. Birmingham's health officer had just been kidnapped and brutally lashed—presumably for opposing raw-milk sellers. Yet Underwood launched a vigorous educational campaign against raw milk over the radio, and in the press.

He and education won out. Today, 99 per cent of all milk sold in Jackson is pasteurized. "People co-operate on anything only after they're convinced it's for their own good," says Underwood. "If we had forced their decision, they'd still probably be bootlegging raw milk just for spite!"

AT 71, DR. UNDERWOOD is still probably the busiest man in the Old Capitol building. But he is one of those people who can do 48 hours' work in 24 by appearing to be leisurely. Dozens of people line up in front of his door each day. Somehow, Underwood manages to see and talk to them all, and to give each the impression he has plenty of time for each problem—which oddly enough, he has.

Small wonder that the Doc hasn't taken a vacation in 35 years, though he insists on one for everyone else. Nor has he had time to run for the governorship that many political experts believe he could still have for the asking. He is a man with a one-track mind—public health. And there is no great expanse or small corner of it in which he does not loom large.

Cancer? Underwood traditionally heads his State's fund-raising drives to fight it. He has insisted on one of the most practical and generous cancer programs in the country. "We want *treatment*, not just education and research for cancer!" he demands, and the people get it.

In Mississippi, the pauper—if his case is considered curable—receives, entirely free, the same hospital care and surgery as the millionaire. "Terminal" or hopeless cases get more medical attention and comfort than in most other States.

Polio? In 1950, Underwood was elected king of the Jackson Junior League carnival ball. When his "queen" was unveiled, he was startled to see that she was a girl who had once been considered a hopeless polio cripple. Yet she was walking down the aisle toward him—without benefit of crutches! It was the town's gesture to thank him for his work in fighting polio's periodical outbreaks.

Venereal diseases? Mississippi boasts the first State Fever Therapy Hospital in the nation for the treatment of syphilis of the brain and nervous system. Tuberculosis? Deaths have been cut by 85 per cent. Each county has its own x-ray machine to follow up on the x-ray findings of two rolling T.B. units that have x-rayed virtually the entire Mississippi population.

On the occasion of his 25th anniversary as Health Officer, hundreds of Underwood's friends, including the governor, presented him with a luxurious automobile with golden keys. He parked it in the garage of his modest home, where it has remained ever since except for special state occasions. The Doc still rumbles around in his old sedan.

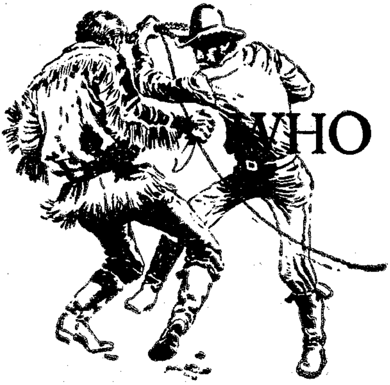
Many times through the years he has turned down jobs paying him several times his Mississippi salary. After 30 years of "raises," he still makes only $9,350 a year. But Underwood's "pay" has come in simple things: in rare moments stolen to shoot his favorite shotgun or pat his best bird dog; in raising a successful son; in seeing the gratitude of a healthier and happier people.

How much can one man with a one track life do for his State? It's still a moot question. For Felix Joel Underwood's life seems far from over. And he will tell you, with a flash in his eye, "Mississippi's medical march is just beginning!"

Celebrities, USA

Douglas (*Ariz.*) MacArthur (*W. Va.*)
Omar (*W. Va.*) Bradley (*Ill.*)
Dale (*Ky.*) Carnegie (*Okla.*)
Ely (*Minn.*) Culbertson (*Mont.*)
Thomas (*W. Va.*) Dewey (*S. Dak.*)
Eugene (*Ore.*) O'Neill (*Neb.*)
Perry (*Iowa*) Como (*Miss.*)
Meredith (*N. H.*) Wilson (*N. C.*)
Nelson (*Wisc.*) Eddy (*Texas*)
Sloan (*N. Y.*) Simpson (*Pa.*)
Helen (*Md.*) Hayes (*La.*)
Henry (*Ill.*) Fonda (*N. Y.*)
Raymond (*N. H.*) Massey (*Md.*)
George (*N. C.*) Burns (*Ore.*)
Roy (*N. Mex.*) Rogers (*Ark.*)
Shelley (*Idaho*) Winters (*Tex.*)
Spencer (*Mass.*) Tracy (*Cal.*)
Tyrone (*Pa.*) Power (*Mont.*)
Cary (*N. C.*) Grant (*Va.*)
Virginia (*Minn.*) Mayo (*Fla.*)
Gary (*Ind.*) Cooper (*Tex.*)

—ARTHUR RAMO



THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FORGET

by DON MCNEILL

ALL THE WORLD knows what happened to the ill-fated Donner Party that left Springfield, Illinois, in 1846 and was trapped by an early winter on the snow-covered slopes of the Sierra Nevadas. However, few have heard of James Reed, the original organizer of the famous wagon train or of what happened to him.

Three weeks before their horrible ordeal of maddening hunger and death began for the luckless pioneers, the good and kindly Reed, one of their trusted leaders, returned from a scouting expedition to find a heated argument going on between two drivers, Milt Elliot and John Snyder. Elliot was angry with Snyder for the way he whipped his cattle as he tried to hurry them up a steep hill.

As Reed interrupted the quarrel, Snyder suddenly turned on him in a savage burst of temper and snarled, "Keep out of this, Reed!"

"Take it easy, John," said Reed. "We'll settle this when we get to the top of the hill."

"No," Snyder cried with a curse. "We'll settle it right now!"

Springing at Reed, he hit him a heavy blow with the butt of his whip. Reed's frightened wife threw herself between the two men. As she did so another blow aimed at Reed struck her on the shoulder. Reed, enraged, pulled his hunting knife, lunged at Snyder and stabbed him. Minutes later, Snyder was dead.

That night a meeting was held to decide Reed's fate. The majority proclaimed the deed murder and demanded that Reed pay the supreme penalty; the rest argued that his actions were forgivable under the circumstances. It was finally decided that Reed should leave the train. After tearful farewells to his family, Reed rode away.

What later took place is now history. Unable to clear the summit of the Sierras, the company was caught by an October blizzard. It was not until February that rescuers from Sutter's Fort in California were able to fight their way through the heavy snows and bring the few pitiful survivors back across the mountains to safety.

Only 45 of the original 81 lived to reach their goal. But among them was the entire family of James Reed, who had formed the train to start with. As for Reed, it was he who led the rescue party!

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC Radio-TV, Monday through Friday.

A man who played under him at USC pays tribute to . . .

HOWARD JONES: Immortal Coach

by Valentine S. Hoy
as told to Keith Monroe

MEN WHO LEARNED from him are scattered all over the West, coaching big teams and little teams. They do not teach the old-style football he taught. But they try to be the kind of man he was.

On the campus they still speak of him. But he died in harness 13 years ago, and there aren't so many around Bovard Field now who go back that far. However, the men on the Coast who played big-time football in the 1920s and '30s will never forget him.

Howard Harding Jones was more than a great coach. He was a man who lived by the austere Roman tradition: "Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

Some coaches play to win, never mind how. Jones played to win, but it had to be clean. Football men know how much that cost him sometimes.

When Jones was head coach at the University of Southern California, you didn't have to be a first-string player to know that he was a man of terrifying integrity. It was plain to the fans and faculty and water-boys. It was plain to an obscure third-stringer, like me. Coach Jones never noticed me much—except maybe the day I tried to punch an assistant coach in the mouth.

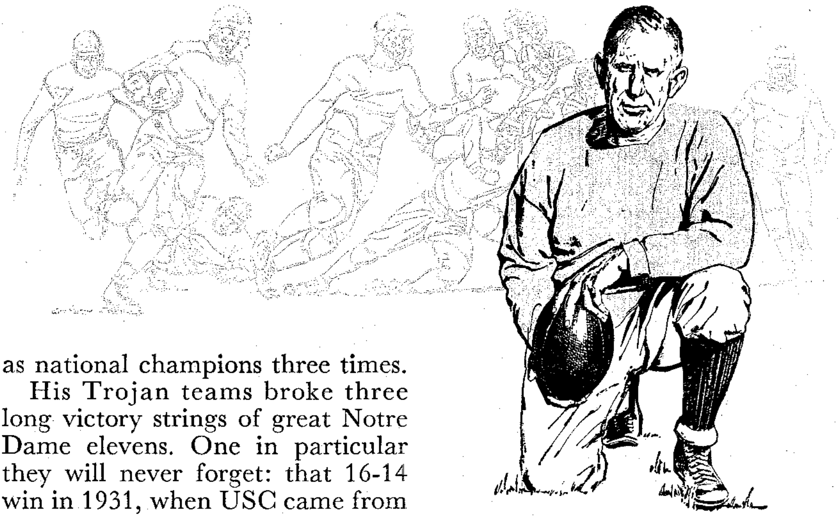
It happened during scrimmage. The plays weren't clicking, and this assistant was keyed-up. When I threw a block on another player (a pal of mine) and rammed him out of a play he was supposed to stop, the assistant exploded. He bawled out my pal and called him yellow.

The kid just stood and took it. He had good sense. But I was a hot-spur. I jumped up and swung a clumsy right hook at the assistant. Nobody can punch very accurately in shoulder-pads. The assistant stepped back and I missed him.

Coach Jones had heard and seen everything from a distance. As he moved toward us, everyone fell silent, waiting for me to get bounced off the squad.

But he surprised us all. He just jerked his head at the assistant and grunted, "Take the rest of the afternoon off." Not a word to me. Not a look.

Jones was a football genius. In 29 seasons as a head coach at Yale, Iowa, Duke and USC, he produced 19 All-American players; his teams won or tied for nine conference championships and were regarded



as national champions three times.

His Trojan teams broke three long victory strings of great Notre Dame elevens. One in particular they will never forget: that 16-14 win in 1931, when USC came from behind in the final quarter, 0-14, and gave Notre Dame its first defeat in three years.

Most boys who played under Jones didn't especially like him—at the time. As a college kid, I thought Jones was cold, frozen-faced, rather tongue-tied. He didn't have that blarney and sparkle that big-name coaches are supposed to have. His locker-room pep talks were halting and sputtering.

During games, he never rushed out to welcome a tired player off the field with a handclasp or an affectionate slap, as other coaches did. He had no showmanship. And not much heart, I thought.

Only lately—almost two decades after leaving him—have I begun to see what a character-builder Jones was. The phrase is a joke on the lips of many football men nowadays, but it was dead serious to Jones: "I'd rather make a man than make a football player."

His players learned a lot from Jones. Especially about ethics. Everybody on a Jones team took clean play for granted. If somebody got a different idea, Jones was ruthless.

Once, an All-American on our team kneed an opponent during a big game. The officials didn't see it, but Jones did. He jerked the man out of the game.

The star trotted to the bench with an innocent look on his face. A few minutes later he asked, "When can I play some more, Coach?"

"I don't know if you'll *ever* play for me again," Jones snapped.

The loss of the All-American cost us our first defeat in 28 games. But that star never played dirty again.

Not only players but presidents at rival universities took Jones' word for anything. Their faith probably dated back to 1930, when college athletic budgets were pinched.

USC had a chance to go to the Rose Bowl that year, which would net about $85,000. But suddenly Jones shook the campus, and the conference, by announcing, "USC will not consider an invitation to the Rose Bowl. Washington State beat us, and should have the honor."

Washington State *had* beaten us, 7-6, in an early season game, but as the season went on, we built up the power of a steamroller and downed such big rivals as California, Stanford and Washington by scores like 74-0, 41-12 and 32-0. Yet little Washington State College stayed unbeaten, so we could hope for only a tie for the championship.

The Western Rose Bowl nominee is chosen by vote of the Pacific Coast Conference schools. The talk was that the vote would surely go for USC. But the talk stopped dead when USC took itself out of the running.

Years later, when the conference hired a former FBI man to investigate unethical recruiting of athletes, Jones barked: "I have never solicited an athlete in my life. That's my statement and I'll stand back of it and prove it if need be."

That was good enough. Pop Warner, his perennial foe at Stanford, announced: "No criticism of Howard Jones is justified," and the other universities agreed.

There were athletic scholarships at USC, of course. But they did not cover all expenses, so most of us also worked. We mowed lawns or swept floors—for 40 cents an hour—and if anybody, star or not, didn't really work, he was dropped from the payroll.

On the other hand, Jones never dropped a boy for failing to make good as a footballer. USC guaranteed him his job for four years so long as he kept coming out for football practice, even if he never rose higher than the goof squad.

With 40 cents an hour (limited to four hours a day) we couldn't buy much, even in those Depression days. A few players actually did not have enough blankets at night, nor money to resole their shoes. Somehow Jones always learned about these cases and took care of them out of his own pocket.

Jones never seemed able to do his kindnesses gracefully. He was always embarrassed and awkward. But what we thought was aloofness was actually absent-mindedness. When he snubbed us on the street, it was because he was thinking and didn't see us. He liked to play bridge, but broke up many a foursome by drawing diagrams on the score pad. According to his wife, he was an hour late getting home from football practice one day because he was thinking about a new pass play, made a wrong turn, and became lost on the route he had driven for years.

BUT HE NEVER FORGOT anything when planning a defense against an opponent, or looking out for the welfare of his boys. No Trojan player went into a game when team physicians thought there was the faintest chance he might not be in shape.

To Jones, the personal integrity of his players was all important. Training rules were only part of it. I first learned this on the afternoon I swiped a football.

It was the final practice of the season. We knew we would not be using our practice equipment any more. Some of us figured we might as well grab off footballs, worth about $10 apiece in those days.

At the start of practice, ten balls were on the field. An hour later they had all disappeared. Players had stashed them in lockers or bushes. I had lobbed one over the fence to a friend of mine.

Jones didn't say anything. He simply kept us out there, practicing without footballs.

Afterward, we dressed and piled into the buses which were waiting to take us to the hotel where we would spend the night before our closing game.

After we had waited awhile, Jones came along. "I don't want to know who took the footballs," he said, "but I want them all back. The buses don't leave until they're here."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"Behind Convent Walls" tells why thousands of girls choose to devote their lives to religion and good works.

We scattered. In a few minutes nine balls came back. Meanwhile, I was in a phone booth trying like mad to locate my friend with the tenth ball. Finally I went out and confessed to Jones: "I took the other ball. I'll get it back to you, but I can't produce it now." And I explained why.

He said: "Get it! The buses don't leave till you do."

I began phoning again, while the whole squad waited. I was convinced—and still am—that we would never have gone to the hotel without that ball, even if Jones had to cancel our game the next day. Luckily I located somebody who got word to my friend, and he brought the missing ball back after what seemed like a lifetime.

Then Jones told us: "No player at the University has to steal a football. If you want one, all you have to do is ask for it."

Several of us were brash enough to ask, and he flipped balls to us. I never felt like swiping anything again.

Howard Jones could have lived his life in quiet wealth as head of the Harding-Jones Paper Mill, which his father and grandfather before him had owned in Ohio. But when he was a schoolboy at Phillips Exeter Academy, he got football in his blood.

He made the team and later played at Yale. His younger brother, Tad, was a great All-American quarterback there, while Howard was a dogged, tough but unspectacular left end. However, Yale thought so highly of Howard that it made him its first paid coach.

Jones was always financially successful as a coach. His salary at USC reached $15,000 in 1934 and stayed there. Other coaches made more, but they usually made it by taking a cut of the gate receipts. Jones considered this unethical.

In his first nine seasons at USC, the Trojans topped the conference six times and were recognized as national champions three times. Then, in 1934, something seemed to go sour. The team won only one conference game. In 1935, it won only two. The next two seasons were just as dismal.

The alumni wolves howled, but President Rufus B. von Kleinsmid announced: "So long as Howard

Jones turns out the kind of boys he does, he will be our coach."

Only a few insiders suspected the real trouble. Some sports writers hinted at it as "a lack of material Jones can use." They meant that we had some ace players whom Jones benched because he frowned on certain of their personal traits.

One of these players was a big back, a cocky, surly fellow who could throw a football harder than any man I ever saw. During scrimmage one day, the big fellow had five passes in a row blocked by the same opposing lineman, simply because he threw them too low. On the sixth play he feinted his pass, so the lineman threw up his hands to block it as usual; then he fired the ball squarely into the lineman's face, breaking his nose.

Jones motioned the back off the field and never used him again.

Jones always had a ferocious will to win. Each time we lost you could see him get older. But he had no alibis, before or after. Those four lean years nearly killed Howard Jones, but he put his teams on top again and went on to establish an all-time record of five wins in five trips to the Rose Bowl.

I have noticed that if boys are around a man much, they imitate him. Probably that is why cleanness seemed to come naturally to most players on a Jones squad. His example was contagious.

Sometimes a cold fish like Jones, with no surface friendliness at all, turns out to be the best friend anyone can have. One of Jones' neighbors, Burt Deibel, had never met Jones. But he had studied him from down the block and decided he didn't like him.

Then one day, Deibel was knocked unconscious in an auto accident. When he came to, he was on the asphalt in Jones' arms. Jones went home with him, waited until a doctor said he wasn't hurt and then sat and visited, playing on the floor with the Deibel kids.

He was back early next morning, ready to drive Deibel to work, just in case he had no transportation. In a few hours they were close friends.

So it was to the Deibels that the Jones' maid ran on a summer morning in 1941. But Howard Jones was beyond aid, beyond even words—dead of coronary thrombosis, at 55. An unfinished diagram of a football play lay on the kitchen table.

When Sam Barry, his assistant, heard the news, he was so shaken he could not talk. Babe Horrell, Jones' crosstown rival at UCLA, broke down when he tried to telephone the USC athletic office. Messages came in from coaches and educators all over the country.

Trojan men still remember what the Rev. Glenn R. Phillips said at the funeral: "As long as we value the game above the winning, as long as we cherish honor, courage and good sportsmanship above gate receipts, we shall thank God for Howard Jones!"

* * *

OUR DAYS are like identical suitcases: all the same size, but some people can pack more into them than others.

—*Capper's Weekly*

Size Up Your Boss—And Get Ahead!

by RAY JOSEPHS

A series of simple tests which should help pave your way to bigger and better jobs

GETTING WHAT YOU WANT from your boss—at the office, shop or factory—can be made easier if you know what *type* of boss he really is; and how best to deal with his *unique type* of personality.

Business-relationship experts like Prof. Harry W. Hepner of Syracuse University say that the average boss's true on-the-job personality may be masked by a variety of outward characteristics, quirks and idiosyncrasies that makes it difficult for employees to know what really makes him tick.

On the following pages are a series of questions devised to help you identify your superior's type—or combination of types—and suggestions that will not only help you get that raise or promotion but, and just as important, will make your everyday relationship with him far happier.

THE DOMINANT TYPE. Is your boss self-confident in manner;____extremely so?____When giving orders, does he spurn back-talk or suggestions?____Are his decisions often made without consultation or explanation?____Instead of "we," "our," "us," does he say "I," "my," and "me"?____Does he know exactly what he wants, and have definite notions on almost everything?____

If these things are true of your boss, he is definitely the dominant type who likes to think of himself as a human dynamo or a tough square-shooter.

Most important thing to remember: Learn to accept him wholeheartedly, or get yourself another boss. For this type cannot tolerate "Yes, but . . ." answers. He insists on strong reactions, affirmative or negative, convincing enthusiasm and full support.

Avoid: Forcing him to admit error. If he is truly a "big" man, he will own up in due time. If he is "small," you risk your neck by rubbing in mistakes. He may say he wants you to stand up and fight back. But few such bosses really relish direct challenges.

Do: Learn how to let him take the lead and you can get the tough-guy boss to give you a boost. Be a good listener.

Don't expect praise for a well-done job. Many self-made bosses think pats on the back are needless coddling and a sign of weakness.

The dominant boss is more interested in results than in how you did the job. Since he feels he is slipping unless he is progressing toward some goal, real or imagined, you will find that proffered solutions—instead of gripes—will earn you a share in the sense of progress he seeks.

Praise him occasionally. He may want to appear completely self-sufficient, but he probably yearns for a little honest recognition of his own special abilities. Don't confuse phony, synthetic praise with the real thing. He will spot it in a moment.

Conclusion: If you like strong leadership and offer this boss competence and deference, you should get along well. But if you prefer figuring out and doing things your own way, you are in for constant trouble with the dominant type.

THE PHONY-FRONT TYPE. In a pinch, do you feel your boss would not go to bat for you?____Is he disturbed by criticism from other employees or management?____ Does he try to avoid contact with top management or strong-minded employees?____Is he dominant toward you, but apt to lose his self-confidence before *his* higher-ups? ____Does he employ caustic sarcasm and criticism?____Do you find him often passing the buck?____

If these points apply to your boss, he is probably the phony-front type, who would like to be a dominant personality but lacks genuine self-assurance.

Remember: Because he aches for real dominance, this kind of boss builds up his own ego by big talk and pretense. Often he will say what appears most acceptable. Frequently he is an opportunist or a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde. Fearing failure, he wants credit without responsibility. His attempts to push you down may result from a need to bolster his own uncertainties, due to lack of training or education.

Avoid: Taking him at his word. Ascertain what top management or the situation really requires, then try achieving it by doing the necessary, while helping him to save face and feel he is still in command.

If you must bring problems to him, offer alternate suggestions to make his choice easier. He may have become a boss by charm, luck or training, without having real executive talent.

The phony-front boss is often a chronic fault-finder. Don't take his criticisms too personally. Use special care to avoid irritating him when things are hectic, for this type is likely to fly off the handle.

Do: Without being a yes-man or apple-polisher, show that he and his problems are uppermost in your day-to-day thinking, giving him the feeling of assurance he frequently needs.

Praise his good qualities whenever possible. Try showing how *his* suggestions produced your ideas. If he is more concerned with impressing his higher-ups than with doing what is really best for the firm, let him share in any credit, even if he doesn't deserve it.

Conclusion: Though he may be erratic, keep calm in dealing with such a boss. Helping to insure his stability will work to your benefit.

THE SCHOOLMASTER TYPE. Does your boss usually put you and others on your own responsibility? ____Does he enjoy helping you advance?____Would he rather give praise than enforce discipline?____ Are his angry or commanding moments infrequent?____Is he calm about your mistakes?____Does he remain undismayed when bypassed by those under or over him?____If your boss fits into this category, he is definitely the schoolmaster type.

Remember: The teacher-boss would rather impart knowledge than exert administrative skills. He may be easy to get along with, or so stern a disciplinarian you subconsciously feel you ought to raise your hand to leave the room. But he cannot escape from a personality pattern that makes him want—and perhaps need—pupils or disciples.

Avoid: Giving him quick answers. He hopes you will consider each question and suggestion with care. He likes thinking that as a result of his lead and inspiration, you can work better, faster or more economically.

Beware of appearing self-seeking. He likes to feel he has discovered your talents, abilities and competence. You will benefit by remembering that he loves to bestow the gold star.

Watch those coffee-breaks and personal telephone calls when he is around. With a schoolmaster boss, the impression you make and your sense of timing are vital. He is likely to regard horseplay at work in the spitball-throwing class, and feel you are not ready for further responsibility.

Do: Ask his help when planning your steps toward a raise or advancement and you will find he takes a direct personal interest in your progress as one of his "pupils."

Discover his real interests and abilities. Join the professional or business clubs or organizations to which he belongs. Schoolteacher bosses usually love recruiting followers and discussing activities, and are inclined to advance those they have aided.

Conclusion: If you dislike learning by experiment, you may not be completely happy with the schoolmaster boss, for he is the "How do *you* think it ought to be done?" type. But if you enjoy a teacher-pupil relationship, he is ideal for you.

THE ADMINISTRATOR. Has your boss a fondness for office charts and layouts?____Does he get impatient with repetitive tasks?____Does he like routing memos to the staff; index, production and file systems? ____Is he interested in management organizations, books on executive development, surveys and broad-scale studies?____If this inventory fits your boss, he is undoubtedly the administrator type, the "*I* think—*you* do" boss.

Remember: This kind of boss may be able to plan well, but do not expect him to be a first-rate specialist in any particular field.

Avoid: Going to him with details, for he will resent your taking time from his own assignment, which he regards as providing leadership, planning, co-ordination and direction. Play up potential results and broad possibilities in presenting ideas to him.

Don't let him feel things are getting out of hand. Making things go according to methods he has worked out is often the administrative boss's strongest drive, for it gives him the sense of achievement he seeks.

Do: Remember the organizer boss loves beating last year's quotas. He wants people around who help him by being adaptable, imaginative and ambitious.

Pass along suggestions and ideas obtained from your knowledge of other firms or your reading of trade publications. But make sure they fit—or can be tailored to his organizational pattern.

Be co-operative, for inability to get along with others in your work hurts you in the administrator boss's eyes.

He is likely to shift you suddenly to unexpected assignments. Show you can break bigger problems into smaller ones and get them solved expeditiously.

Conclusion: Organization-minded bosses usually want people around to follow through on details. If you like providing that kind of support, he is the boss for you.

THE SPECIALIST. Is your boss precise and literal-minded about most things?____Does he show little interest in arousing enthusiasm? ____Are his interests primarily in results rather than in who accomplished them?____Does he give long, technical discourses with learned references?____Are his standards so high he tends to be hyper-critical of his own work—and yours?____ If this is your boss's measure, he is undoubtedly the specialist or technician type.

Remember: Such men are often unwilling and fussy head men. Their concentration on, and pride in, training, techniques, tools and media may stem from a sense of insecurity, a fear of inability to handle big things.

Avoid: The specialist boss may be unable to temper his technical knowledge with human understanding and common sense. Therefore, get in tune with his specific concept of your job, even if he is poor at giving instructions.

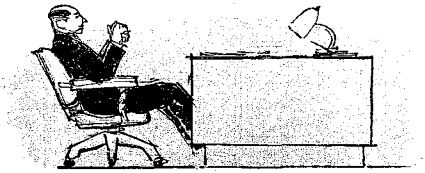
Ignoring his absorption in the details will cause you difficulty. Do not go to him with sudden inspirations, hunches and ideas.

Do: Learn to express yourself clearly and directly. This type is a perpetually unsatisfied perfectionist. Send him plenty of memos, preferably organized in 1, 2, 3 fashion, giving him the feeling that your job-thinking is precise and logical.

Enlist his aid in outlining the systematic steps you can follow to get ahead. The steps are as important as results to him.

If your firm concentrates on this type of specialist, your chances will strongly depend on how you rate on their scale. Some chemical concerns, for example, require masters' degrees for almost any job above janitor's.

Conclusion: If you have a strong professional interest in your job and



career, and demonstrate this to a technician boss who knows his stuff, you can get along well together.

THE SOCIAL TYPE. Do you find your boss bored by details of work routines?____Does he love social affairs and meeting new people?____ Does he flatter subordinates into doing the work he is expected to get done?____Does he relish detailing where he has been, whom he has encountered, or whom he expects to meet?____If your boss falls into this classification, he is the chummy or social type, the hail-fellow-well-met.

Remember: This type believes that winning friends and making "connections" is Essential No. 1 to success. He rates whom, not what you know, uppermost. You will often find him in sales and contact departments, and even in higher executive posts.

Avoid: Because his interest is primarily people, the social-butterfly boss is likely to be a gossip. Unless you want your secrets broadcast, don't offer him confidences. On the other hand, don't neglect telling him what he should know.

Be especially careful in dealing with his special customers, sources, and the like. One error with them, however minor, and he is apt to blame you for endangering something precious.

Do: Remember this type always takes things personally. He sees everything in terms of himself.

Try to build a social boss into a friend. Go with him to service clubs and similar groups, and help publicize his achievements. But proceed carefully. For with him, personal reactions may mean far more than how well you do your job.

This boss often has fair-haired boys around—those from his own school, lodge or area. He is also likely to be deeply involved in office politics.

Conclusion: If you can identify yourself with an extrovert, you may do well with this type of boss. But if your thinking runs toward more solid criteria, he can be the most maddening of all.

THE WORRIER. Does your boss refuse to trust anyone else to do his work?____Is he an unreasonable stickler for neatness, accuracy, promptness?____Are you likely to find him first in and last out?____ Do new tasks or job requirements send him into emotional tailspins? ____Is he always tense and concerned about business conditions? ____If your boss summarizes this way, he's probably the worrier type, and an eager-beaver, company-man boss.

Remember: He enjoys clinging to his set red tape and responsibilities because he feels subconsciously that any relinquishment might reveal his own limitations. So instead of delegating responsibility, he seeks out more tasks to keep him feeling important.

Avoid: Giving him the feeling you are taking his responsibilities from him. Instead, make him feel you realize the immensity and difficulty of his task. Avoid stepping on his pet peeves and gripes. Adjust to doing things as he prefers.

Do: Make him feel you are as company-minded as he—and remember, he thinks of the job as everything and sometimes would even turn in his mother if he thought it good for the firm. Let him know how much his supervisory counsel is appreciated.

Conclusion: Because this kind of boss is likely to take tasks home at night, stay late and come in Saturdays, he thinks anybody who does less is a clock-watcher. The best way to make him feel you are as dedicated is to do more than you are paid for—and to make sure he realizes it.

THE SENIORITY TYPE. Does your boss unquestionably obey company rules and policies?____Has he been doing his work so long he knows it by heart?____Does he frequently reminisce about how things used to be done?____

If this is your boss to a "T," he can be marked as the seniority or "I've been here a long time" type.

Remember: Ofttimes, this kind of boss has advanced primarily because of years on the job. Yet, though set in his ways, his experience can be useful—if you make him feel you appreciate learning from him.

Avoid: Letting him feel you consider your present position simply one rung up the ladder, for he wants to believe there is someone under him conscious of his achievement. He generally wants to conform rather than change. He thinks basically of security, future pensions and retirement benefits.

Avoid upsets—for he is most interested in faithful, conscientious performance of well-organized routines. Usually he expects you to move upward through years of hard work and steady plugging, rather than through new or original approaches.

Do: Go to him for advice, even when you know the answers.

Listen attentively to his version of problems he has licked. If you help him feel paternal toward you, he will probably make all kinds of sacrifices to help you get ahead.

Conclusion: If you are young and ambitious, and in the kind of firm which will rarely promote a younger man above an older superior, you are going to be frustrated unless you learn how to adapt yourself to this seniority pattern. If you can, make plans to go elsewhere before this kind of boss defeats you.

For, as with each of the other types of bosses, one fact is basic—you either have to get along well with him, be unhappy or quit.

Out of the Red

ON FAILING to get a laugh after telling a joke, "I think I've got foreign agents writing this stuff."

I LOOK pretty healthy, but you don't know how pale I am under my tan.

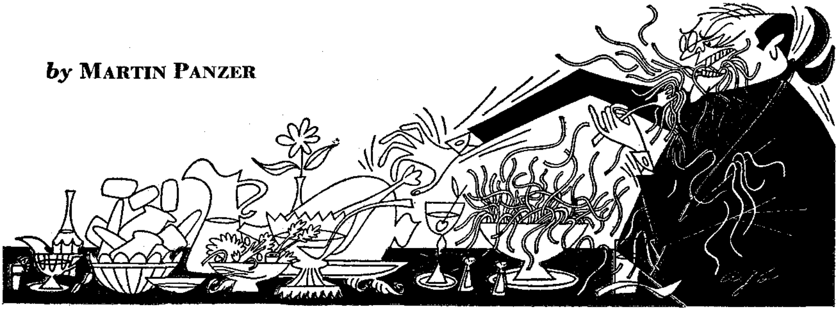
THE ONLY THING that kept me from going to college was high school.

SOME PEOPLE think charity is giving to others the advice they cannot use themselves.

—RED SKELTON

GRAB, GOBBLE, AND GULP

by MARTIN PANZER



We are faced with national indigestion unless we learn to relax while eating

RECENTLY I ASKED a visitor from Europe whether he could describe the American scene in one sentence. He thought for a moment, then said: "Yes, in America everybody seems to be eating in a hurry all the time!"

My European friend was right. We are turning into a nation of grabbers, gobblers and gulpers.

We have built for ourselves the most luxurious dining halls in the world; our trains are equipped with the most modern dining cars; our planes cruise at 300 miles an hour without jarring a drop of coffee. Our cafeterias are resplendent, and even our quick-lunch diners have become things of beauty. But we still grab and gobble and gulp as though we were in the one-arm beaneries of days better forgotten.

At lunch time, our stenographers and clerks, our executives and salesmen, our cab drivers and factory workers, wade into their edibles as though every moment were their last on earth. Manners? At table? Not so you can notice them!

I have seen lovely young ladies walk into gorgeous drugstore lunchrooms, seat themselves gracefully on the counter stools and then suddenly lose all their appeal by attacking sandwiches with the gusto of a bull in a china shop.

They leave behind them a most unattractive form of devastation. Lipstick on spoons and rims of glasses. Ashes and cigarette butts on plates. Crumpled napkins on the floor and crumbs all over the place.

Nor do the men behave any better. Cigar butts on plates; penciled diagrams on tablecloths instead of lipstick; toothpick and ketchup-drowning instead of crumbs. And all of these gobblers, male and female alike, rushing through meals as though there were a jail penalty for going through a day without indigestion. No wonder my friend from Europe found it necessary to criticize us so pointedly.

The first time we visited Paris, my wife and I went to dine at an inexpensive but charming little restaurant. Still operating on the

American plan, we asked for the bill of fare, made a hasty choice of a few dishes whose names we recognized and ordered them with decision. We made it clear to the waiter that we were in a hurry and he brought our food promptly. Just as promptly we made away with it.

While this high-speed operation was proceeding, I noticed a pleasant-looking Frenchman at a nearby table. He had already been comfortable in his chair, toying leisurely with a glass of wine, when we arrived. There was a serene and contented air about him.

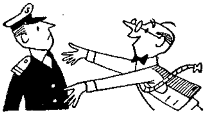
He did not summon the waiter, and the waiter made no effort to hurry him. We were almost through our meal when he and the waiter finally came together for their conference.

They went over the bill of fare, item by item, with evident delight. Each time they arrived at a decision, they were filled with joy, and by the time the meal had been planned, they were enveloped in a warm glow of understanding.

There was a man who knew how to eat and how to behave at the table. He was a civilized diner, and his dining not only gave him great pleasure—it also made the waiter happy and gave vicarious enjoyment to anyone who observed him as he ate.

Let's learn something from this Frenchman. Let's learn that a meal need not be a blot on our national escutcheon. Let's stop the three g's—grab, gobble and gulp. Let's stop crumpling bread, rushing waiters, reading newspapers, watching television, sopping up gravy, carrying on political debates, gulping water, swallowing whole and piling up sugar cubes at the table. Let's remember our table manners.

If we do, we'll have much more fun and our stomachs will be ever so grateful. And our neighbors will be grateful, too, if we give them something more pleasant to look at.



Sales Tales

THE TAILOR WAS SELLING his best friend, a naval officer, a set of dress blues.

"I'm telling you, Harry," he said, "that uniform will make a new man of you. Even your best friend won't recognize you. Just take a walk outside for a minute and get the feel of it."

Harry went out and returned a moment later. The tailor rushed up to him.

"Good morning, stranger," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"

—*Encyclopedia of Wit, Humor, And Wisdom* by LEEWIN B. WILLIAMS Abingdon Press

BECAUSE OF HIS INTEREST in outside investments, Bing Crosby is always being approached by people needing backing. One man submitted blueprints for a race track with the grandstand mounted on rails. The idea was to have the grandstand move around the track along with the horses to give spectators a view of every step of the race.

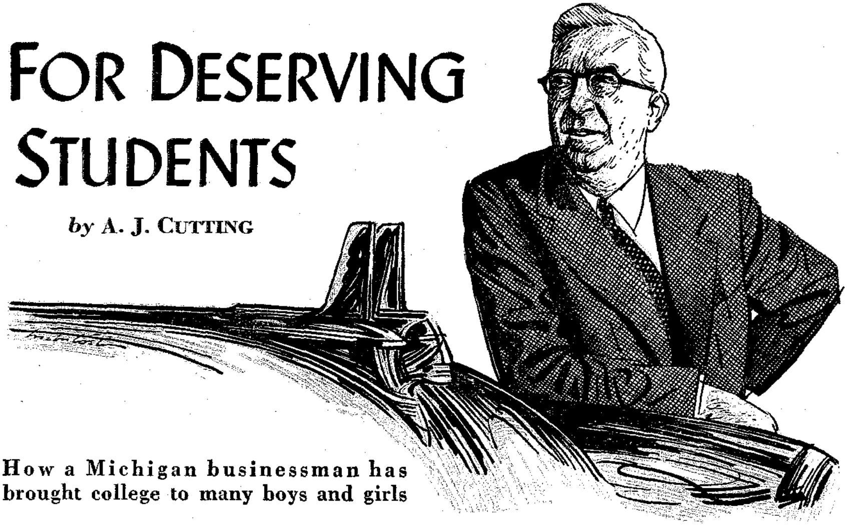
Bing declined to finance the idea.

"I'm afraid," he explained to the would-be inventor, "that people might start betting on the grandstand instead of the horses.

—*Hy Gardner*

FOR DESERVING STUDENTS

by A. J. CUTTING



How a Michigan businessman has brought college to many boys and girls

ON AN AFTERNOON IN 1931—right in the middle of the Depression—George N. Higgins was busy at his Ferndale, Michigan, Pontiac automobile agency when the telephone interrupted his work. The call was from a teacher at the local high school.

"We have a deserving young girl here who badly needs financial aid to finish school, Mr. Higgins," the teacher said, and went on to tell him that the girl's father was dead and the mother did part-time janitor work at the school and took in laundry. But her earnings were not enough—the girl would have to leave school unless someone gave her a helping hand.

"She is ambitious, and anxious to become a nurse," the teacher added. "And I thought you or some other businessman might be able to help her."

Higgins promised to think it over. On the way home that evening he reviewed his own early life and remembered how lack of education had handicapped him in getting started. After dinner he told his wife about the phone call and the girl's problems.

"We've got four youngsters of our own to educate, and things are tough enough as it is," he said. "But I'd like to help that kid. I'd like to see her get the opportunity I missed."

Mrs. Higgins agreed with him; and next day Higgins called the teacher. "I'll see the girl through high school," he told her.

He not only kept that promise, but also helped finance her during a course in nursing. And since that time the stocky, gray-haired automobile dealer has helped more than 75 youngsters get educations which otherwise would have been denied them.

At first, Higgins' educational project was strictly an unorganized affair; he dug into his pocket to help as he learned of deserving youngsters who wanted an education. Sometimes he heard about them through friends or associates or school officials.

One day in 1939, shortly after he had been elected to the Michigan State Legislature, Higgins received a long distance call during a recess in the proceedings at the Capitol.

"Mr. Higgins, I've got a terrible problem," the boy on the other end of the line told him. "I've only six weeks to go in my engineering course, and I haven't the money to finish."

Higgins didn't know the boy, but without hesitation he said, "Get up here some way and meet me at my hotel after the session tonight, and we'll talk about it."

That evening Higgins listened to the boy's story. His father had died and he had no money. He needed $120 to finish his studies. Higgins gave him a pat on the back and a check for $150.

"Just that small amount meant the difference between success and lifelong disappointment to that kid," he says. "He finished his course and is a successful engineer today. And he insisted upon paying me back every cent."

MOST OF THE FIRST 15 years of George Higgins' life were spent on a farm near Sault Ste. Marie in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Money was scarce, and, from the time he was a young boy, he had to work to pay his way.

He just managed to squeeze through high school by working part-time as a janitor and soda fountain boy. He wanted more than anything in the world to go to college with his friends, but there was just no way.

When he was 19, Higgins struck out for Detroit and found a job in an automobile plant. During the long, monotonous hours on the assembly line he thought many times about what he might have been doing if he had had a college education.

Finally, when he was 23, Higgins decided to try his hand at selling automobiles. It was the right move, for he became a star salesman for Chevrolet, even leading the country in sales during one year.

He saved every cent he could to purchase the Ferndale Pontiac Agency. But he never forgot his disappointment over missing out on going to college.

After he had sent the first girl to school because of the chance phone call from the teacher, he had an inspiration. "Why can't I make up for my own disappointment by helping kids who are in the same boat that I was?"

As business prospered he carried out the idea. What he contributed toward a boy's or girl's education depended upon the youngster's needs. Tuition and books came first, but he paid for food and lodging, and even clothing when necessary.

"I'll never see one of my kids stuck, no matter what kind of help they need," he says.

A while ago he received a report that one of his students was not making the grade in her nursing course. "She seems to lack confidence in her ability to carry the program," school officials wrote.

Higgins had a fatherly talk with the girl that helped restore her morale. From then on she sailed through the course.

Most of Higgins' protégés have been highly successful. One is a missionary, several are nurses. A pharmacy school graduate is now part owner of a drugstore. Few have been disappointments and only one a complete failure.

"He was an athlete," Higgins explains. "I had $350 invested in his education. He quit school and to this day I don't know what became of him."

Although Higgins will go all out to help his students, he encourages them to take part-time jobs when they can; and has arrangements with several companies that place his students during their summer vacations.

He keeps a complete file on each of them, with records of funds expended, clippings about their progress and letters he has received from them. He follows their progress proudly and with as much enthusiasm as if they were his own sons and daughters.

In 1946, Higgins decided to put his hobby on an organized basis. He set up the Higgins Foundation, with a lawyer, an accountant and himself as trustees. However, he puts up the money for the fund, maintaining an average balance of $20,000. As checks to his kids whittle down the account, he makes additional deposits of his own money. His biggest regret is that he cannot arouse more interest among other businessmen in teaming up to establish a "real foundation."

"I have 27 youngsters in colleges and universities around the country, with five more due to start," he says. "If a group of businessman got together, they could help educate an average of 200 to 300 a year. And that goes for almost any community of reasonable size."

In December, 1952, Higgins had a dinner for his protégés, and 33 of them attended. Most of those who could not make the party wrote letters explaining why, and each ended with glowing words of thanks for the education Higgins had made possible.

Several of the boys were in the Armed Forces, one girl was a Red Cross aide at an Army Camp. One of the boys, a talented Negro lad, was on tour with the University of Michigan Opera.

A few days after the dinner, Higgins received a letter from one of the boys who had attended. It read:

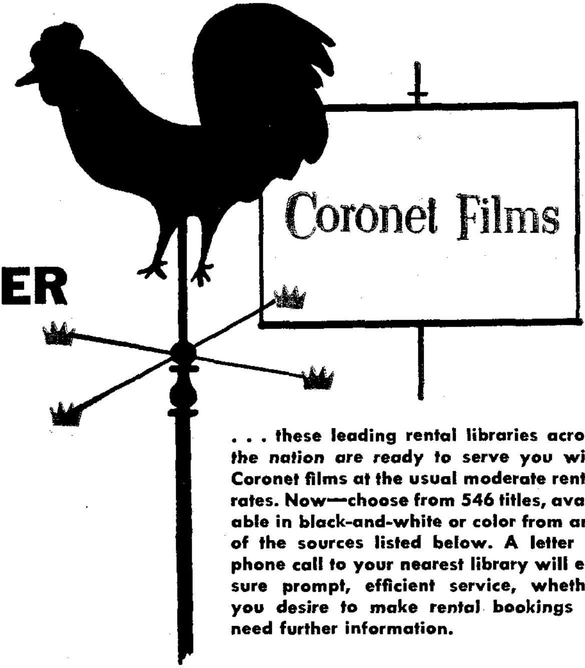
"Some of us were talking during the dinner, wondering if there was any way we could show our appreciation to a thoughtful and generous man. As a small token of appreciation we are planning to start a Higgins Student School Foundation to which graduates can contribute when they are able, and help do for others what you have done for us."

The letter was the finest present that George N. Higgins has received in his 53 years of life.

PHOTO CREDITS: 4 Fritz Henle from Monkmeyer; 6 MGM; 12 Peter Basch; 53-60 A. Aubrey Bodine; 85 Three Lions; 141-148 Fernand Fonssagrives.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

WHEREVER YOU LIVE . . .



. . . these leading rental libraries across the nation are ready to serve you with Coronet films at the usual moderate rental rates. Now—choose from 546 titles, available in black-and-white or color from any of the sources listed below. A letter or phone call to your nearest library will ensure prompt, efficient service, whether you desire to make rental bookings or need further information.

ALABAMA
A-V Aids Serv., U. of Ala., University

ARIZONA
Bureau of A-V Aids, Arizona State Coll., Tempe
Extension Div., U. of Ariz., Tucson

ARKANSAS
Dept. of Pub. Rel., State Teachers Coll., Conway
A-V Serv., State Dept. of Educ., Little Rock
A-V Aids Serv., Ark. State Coll., State College

CALIFORNIA
Extension Div., U. of Calif., Berkeley
Ideal Pictures, 8826 Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills
Extension Div., U. of Calif., Los Angeles
Ideal Pictures, 4247 Piedmont, Oakland 11

COLORADO
Extension Div., U. of Colo., Boulder
Eastin Pictures, Bank Bldg., Colo. Springs
Ideal Pictures, 714 18th, Denver 2
Instr. Materials Center, State Coll., Greeley

CONNECTICUT
Pix Film Service, 34 E. Putnam, Greenwich

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Paul L. Brand & Son, 2153 "K" St., N.W., Washington 7

FLORIDA
Dept. of Visual Inst., Gen. Ext. Div., U. of Florida, Gainesville
Ideal Pictures, 1331 N. Miami, Miami 32
A-V Service, Florida State U., Tallahassee

GEORGIA
Extension Div., U. of Georgia, Athens
Ideal Pictures, 52 Auburn, N.E., Atlanta 3

IDAHO
Film Library, State College, Pocatello

ILLINOIS
Watland, Inc., 13039 S. Western, Blue Island
A-V Aids Serv., Southern Ill. U., Carbondale
Visual Aids Serv., U. of Ill., Champaign
Ideal Pictures, 58 E. S. Water, Chicago 1
Selected Films, 345 Walnut St., Northfield
Lundgren's Camera Shop, 419 - 7th St., Rockford

INDIANA
A-V Center, Indiana U., Bloomington

IOWA
Visual Inst. Serv., State Coll., Ames
Eastin Pictures, Putnam Bldg., Davenport
Ideal Pictures, 2109 Forest Ave., Box 1130, Des Moines
Extension Div., U. of Iowa, Iowa City

KANSAS
Extension Div., U. of Kansas, Lawrence
Leffingwell's, 210 S. Santa Fe, Salina

KENTUCKY
Dept. of Extension, U. of Kentucky, Lexington
Ideal Pictures, 422 W. Liberty, Louisville 2

LOUISIANA
Ideal Pictures, 211½ Murray St., Alexandria

MARYLAND
Kunz Motion Pic. Serv., 426 N. Calvert, Baltimore
Ideal Pictures, 537 N. Howard St., Baltimore 1

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston U. Film Library, 322 Bay State Rd., Boston 15
Ideal Pictures, 40 Melrose, Boston 16
Visual Education Service, 116 Newbury St., Boston 16

MICHIGAN
A-V Educ. Center, U. of Mich., 4028 Adm. Bldg., Ann Arbor
Ideal Pictures, 7338 Woodward, Room 407, Detroit 2
A-V Center, Michigan State College, East Lansing
Locke Films, 124 W. South, Kalamazoo

MINNESOTA
Ideal Pictures, 1915 Chicago, Minneapolis 4
Midwest A-V Serv., 10 West 25th St., Minneapolis
Extension Serv., U. of Minnesota, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI
School of Educ., U. of Mississippi, University

MISSOURI
Extension Div., U. of Missouri, Columbia
Ideal Pictures, 1402 Locust, Kansas City 6
Swank Motion Pics., 614 N. Skinker, St. Louis

MONTANA
Dept. of Vis. Educ., State Dept. of Educ., Helena

NEBRASKA
Extension Div., U. of Nebraska, Lincoln
Modern Sound Pictures, Inc., 1410 Howard St., Omaha 2

NEW JERSEY
Film Library, State Museum, Trenton

NEW MEXICO
Film Library, E. New Mexico U., Portales

NEW YORK
Museum of Science, Humboldt Park, Buffalo
Ideal Pictures, 1558 Main, Buffalo 8
Amer. Museum of Nat'l History, 79th & Central Pk. West, New York 24
Ideal Pictures, 233-239 W. 42nd St., New York 36
Educ. Film Library, Syracuse U., Syracuse

NORTH CAROLINA
Extension Div., U. of N. Carolina, Chapel Hill
National School Supply Co., 14 Glenwood Ave., Raleigh

NORTH DAKOTA
Div. of Supervised Study, Agric. Coll., Fargo
The Starline Co., Box 1152, Grand Forks

OHIO
Ideal Pictures, 125 E. Sixth St., Cincinnati 2
Church School Pictures, 1118 Walnut, Cleveland 14
Sunray Films, 2108 Payne, Cleveland
Slide & Film Exch., State Dept. of Educ., Columbus
Twyman Films, 400 W. 1st, Dayton
Ideal Pictures, 23 N. Mulberry, Mansfield
M. H. Martin Co., 1118 Lincoln Way East, Massillon

OKLAHOMA
Extension Div., U. of Oklahoma, Norman
Ideal Pictures, 704 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City
Bureau of Film Serv., A & M Coll., Stillwater

OREGON
Visual Inst. Serv., State Coll., Corvallis
Ideal Pictures, 915 S.W. 10th, Portland 5

PENNSYLVANIA
J. P. Lilley & Son, 928 N. 3rd, Harrisburg
B. E. George, Hawthorne
Indiana Film Library, Indiana
Millersville Film Library, Millersville
Ideal Pictures, 1729 Sansom St., Philadelphia 3
PCW Film Library, Coll. for Women, Pittsburgh
L. C. Vath, A-V Aids, P. O. Box "C", Sharpsville
A-V Aids Library, Pa. State University, State College

SOUTH CAROLINA
Extension Div., U. of S. Carolina, Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
Taylor Films, 79 Third St., S.E., Huron

TENNESSEE
Eastin Pictures, 830 Cherry, Chattanooga
Extension Div., U. of Tennessee, Knoxville
Extension Div., U. T. Jr. Coll., Martin
Ideal Pictures, 18 S. 3rd, Memphis 3
U. Extension Div., 2321 West End, Nashville
A-V Dept., Methodist Publishing House, Nashville 2

TEXAS
Dept. of Visual Educ., State Dept. of Educ., Austin
Extension Div., U. of Texas, Austin
Ideal Pictures, 2010 N. Lamar St., Dallas
Film Library, Baylor U., Waco

UTAH
Bureau of A-V Inst., Brigham Young U., Provo
Bureau of A-V Educ., U. of Utah, Salt Lake City
Ideal Pictures, 54 Orpheum Ave., Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA
Ideal Pictures, 219 E. Main, Richmond 19

WASHINGTON
Dept. of Visual Educ., Coll. of Educ., Ellensburg
Extension Div., State Coll., Pullman
Instr. Materials Center, U. of Wash., Seattle 5

WEST VIRGINIA
Pavis Electronics & Supply Co., P. O. Box 6095, Charleston 2

WISCONSIN
Fond du Lac Camera Center, 7 S. Main, Fond du Lac
Tip Top Visual Serv., 1403 Travis, La Crosse
Extension Div., U. of Wisconsin, Madison
Roa's Films, 844 N. Plankinton, Milwaukee 3

CANADA
Div. of Visual Inst., U. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta
Sovereign Film Distributors, Ltd.
  1200 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.
  277 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
  2416 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.
  244 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

HAWAII
Ideal Pictures, 1370 S. Beretania, Honolulu

IRELAND
National Film Institute, 29 Dame St., Dublin

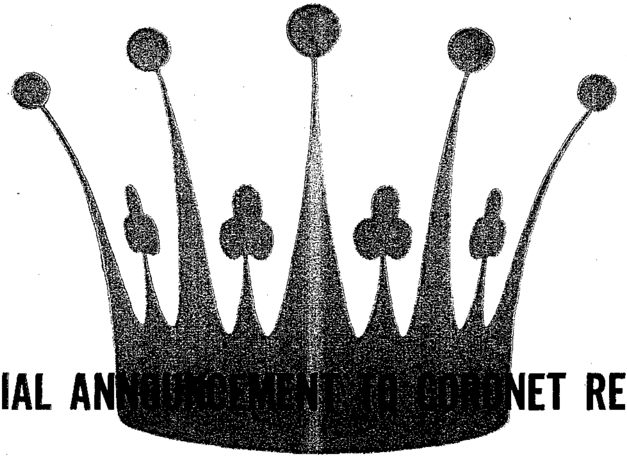
PHILIPPINES
Benitez and Co., Ltd., State Bldg., Manila

PUERTO RICO
Secy. of Educ., Zequeira Bldg., Stop 34, Hato Rey, San Juan

For additional information on any Coronet films, write: Department CM-104

Coronet Films

Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois



A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO CORONET READERS

In the traditional spirit of the coming holidays, Coronet is pleased to announce, *first to its readers,* the official opening of the Gift-Giving Season. This means you can give more gifts of Coronet at *reduced subscription rates.* You can give more now, at your leisure, and avoid the turmoil of Christmas Shopping. *And this is important:* You can also include your own subscription, new or renewal, at these lower Holiday Rates!

Coronet Gift Service includes a full-color gift card mailed "first class" to your friends at the height of the Season, hand-signed in your name to lend that personal touch . . . the bright, gift wrapped holiday issue is delivered just before Christmas to start your gift off right . . . and no postage on all twelve issues anywhere in the world.

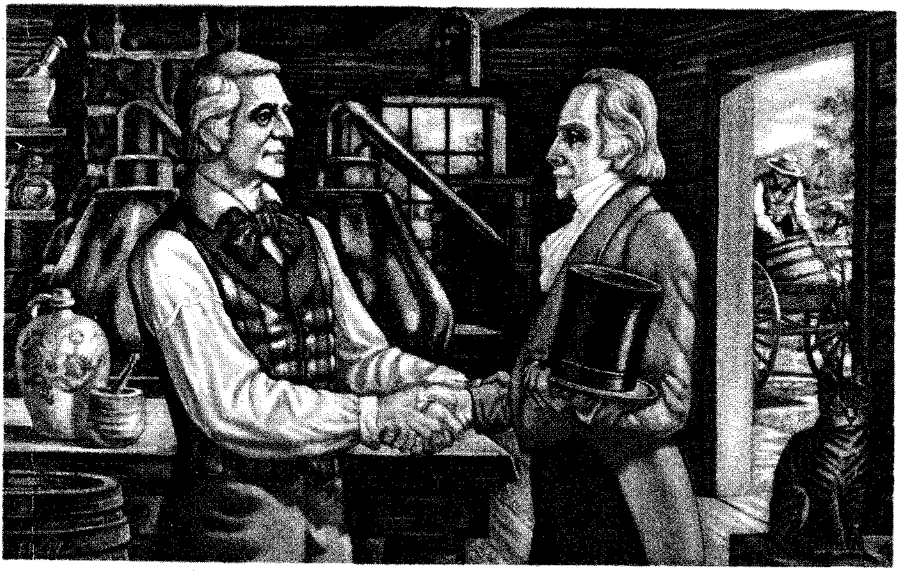
ORDER NOW—PAY NOTHING 'TIL AFTER JANUARY 1ST!

Just fill out the postage-free reply card in this issue. For additional subscriptions, attach your gift list, with complete names and addresses, and mail to:

CORONET Subscription Dept. 1106,
Boulder, Colorado

Coronet Christmas Subscription Rates

1	*one-year gift*	**$2.50** *(regularly $3)*
2	*one-year gifts*	**$5**
3	*one-year gifts*	**$7**
4th	*and add'l gifts*	**$2.25** *each*



HENRY CLAY STOPS BY FOR A BARREL OF CROW'S WHISKEY

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

The popular Kentucky statesman, who knew his whiskey as well as his politics, invariably returned to Washington with a barrel of James Crow's famous bourbon.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

OLD CROW
OLD CROW

LIGHTER
MILDER
86 PROOF

BOTTLED
IN BOND
100 PROOF

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

How MILD can a cigarette be?
These CAMEL smokers have known for 35-40 years!

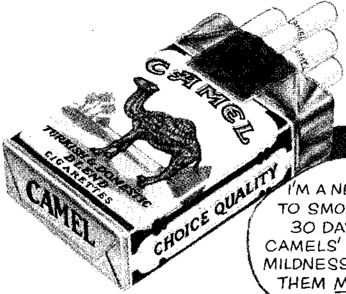
When you've enjoyed Camels for 30 years or 30 days . . . you know why they're now more than ever America's most popular cigarette!

A. R. Schneidewind, Upper Montclair, N. J. "In 37 years of smoking Camels, you get to know how well they agree with you!"

W. C. Fowler, Dallas, Tex. "Forty years I've enjoyed Camels. They suit my taste—agree with me best!"

Mrs. Katherine B. Coelsch. The Dalles, Ore. "Camels were my choice 35 years ago. They're really mild!"

Mrs. B. Collins Edgar, Lookout Mountain, Tenn. "I've enjoyed Camels' mild smoothness for 35 years!"


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY

From the great Camel file of unsolicited letters from Camel smokers.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

I'M A NEWCOMER TO SMOKING AND 30 DAYS WITH CAMELS' FLAVORFUL MILDNESS HAVE MADE THEM MY BRAND!

MAKE YOUR OWN 30-DAY CAMEL MILDNESS TEST!

Evelyn Terjesen,
New York City,
Secretary

For Mildness,
For Flavor...

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE